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JULY 11, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

How to Live with A WOMAN

By Margaret Blair Johnstone

I SCOUT FOR THE YANKEES

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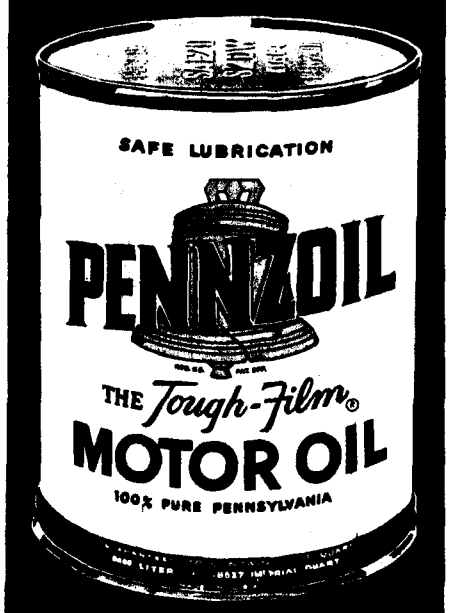

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Here's family co-operation on a major scale. And it might serve as a lesson to the husbands who complain when the little woman borrows the only sharp knife in the workshop to cut linoleum, and to the wives who protest when their best saucepans are used to mix paint. With a swap like this, who can complain?

Week's Mail

Another Ike Look-Alike

EDITOR: Just a bit of comment in regard to the pictures on pages 18 and 19 of your May 30th issue (They Like to Think They Look Like Ike).

Am enclosing a snapshot of H. J. Pearce, factory representative for the Smith Welding Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota. I think you will readily agree he looks more like our President than the pictures submitted.

VIRGIL LEE, Minneapolis, Minn.

Letter-Mailing Made Easy

EDITOR: As state chairman of the Postal Education Committee for the National Association of Postmasters, I want to be among the first to say thank you for Margo Fischer's article What You Don't Know About Mailing a Letter (May 30th). Every line of postal education is worth thousands of dollars to the Post Office Department.

As a postmaster I want to thank you, also, for it makes our job easier if mail is handled correctly to start with and it also cuts down on patrons' complaints.

CHARLES W. TEN EICK, Hollywood, Fla.

. . . Congratulations to Collier's and Margo Fischer for that interesting and informative article. As a former postal employee, now retired, I have felt that the Post Office Department, the greatest public utility in the world, in the past has failed to keep its patrons properly informed of the many services rendered.

Widespread distribution of reprints of the article would, I am confident, reduce complaints and losses.

L. J. BRENNAN, Lockport, N.Y.

. . . I am a company mail clerk. There are approximately 500 men in my company. They all get plenty of mail, too. That brings up problems. When I read your article What You Don't Know About Mailing a Letter, I wished everyone who has access to your magazine would read it. It sure would help out fellows like me.

We get letters and parcels ripped, torn and damaged something awful. I have sent several letters to the return address with my own money. The Corps just keeps forwarding the mail or sends it to the dead-letter office. But I like to

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All she seems to know is "NO"!
ZOWIE! YOUR LIBERTY SURE IS FOGBOUND, EDDIE! GUESS THE SCUTTLEBUTT IS RIGHT—BETTER CHECK IN AT YOUR DENTIST'S!
WOW! SO KATE'S HUNG A BAD-BREATH TAG ON ME, HAS SHE? HIT THE DECK, MR. DENTIST! HERE I COME!
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA! AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY, BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING!
SINCE COLGATE'S AND I BECAME SO MATEY IT'S A LIFETIME HITCH FOR ME AND KATIE!

Now! ONE Brushing With
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Removes Up To 85% Of Decay
And Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
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CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

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GIVES YOU A
CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH
ALL DAY LONG!

Week's Mail CONTINUED

see my men get mail, so I do the best I can. PFC CHARLES A. CAUL, Marine Barracks, Camp Lejeune, N.C.

. . . Don't you think the sorting of mail could be speeded up if the zone number was circled?

MARK FRANK, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . I would like to offer my hearty congratulations to Margo Fischer for the splendid and human manner in which she gives us postal employees much-needed and appreciated national publicity.

I am sure I speak for all postal employees at a time when our Post Office Department is under severe criticism and unfair accusations. We all are deeply and sincerely grateful for such truthful publicity.

CAREY M. BRADY, JR., Postmaster, Lanett, Ala.

Malenkov's Phony Cleanup

EDITOR: In Collier's editorial Graft-ridden Russia (May 30th), there are several statements which do not correspond with the mysterious reality behind the Iron Curtain.

During 30 years of the Soviet regime, "skulduggery, embezzlement, padded payrolls, phony expense accounts, nepotism," etc., were its inseparable elements and everybody had been aware of them.

Therefore Malenkov's approach to these evils is not "a discovery at long last." Neither is it a stimulus for arousing "public opinion against them."

Nowadays Malenkov struggles for political authority no less ruthlessly than Stalin did during the early thirties. For this very reason, Malenkov's campaign against Soviet "grafters" helps him to liquidate all the unwanted elements as well as to create an illusion that he turns chaos and disorder into an ideal state of affairs.

Once Malenkov will reach the position of an unquestionable authority, the Soviet press again "will not be allowed to publish any hint of corruption in Utopia."

JOHN FIZER, New York, N.Y.

Our Friend Bertha

EDITOR: In the article My Friend Bertha, the Praying Mantis, by Robert Carlyle Hermes (May 16th), shouldn't it have been "p-r-e-y-i-n-g"?

MARGIE SWAIN, Washington, N.C.

Considering the lady mantis' cannibalistic habits as well as her pious posture, we don't think anyone could object to the alternate spelling. But the dictionary says "praying."

Unity Without Prejudice

EDITOR: As the wife of a serviceman, I found Thomas Finletter's Should the Navy and the Air Force Merge? (May 9th) very interesting. We service personnel, as a generation having faced two wars, no longer live in a world of imagination.

We realize that we fight as a unified organization for the good of our country and not the glory of the Army, Navy or Marines. That kind of talk is strictly for the recruiting offices.

We are spending millions to sell other nations on American democracy, founded on freedom from discrimination and prejudice. How can we sell to others that which we cannot subscribe to ourselves—unity without prejudice?

MRS. M. R. BAUDOUIN, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

3-D Human Interest

EDITOR: I liked the May 23d cover so much I felt I had to write and tell you so. It's the best cover Collier's has had, I feel, in a very long time, both in subject matter and treatment. Its human-interest story is most appealing and the artist's method gives it almost a 3-dimensional quality.

DAVID A. BALCH, Valley Cottage, N.Y.

Holmes & De Lucie

EDITOR: Stowed away in the attic are all of the ancient and venerable Sherlock Holmes stories as they first appeared in this country, in Collier's, at about 1904 and thereafter. I cherish these both for the stories and the fine illustrations by the late Frederick Dorr Steele.

Anyway, it's grand having the old Conan Doyle heroes back in Collier's. Just as stirring is the added treat—those exquisite pictures by Robert Fawcett.

PETER HELCK, Boston Corners, N.Y.

. . . Margaret Chase's "De Lucie stories" have always been good, but this latest one (De Lucie Joins the Club, May 30th) is the best yet.

I laughed so hard when I read it last night that I nearly drove my poor husband to distraction, but when I read the outstanding bits to him I was rewarded with a chuckle.

MRS. GEORGE F. HAMLIN, Port Orford, Ore.

They Shake the Hall, Too

EDITOR: I believe that Robert Sylvester should have included in his article It Must Be Jazz—'Cause a Concert Hall Don't Shake Like That! (May 23d) the following stars: Earl (Fatha) Hines, Cozy Cole, Barney Begard. I also believe that Jack Teagarden is the top trombone man of them all.

PAUL J. O'BRIEN, West Palm Beach, Fla.

The jazz *aficionados* on Collier's staff share reader O'Brien's admiration for the Messrs. Hines, Cole, Begard and Teagarden. Unfortunately, space did not permit us to mention all the jazz greats.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Corsicana, Texas, rumors the presence of a variety of hound-dogs so highly bred that their owners also have

to be registered. Some talk of fining the dog if its owner is caught running around without a tag.

★ ★ ★

Having nothing else to do one recent evening, Mr. Oliver Loespan, of Kansas City, Missouri, devoted several minutes to working out the answer to: What's Wrong with the World? He hastened to send his accumulated findings to this pillar of light and guidance. "There are too many people," finds Mr. Loespan, "refusing to work at anything except things they can't do."

★ ★ ★

Nebraska City (Nebraska) News Press reports this analysis of daylight saving by a thoughtful Navajo Indian. This is what the Navajo says: "It is the same as Indian cutting off top of blanket and sewing it on bottom to make blanket longer."

★ ★ ★

In Seattle, Washington, a gentleman accompanied his wife to a viewing of the swag garnered at a shower for a prospective bride. "What's that?" he demanded, pointing to what looked like an enormous zippered cocoon. "That, said the lovely young thing, "is a slip cover for our refrigerator." Gentleman departed immediately, saying he lacked the courage and fortitude to stay and face what might come next.

★ ★ ★

Success is so simple. For example, there was the ambitious lad reporting to the famous Emil Von Elling, long-time track coach at New York University. Boy merely wanted to know how to become a champion sprinter. Old Von told him it was no problem at all. "No matter how fast the other guy runs," he said, "run faster."

★ ★ ★

Old 48 vigorously denies sympathy with juvenile delinquency. That being clear, we rise to applaud Mr. Bertram M. Beck, director of the Juvenile Delinquency Project of the new Department of Health, Education and Welfare Children's Bureau. Mr. Beck warns us to be leery of the kids who are too good to be true—the Little Lord Fauntleroys, Louisa May Alcott's Little Men, and similar little darlings in pants who never, never disturb the neighbors. They may be sick, says Mr. Beck. And as adults they may also be just what a dictator prays for.

★ ★ ★

That indefatigable researcher, Ray Schneider, emerges from his laboratory in St. Paul, Minnesota, to announce that you move in your sleep an average of every 15 minutes. Thus, if you weigh 150, you move 600 pounds each sleeping hour. So, if you sleep eight hours, you heave 4,800 pounds every night. And you're wondering why you wake up all worn out.

★ ★ ★

Not satisfied with telling us that the father of three small boys, John Spanks, Jr., is one of his neighbors, Mr. Frederick M. Clouter promises to introduce us to a lady named Crystal Ball if we'll just stop long enough in West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

★ ★ ★

Tennessee gentleman, having seen his son being graduated from college, gives him a brief bit of counsel. Told the lad to work hard, be patient, and the day would surely come when he would know as little as his father.

★ ★ ★

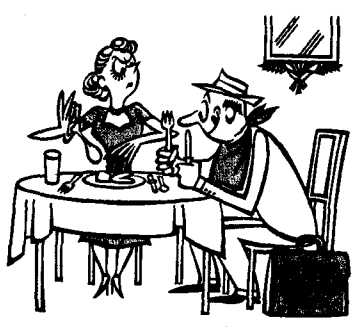
Just to emphasize the advantages of life in Hartford, Connecticut, Bob (the Picker) Steele, the slightly infallible sports analyst of radio station WTIC, grew reminiscent. Said that when he landed in Hartford sixteen years ago he was worth exactly twenty cents. "Today," said Mr. Steele, "although I don't care to boast, I am worth conservatively ten times that much."

★ ★ ★

We don't believe there's a psychiatrist in Hollywood who advertises: Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Mania Back. (But you can, if you want to.)

★ ★ ★

This girl that Mr. Lennis McLeod knows in Buena Park, California, works in a chicken eatery. With each weekly pay check she gets four pounds



IRWIN CAPLAN

of chicken as a bonus. And, says Mr. McLeod, she is swapping verbal punches with agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau, which is demanding at least a wing. ▲▲▲

check dry scalp!

A dry, **oil-starved** scalp can lead to hard-to-manage hair, unsightly loose dandruff!

You can't check a lack of oil in your scalp with alcohol. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains *no* alcohol or any other scalp drying, "mystery" ingredients. It supplements the *natural* oils in your scalp to check dry scalp . . . relieve loose dandruff . . . keep your hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. And 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is economical too—just a few drops a day is all you need. Try it soon.

Keep hair naturally well-groomed

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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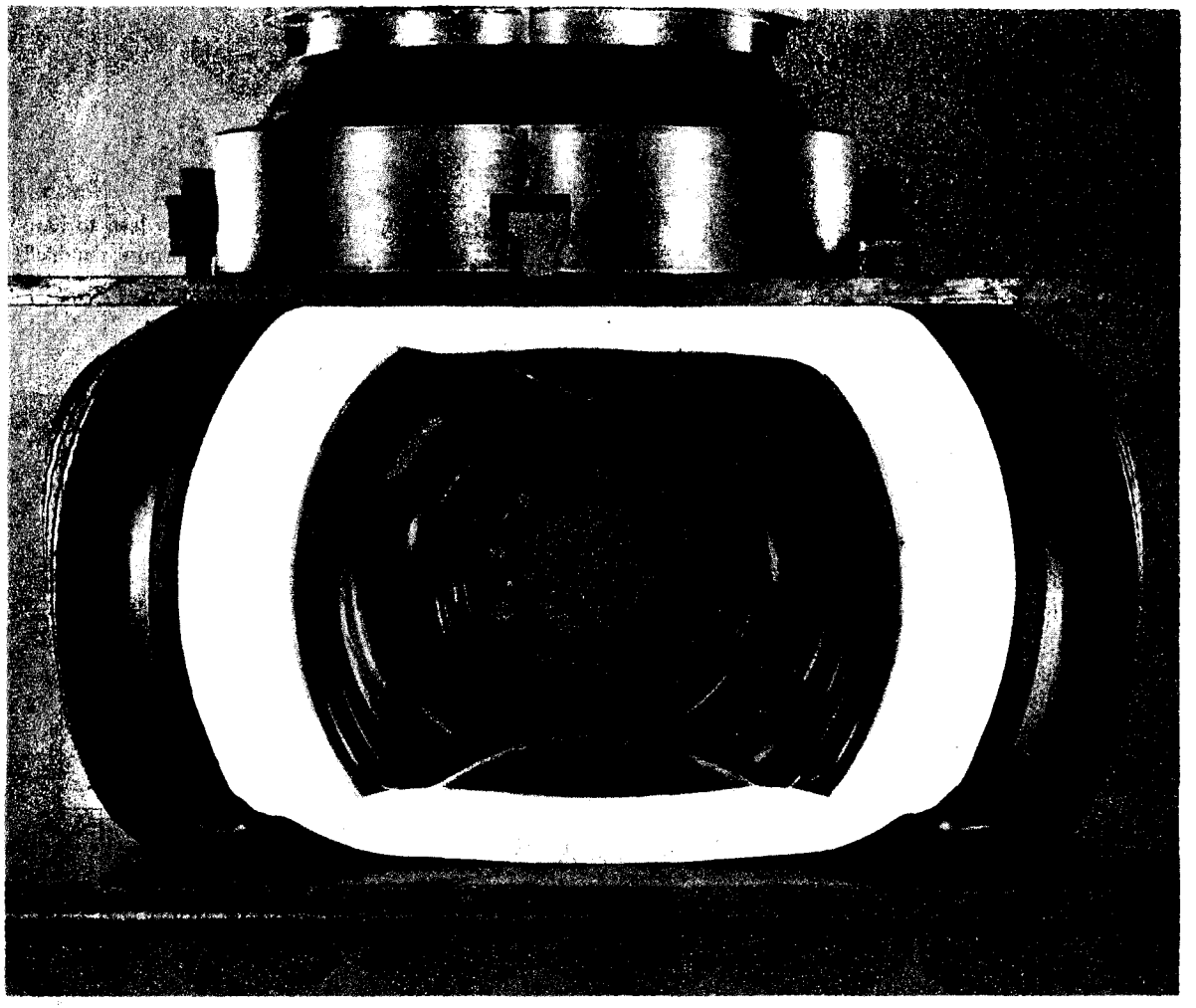
28,000 LB. PRESSURE CRUSHES WHEEL AND RIM! MIRACLE NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION TIRE UNDAMAGED!

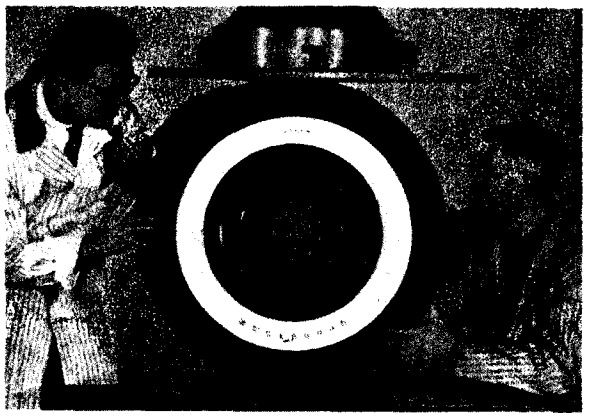


The new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion is up to 80% stronger than a tire with standard cords. And in many tests (like the one above) this tire has taken more than twice the punishment!

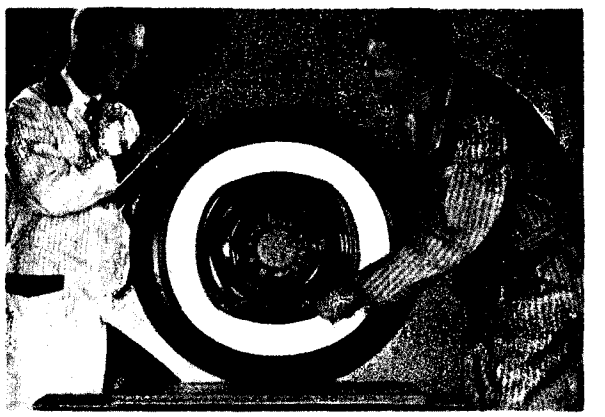
And now, you can *get* the extra strength and safety of an all-Nylon cord tire for only a few dollars more than you formerly paid for a standard tire! And you'll get up to 21% more mileage, too, thanks to a new, improved tread rubber.

See this great new tire at your Goodyear dealer's now!

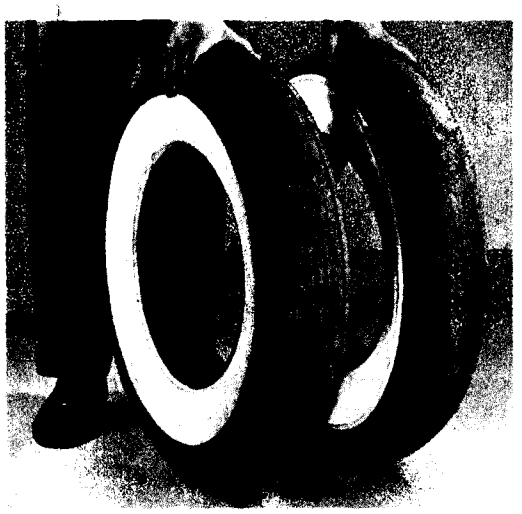
New all-Nylon cord tire costs only a few dollars more than a standard tire!



An All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion was mounted on a standard wheel and rim and inflated to normal air pressure. It was then placed between the jaws of a gigantic hydraulic press.



The torture started. The pressure climbed steadily... Finally at 28,000 lbs., the 11-gauge steel wheel rim collapsed. Yet, when the new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion was examined, it was completely undamaged. That's the miracle strength of Nylon!



Tests prove new tread rubber gives up to 21% more nonskid mileage!

A new development in rubber-toughening carbon black gives the new Super-Cushion a new kind of tread rubber.

Result: As much as an extra 1000 miles for every 5000 you used to get!

◀ Both tires shown here were driven the same distance. The tire at the right is smooth. But the new Super-Cushion, with improved tread rubber, still has thousands of miles of safe, nonskid driving left!

See your Goodyear dealer today! Although he may not have your size because of the limited supply of Nylon cord, he will be glad to accept your order for future delivery. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

MIRACLE ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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General Gruenther's HEADACHES

The new Supreme Allied Commander must gird Western Europe to defend itself in a war nobody expects now. Can he bring the reluctant nations into line?

By WALTER MILLIS

GENERAL ALFRED M. GRUENTHER, the supple-minded American staff officer who has been named Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, is about to tackle one of the toughest jobs in the world. The responsibility is staggering: he'll be charged with nothing less than the defense of Western civilization. The obstacles are almost equally staggering: it's beginning to look as if he'll never get the tools he needs for the job.

Two years ago, when General Dwight D. Eisenhower arrived in Europe to change the North Atlantic Treaty Organization from a military nightmare into sound military reality, the problem was simpler. Korea and a Soviet atomic explosion had spread near panic through the West. There were visions of Soviet tank divisions rolling almost unopposed to the Atlantic. Defense seemed a desperate necessity, and it was not too difficult for Eisenhower to draw plans to the largest scale and to obtain inspiring, big commitments.

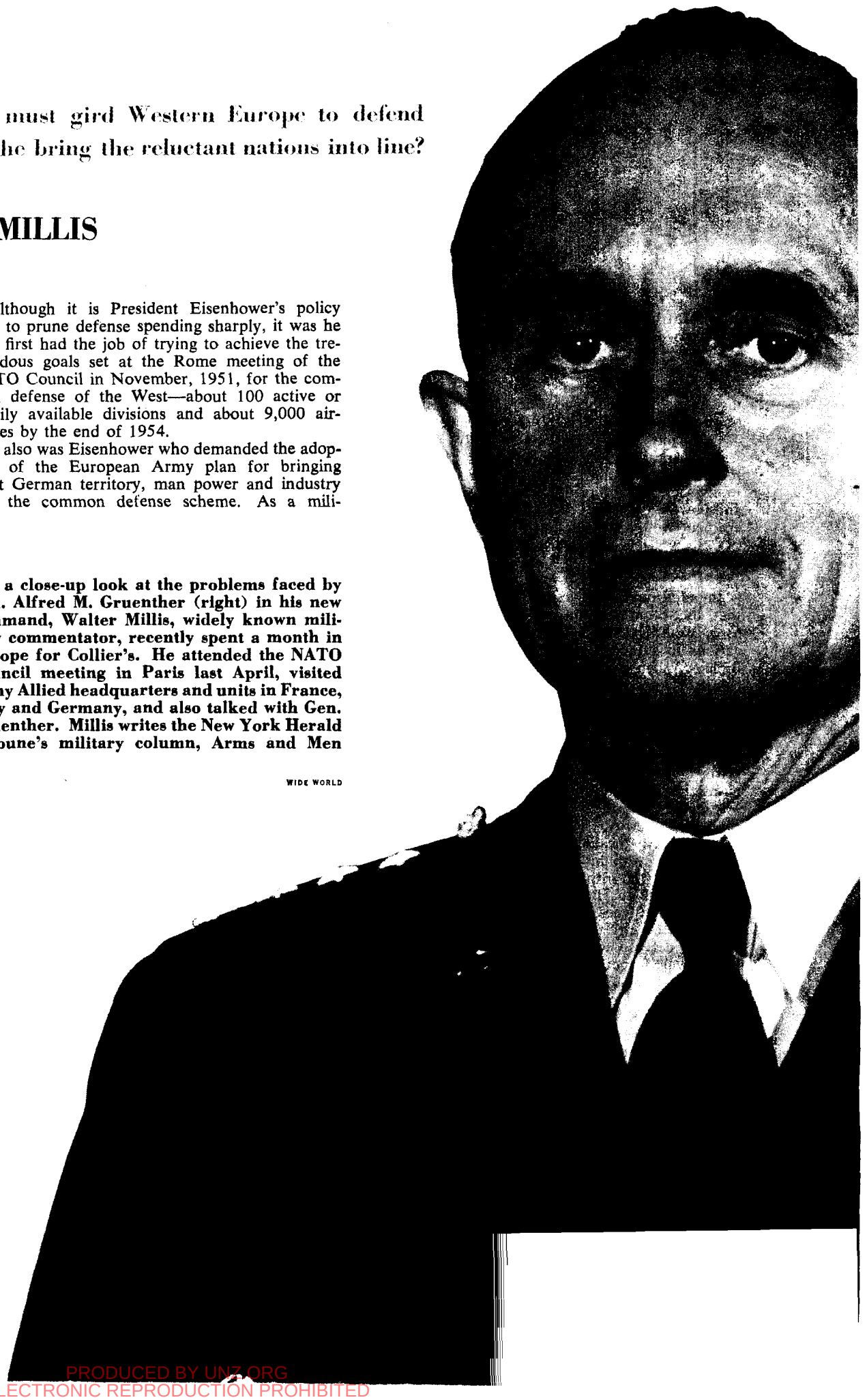
Well, the Soviet tank divisions didn't roll. Russian forces in East Germany have not been built up greatly, although their quality and equipment have improved. Long before Stalin's death and the Soviet "peace offensive" which followed, the conviction was growing in West Germany, France and Britain that the war danger, after all, was not immediate, while the cost and effort of creating a defense against it were bulking larger and more unpleasant.

Today there are few responsible people in Europe—and not many in America—who really expect a major war. The Europeans are losing the sense of urgent peril which two years ago pushed them on to heroic undertakings. France's active military strength is wasting away in the running sore of Indochina. Many Americans are getting tired of defense appropriations—and especially of the foreign-aid grants which NATO needs to keep its military structure from collapsing. (Since July 1, 1945, the United States has given away more than $30,000,000,000 in foreign-aid grants, including $7,000,000,000 in direct military aid. Moreover, the recipient nations are now drawing on additional grants totaling $13,000,000,000, most of it in direct military aid.)

It will be General Gruenther's difficult mission to persuade 14 reluctant governments that they must complete their combat readiness for a war which no one now believes will happen and for which no one really wants to prepare.

Although it is President Eisenhower's policy now to prune defense spending sharply, it was he who first had the job of trying to achieve the tremendous goals set at the Rome meeting of the NATO Council in November, 1951, for the common defense of the West—about 100 active or readily available divisions and about 9,000 airplanes by the end of 1954.

It also was Eisenhower who demanded the adoption of the European Army plan for bringing West German territory, man power and industry into the common defense scheme. As a mili-



For a close-up look at the problems faced by Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther (right) in his new command, Walter Millis, widely known military commentator, recently spent a month in Europe for Collier's. He attended the NATO Council meeting in Paris last April, visited many Allied headquarters and units in France, Italy and Germany, and also talked with Gen. Gruenther. Millis writes the New York Herald Tribune's military column, Arms and Men

WIDE WORLD

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INTERNATIONAL

Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, Gruenther's predecessor as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, greets two French paratroopers who landed near him during maneuvers in Western Germany

tary man, he said he considered Germany's participation a necessity if NATO were to succeed.

Politically as well as economically, the European Army plan was a huge order. It required both the French and the Germans to make enormous sacrifices of pride, tradition, independence and power—sacrifices of a kind no American government would even dream of making.

When Eisenhower Quoted Scripture

In addition, many experts felt from the start that the economic burdens of the 100-division force would be much too great for the member nations to shoulder. But Eisenhower quoted the Bible: "When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace"—and the inspiring goals were tentatively accepted as an approximate measure of the ultimate military need.

In an analogy now popular in the SHAPE headquarters at Rocquencourt, on the western outskirts of Paris, it was Eisenhower who held the monster bond rally and distributed the pledges; it was General Matthew B. Ridgway, arriving to succeed him in May, 1952, who had to collect on the pledges in the colder light of later reflection. Eisenhower, with his frank talk of big numbers, had supplied the inspiration. But inspiration, after all, costs nothing. It was Ridgway's job to dredge up the costly planes, tanks, trained man power and supplies necessary to turn the big numbers into an effective defense system.

Ridgway, forceful, direct and energetic, brought with him a fine combat record in both World War II and in Korea, and a reputation for having established in Korea a strong sense of international teamwork and unity. But that was war. The problems of peacetime preparation were different and tougher.

In theory, Ridgway's NATO mission was to command the far-flung Allied forces—stretched all the way from the North Cape of Norway to the Caucasus frontier of Turkey—in the event of hostilities. In practice, his job was to create the powerful defense forces required to fight off a full-scale Soviet attack—and that job was much more a matter of politics, diplomacy and national psychology than it was of technical military competence.

Ridgway inherited from Eisenhower a going staff and command organization, but hardly more than a beginning on the combat forces. When he took over, the last of the American and British reinforcements had arrived in Germany and had been regrouped for operational rather than occupational duties.

With the active French units then available, this gave him a dozen or so really good combat-worthy divisions deployed for defense. But these weren't nearly enough, and even they lacked secure lines of communication, rear-area supply and adequate air cover.

By the time Ridgway took over, the tentative military goals set for the end of 1952 had been confirmed by the NATO Council, meeting in Lisbon: 4,000 combat airplanes (really only about 3,000, since the figure included about 1,000 Royal Air Force planes committed to the defense of Britain); 25 combat-ready divisions and 25 more which could be mobilized within 30 days. But how about the additional four or five thousand planes and the additional 40 to 50 ground divisions that were to be ready by the end of 1954? In early 1952, those goals were already fading.

Ridgway went to work with what he had—and with the hope of getting more.

Fine Service Rendered by Ismay

A NATO administrative body had just been set up—with Lord Ismay, Churchill's able chief of staff during the war, as its secretary-general. It relieved the Supreme Commander of political problems and permitted him to concentrate on military matters. There's no question that the celebrated "Pug" Ismay has been a tower of strength and a source of shrewd common sense in the NATO operation. But in the real world (as distinct from the never-never land of the organization charts) there is no dividing line between political and military. How could there be?

The Supreme Command, for example, would like to increase the term of service of French and Belgian conscripts—but that's a political issue in the French and Belgian Parliaments.

Denmark looks to Britain to provide the additional divisions critically needed to protect the Danish peninsula—but it's politically impossible for the hard-pressed British to raise the extra forces.

Finally, the entire European defense structure is sustained by American aid appropriations—which must be voted by an increasingly reluctant Congress.

As a military man, Ridgway had his political troubles from the start. He committed what some of his associates call the unpardonable political sin of telling the truth, and telling it bluntly. Originally, at least, he was criticized as being "too American." He was scrupulous in maintaining the nice official balance of nationalities in the huge SHAPE staff organization, but he stayed rather closely within the confines of his personal staff of Americans; only later did he learn, on his visits to the far-flung segments of his command, to get the local brass and dignitaries into the forefront of the picture. Ridgway also brought an efficiency and precision to SHAPE operations which caused some grief among the survivors of the more easy-going Eisenhower administration.

Progress Depends on Member Nations

Ridgway will leave his mark in Europe as a first-rate soldier, the "right man in the right place at the right time," universally respected, and remarkably successful in organizing a going defense. The NATO military system is much stronger, much better organized, and better equipped today than it was in May, 1952, when Ridgway took charge. But it can advance no faster than the 14 member governments let it. And its momentum has been steadily running down.

By the end of 1952, the goals of 4,000 combat airplanes and 25 active divisions had been substantially attained. But the 25 reserve divisions were in very varying states of readiness. All were supposed to be so-called D+30 divisions, ready for action on 30 days' notice; not many really were. A lot of them would have been lucky if they could get ready for combat within 60 days, and even those best prepared for mobilization had ammunition for no more than three or four days of fighting.

The further reserves which would be needed for a major war were virtually nonexistent; there had been almost no progress whatever on the European Army treaty, considered indispensable for effective Western defense. The original concept of a 100-division army was all but dead.

The NATO Council, meeting in December, 1952, adopted only very modest force goals for 1953. When it met again, in Paris last April, it didn't publish its decisions on the force levels to be reached this year.

After the December meeting, Ridgway said publicly that there was "no excuse for any slackening of effort in the rapid building of the NATO defenses." Publicly and privately he insisted that the original goal—100 divisions—must be achieved if Western Europe were to be successfully defended.

At its Paris meeting in April—which I attended for Collier's—the NATO Council shied away from the 100-division figure. Although the council wouldn't say publicly what goals it had set, it is believed to have agreed to raise the active army from 25 to about 30 divisions, to add another half-dozen reserve divisions (in an unknown state of readiness) to the paper total, and to expand air cover.

The council did finally settle on a three-year program for setting up the airfields, fuel storage, warning systems and transportation lines necessary to back a modern army. That program will ease some of the worst present problems. But its cost amounts to only 3 or 4 per cent of the total defense expenditures of the 14 nations, and a vast amount of work must yet be done to complete an effective supporting system.

Ridgway's report to the April meeting is said to have been brief and factual: he had done his best to stimulate a greater effort, but had failed. Now, he felt, there was no sense repeating the argument. The council made much of its program to improve, fill out and supply the forces already in existence. Secretary of State Dulles said publicly that these decisions would raise the combat efficiency of the NATO forces by 30 per cent this year. It is known

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that when he used the same figure in the conference, Ridgway refused to comment, on the ground that he didn't know how the percentage had been arrived at.

Shortly after the Paris meeting, Washington announced Ridgway's promotion to Army Chief of Staff and the nomination of Gruenther to succeed him at SHAPE.

Gruenther is a small man with a big intellect and the four stars of a full general on his shoulders. Having been Eisenhower's chief of staff in 1950 and 1951 and Ridgway's chief of staff since, he knows all the ins and outs of NATO and SHAPE, and he knows the headaches they can produce. He is by nature more diplomat than soldier, though he has for years been applying his diplomatic talents to the intricate problems of military administration.

Distinguished Record in Many Posts

He was General Mark Clark's chief of staff in Italy. He was the first director of the Joint Staff created under the Unification Act to advise the Joint Chiefs of Staff—a post in which his outstanding abilities impressed all the defense heads of the Truman era, from James Forrestal on down. He was Eisenhower's right hand in Europe in the days when NATO was coming to birth as a real military instrument.

Gruenther has an easy, friendly manner, emphasized by a trick of countenance which seems to give him, when he talks, a kind of permanent smile. He knows exactly what he's doing, and how to perform most of the chores that lie hidden in the vast mazes of the modern military machine.

But he still faces the same basic problems Ridgway did. Gruenther, like Ridgway, feels that the defense structure, for all its advances in the past year, is only half complete—and never will be completed if its momentum is allowed to run down. To him, as to Ridgway, it is less important that the 100 divisions and accompanying air power be established by any given date than it is to maintain progress—as rapid as political and economic conditions permit—toward the attainment of the goal. He believes, with Ridgway, that there are too few divisions and air wings in existence and that even those have too little equipment and training.

In his efforts to keep the momentum going, Gruenther will have certain handicaps. He lacks Ridgway's prestige as a combat man, he lacks even more the immense prestige of Eisenhower and, most of all, he will miss the drive which the seemingly imminent perils of 1950 infused into the original NATO effort. His is not an easy mission.

He will have several major problems, uncountable minor ones. Perhaps the gravest is the question of the European Army, which would include West Germany. It's undoubtedly possible to do part of the job without Germany—that is, to create a defensive system which will make Russia think twice before launching an attack. Maybe that has already been done. But West German defensive positions, West German industry and West German man power are needed if we're to have any hope of defeating an all-out attack.

France has great misgivings about pooling its forces with those of Germany. The European Army treaty was intended to soothe these fears. When the treaty was finally signed a year ago, it was hoped that ratification would be swift. But today, the pact is deeply involved in intricate political difficulties. It seems unlikely that the French will ratify it before next spring—if at all.

If the treaty is not ratified, the whole NATO defense setup will remain hobbled, divided and in danger of ultimate collapse.

The second major problem centers on this question: How hard will the Western Powers work and how much will they spend to complete the defense system? The military leaders are standing fast on their original estimate that 100 divisions are needed —including reserve divisions, fully trained and equipped, and quickly available—plus about 10,000 airplanes. Nothing like those forces is in sight.

Right now, the greatest deficiency is in the air. Along the vital southern flank, from the Alps to the Caucasus, the Italians, Greeks and Turks are trying to build air forces to back their armies. They're working hard at it, and they're getting about as many planes as they can absorb, but they have a long way to go—and there are no American or British formations in the theater except for the 200-odd combat airplanes of the United States Sixth Fleet and the British Mediterranean Fleet.

North of the Alps, the air position is better, and under the April council decisions it will be further improved, both in the number and quality of the planes and in the necessary fields, warning systems and supply lines. Many of the new fields west of the Rhine are already in operation, but they lack such combat necessities as adequate underground fuel storage, dispersal areas and shops, hangars and quarters.

The NATO transport and supply problems are still far from solved. The United States recently placed large contracts with European governments to make ammunition for the NATO forces, and it is believed that these will in time meet one of the worst deficiencies. The American and British armies in Germany get most of their supplies through Hamburg and Bremerhaven; the routes from those cities involve the lowest transportation costs, but would be indefensible in war.

Other lines of communication—from Antwerp, from the Bordeaux area and from Marseilles up to the Rhine—are now being utilized or installed. The American line of communication from Bordeaux is operating on a stand-by and training basis, and small truck convoys regularly make the long haul. The vehicle parks, ordnance depots, ammunition and supply dumps along the routes are filling up with the immense reserve stocks which a war would demand.

Controversy Over Fuel Pipe Line

But the one most vital link in the whole system hasn't even been started. That's the fuel pipe line to connect the Atlantic coast with the distribution system behind the Rhine. The French insist that they should operate the new pipe line since it will be a part of their national transportation net. The Americans are unwilling to surrender control over such an important link in their supply system to the French, particularly in view of Communist infiltration of French transport and communications unions. Until agreement is reached, no contracts can be signed.

German participation, insufficient ground and air forces, transport and supply problems—they're all headaches for the men who must plan a European defense system. But perhaps the greatest long-run weakness of the whole NATO structure, as Ridgway finishes his year in command, is in the equipment and training of reserve divisions—both those formally assigned to NATO and those which would have to be mobilized under their own flags in an all-out war.

Ridgway's Plea Is Disregarded

Ridgway has repeatedly urged that the period of military service for all the partners be brought up to 24 months—as in Britain and the United States —but he has had no success and none is expected.

There is a serious shortage of trained officers. In France the professional-officer class has been drained away to Indochina; in Denmark and the Netherlands the absence of a long-standing military tradition has prevented the development of such a class. Nor is it easy anywhere to get young men to embark on a professional military career when there is so much chance that the whole NATO system might be overthrown by political changes in Europe or by the ending of American aid.

Many of the shortcomings are being cured. But the over-all issue is still the same. To build a really effective ground and air defense of Western Europe all the partners must put forth a much greater national effort. The sad fact is that as Gruenther assumes his new command, there are evidences everywhere that even the present effort is slackening.

Something must change. It may be that atomic energy will make possible a new weapons system that will accomplish more with less effort and expense. It may be that NATO will have to abandon its present aims and concentrate merely on trying to prevent war.

But right now Gruenther's mission is to secure the military defense of the West. That mission seems doomed to failure without a greater energy and dedication than the West has yet been willing to put into it. ▲▲▲

BILL STAPLETON

Gruenther served both former SHAPE chiefs—Eisenhower and Ridgway—as chief of staff. Here he and Eisenhower confer with French Admiral André Lemonnier, naval deputy at headquarters

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Experiment in LOVE

By [illegible]

Mort was nice, but he was a home-town boy, and Fran was looking for a new, exciting man to love. And though Mort didn't think she would, she found him

THE laboratory where Fran Barrows worked had an old-fashioned summer smell: that smell composed of wooden cottage, sand, clams and wet bathing suits. In her lab there were some growth studies going on, with clams as the subject, and twice a day Fran went out to the beach to dig a bucket of fresh clams. This was not a painful chore, since it meant she could go swimming at the same time in the pleasantly warm waters off Woods Hole, then hang her wet bathing suit to dry outside the lab windows. The labs themselves were bare rooms in a thin old wooden building, with sandy stairs that creaked when anyone ran up or down; and the roar of the plumbing could be heard plainly everywhere just as it is in summer beach cottages.

The trouble was, it was all too reminiscent of the vacations Fran had shared in childhood with hard-working and deserving relatives. Fran had looked forward eagerly to working for the Biological Service in Woods Hole, partly because she hoped to meet unusual specimens of people. Mostly, however, they were disappointingly like herself. . . .

"Want to sail after work?" Mort Kingsley asked her, coming in from his lab across the hall.

"Not this time, thanks," Fran said, sighing. "I have a date later, and I don't want to scramble and be late getting back."

"Bring you back whenever you say," Mort said; but Fran said, "Thanks, Mort, maybe tomorrow."

The trouble with Mort was that Fran had known him always: or so it seemed. She had grown up with boys like Mort, hard-working, nice-looking boys, from his own neighborhood in Queens. He, too, had made it to New York, and Columbia, and an academic or research future of sorts. Like a summer that smelled of bathing suits and clams, Mort gave Fran nostalgia in reverse—what he was, however good, was not what she had in mind. Otherwise, Mort would have seemed a wonderful find. He shared a beachside apartment with some other boys, he had a good record player and a collection of records, he had a car, he was amiable and he had a variety of interests. But he was without novelty value for Fran. What she wanted of this scientific summer was the latest model of an entirely different kind of man, one who, for example, did not work from necessity but because he had curiosity for a particular subject or was writing a monograph that might bring him modest fame: one who need not be tied to a job, but could move about with ease on an inherited income, however modest.

What she wanted of this summer was the latest model of an entirely different type of man, one who, for example, did not work from necessity

She had found such a man. Tucker Ames worked in another Woods Hole corner on some elaborate undersea study, which had already taken him on various leisurely marine expeditions to the South Seas, and elsewhere. Sometimes he sailed his own seaworthy Sea Urchin. There was glamor attached to this kind of work, done on an independent, volunteer basis, and glamor was attached to his person, too. He had a lean, blond look, and he was neat and distinguished even in the jeans and T-shirt that were the standard working costume for summer days in the lab. Mort, who was extremely dark, looked more like a longshoreman than an assistant professor when he wore the same clothes, and by late afternoon he always needed to shave again. Usually he did shave.

"Or shall I grow a beard, like an explorer of the arctic?" he asked Fran. "I could even wear a single earring and make like the China Seas."

"Don't bother," Fran said, shortly. "They'll only think you're a walking advertisement for some new movie about pirates. I don't think you're the type."

"I gather that," Mort said. "Funny, when I feel just the opposite about you. To me, you're visions of lemon ice in paper cups from the ice-coal-wood man, and excursions to Coney and Rockaway—everything nice about summertime."

Fran said in disgust, "How low-brow can you get?"

"But I play Mozart, too," Mort said. "The trouble with you is you have old-fashioned notions about what's romantic and what isn't. It mixes up your feelings, and you don't have as good a time as you ought to. Why don't you give up the struggle today and come sailing with me in my rented boat?"

"Because," Fran said, turning sharply, "I want to sail in a boat that's owned, not rented. Maybe it sounds cheap, but I don't want the same, the same, the same. I want a change, and women have to do a lot of their exploring via the men they meet. That's one reason I came to Woods Hole this summer. I could have met you back home."

Mort said, "And what's more, Tucker Ames is a hell of a nice fellow. A *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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Here's Rita as

By EVELYN HARVEY

SINCE the twenties, when Sadie Thompson first appeared in Miss Thompson, Somerset Maugham's short story of a shady lady on a rain-soaked tropic isle, she has become a classic symbol of good-natured sin. She has flounced ashore, with her portable phonograph and her particular brand of joy, in three Broadway productions and a couple of Hollywood films. She has been played by such leading ladies as Jeanne Eagels, Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford and Tallulah Bankhead. By now, it's hard to remember she isn't real.

Well, here she comes again! This time it's Rita Hayworth who entertains the men in a desolate Pacific outpost and runs afoul of a reformer torn between temptation and his moral code.

In Miss Sadie Thompson, Columbia Pictures' 3-D, wide-screen Technicolor bow to the tropic temptress, Rita does a lot for Sadie, and Sadie does something for her. In the role of a wayward woman, Rita has shed the smooth siren quality that has characterized many of her screen parts. She is a dancing, singing, easy-living woman whose doubtful past does not disguise a heart of pure uranium. And she brings to the part a gusty energy that is new for Hayworth.

As the foot-loose island hopper, Rita has three songs to sing, and a song-and-dance number called The Heat Is On, in which she sets the bamboo curtains to rattling in Bill's Place, a smoky native bar. There Sadie and a roomful of raucous enlisted men drown out a group of psalm singers in the mission across the way.

"There's nothing phony about this dance," says director Curtis Bernhardt. "Rita doesn't play it as a professional dancer, but as an uninhibited woman to whom entertainment comes naturally.

"When we started shooting, I said to the actors, 'Now, your reactions must be very primitive.' Actually, it wasn't necessary to tell the men in that café scene a thing."

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNY BELL AND EDDIE CRONENWETH

"I wanna know if men are men or mice
Don't wanna wither on the bough"

"I might have formerly been cold as ice
But I'm a forest fire now"

"You're gonna hear the sirens howl tonight
You're gonna see the building bounce"

"Because the lady's on the prowl tonight . . .
The heat is on! The heat is on!"

WORDS AND MUSIC BY LESTER LEE AND
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'Sadie"

Every so often that infamous island hopper, Sadie Thompson, hits the beach in a new movie or Broadway play. Now it's Rita Hayworth who comes ashore with her suitcase, her phonograph and her easy-living ways

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"Sadie" has been modernized. Now the enlisted men are members of a radar unit

Sadie Thompson, here interpreted by Rita Hayworth, takes her pleasure where she finds it. She and Marine Sergeant O'Hara (Aldo Ray) celebrate acquaintance in island bar

With each reincarnation, the story of Sadie Thompson is modified a little. There's a new look to the island where the flamboyant *fille de joie*, a reformer and other travelers are marooned together; or a change in the uniforms of the enlisted men who enjoy her hospitality, or a new air of slovenliness to the mosquito-ridden lodgings where vice and virtue collide. But the rain keeps right on coming down. In Columbia's Miss Sadie Thompson, filmed in Hollywood and in Hawaii, under the supervision of executive producer Jerry Wald, 25,000 gallons of water an hour produced the properly dank tropic note.

And Sadie is still Sadie, with or without her ostrich plumes and shiny white boots. "We had to do a little differently in costuming Rita," says director Bernhardt. "Nowadays, a girl in Sadie's walk of life doesn't look so tawdry. Values have changed and she can get a good-looking dress for $10.95."

Greatest change is in the role of the reformer, played by José Ferrer. "The Reverend Davidson" of Maugham's story (and of the subsequent stage and film productions of Rain and Sadie Thompson) is now a landowner with a broad streak of the do-gooder in his soul. And for contemporary flavor, the original naval base has given way to an advance radar post overflowing with isolation-happy Marines. One of the leathernecks, Sergeant O'Hara, played by Aldo Ray, takes Sadie away from it all after the landowner kills himself in remorse at discovering in himself a desire stronger than the desire to effect reform.

In supporting their golden girl with an impressive cast, Columbia counted on Hayworth to face up to the competition. Apparently she has.

"Rita will emerge as one of the outstanding actresses of the year," says Ferrer. "She brings great emotional power to the role of Sadie. When the director says, 'Cut!' it's like turning out a light." ▲▲▲

Sadie has no trouble making friends. With tropical rains on the way, leatherneck pals find her shelter in a run-down island hotel

Guest at hotel is Mr. Davidson (José Ferrer), a would-be reformer whose desire to change Sadie worries Dr. McPhail (Russell Collins)

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Jeanne Eagels set Sadie on the road to fame with her unforgettable performance in Rain, the 1922 stage version of Somerset Maugham's classic

CULVER PHOTOS

Tallulah Bankhead took whirl at playing the lighthearted lady of the Pacific in Rain's second Broadway run in 1935

Other Famous "Sadies"

Gloria Swanson brought Sadie to the screen in 1928, wearing some fancy feathers and a forlorn fur scarf. Lionel Barrymore was cast as the missionary

Joan Crawford was a sultry Sadie in the 1932 film version of Rain. Walter Huston and William Gargan were in the cast

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I SCOUT

For 33 years Paul Krichell ha

By W. C. HEINZ

WHERE does the greatness of the New York Yankees begin? It begins in a car passing through the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River and then heading south on the broad, almost flat, black reaches of the New Jersey Turnpike. In the car are Harry Hesse, who has been scouting for the Yankees for nine years, and Paul Krichell, who has been chief scout of the Yankees since December of 1920, and who is generally regarded as the greatest in the business.

"Scouting," Krichell was saying, "ain't what it used to be. In the old days you'd travel around the country and if you saw a young ballplayer you liked, you had a chance. Today, the country is crawling with bootblacks and insurance salesmen and hardware clerks with contracts in their pockets, looking to sign some kid.

"Why," he said, "Hesse, here, was up to a sandlot dinner last winter and they introduced the scouts. There were 175 people at the dinner, and 150 of them called themselves scouts."

"That's right," Hesse said.

"Bird dogs," Krichell said, thinking about it. "Commission scouts. They only get you into trouble. They recommend everybody."

The success of the Yankees—they have won 19 American League pennants and 15 World Series since 1921—is not an accident. It is not predicated upon the amount of money they spend for ballplayers—as other clubs that have outbid them have found out—but upon how they spend it. When the Yankee front office signs a young ballplayer or buys an old one, it does so because it has faith in the knowledge and ability of its scouts. "But our scouts die like anybody else's," Krichell was saying. "So we hire new scouts, and the Yankees still keep getting ballplayers. You explain it."

In 1951, Joe Devine and Bill Essick passed away. Devine was the one who discovered Gil McDougald and Jerry Coleman, Charley Silvera and Andy Carey, and Essick signed Joe DiMaggio and Joe Gordon. In recent years, however, the Yankees have added to their scouting staff Tom Greenwade, from the Brooklyn Dodgers; Pat Patterson, from the Cincinnati Reds; Babe Herman, from the Pittsburgh Pirates; Jake Flowers, who coached at Cleveland; and Bill Harris, who had been scouting for the Giants. It was Greenwade who signed Mickey Mantle two days after Mickey got his high-school diploma.

"The trouble with a lot of scouts, especially young ones," Krichell said, "is they get desperate. They figure they have to pick up a ballplayer, and anxiety leads to mistakes. You look at a ballplayer, and you're trying to force something on yourself that isn't there."

When you scout for the Yankees they do not expect you to come up with a good ballplayer every week. It is part accident even when it happens for the best of scouts. The Yankees want only ballplayers who may someday become Yankees, and so they respect your ability to turn down an inferior kid because by so doing you prove your ability to recognize a good prospect.

Paul Krichell, chief scout for N. Y. Yankees since 1920, sits in Stadium taking notes on a tryout session for youngsters. Krichell jots each boy's playing abilities on special charts

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FOR THE Yankees

eat the bushes for the Bombers. Here's how he's signed some of baseball's biggest names

"You can't be too conservative, either," Krichell said. "You have to figure that now and then you'll make a mistake. If you don't make mistakes, you haven't got the nerve to pick up a ballplayer."

Scouting for a big-league ball club does not mean simply stepping into a car or boarding a train or plane and going out to look over players. For Krichell the search for talent begins in an office in the Yankee Stadium, 10 feet by 12 feet, and in the office are a big glass-topped desk, four chairs, three big, olive-drab steel filing cabinets and six card-index files. Locked in those files are the records of more than 7,000 ballplayers—sandlot, college, semipro and professional—and Krichell carries the only keys.

"And nobody looks in those files," Krichell was saying once, "unless I say so."

Baseball scouting is the most secret of all operations in the field of sports, and thus the least publicized. Krichell can pull out of his files, however, the report on any one of 1,000 kids who tried out at the Yankee Stadium during the summer of 1947 and give you a complete run-down on the kid's strong points and his weaknesses.

"So the kid was, say sixteen years old at the time," he was saying. "That makes him only twenty-two now, doesn't it? If he's improved enough, he could still make it, couldn't he? That's why you save his card for six years."

Success Isn't Due to "Yankee Luck"

It is a long shot, at best. Each year Krichell and Hesse look at that thousand at the stadium, and if they find two dozen that they can consider for even the lowest classification in organized baseball, it is a bumper crop. When Krichell finds a Phil Rizzuto and a Whitey Ford in the stadium tryouts, however, and Greenwade spots Mickey Mantle in high school, it is not, as some call it, "Yankee luck."

"You have to answer a thousand letters a year," Krichell said. "A father writes in and says his kid would like to become a Yankee. The kid is twelve years old. You could throw it in the wastebasket, but you don't. You have to sit down and write him back and tell him to send the kid around in four years."

When the kids make the Yankee chain they also become a part of the file at the Yankee general offices at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. To these offices every night each of the 11 minor-league managers in the Yankee chain wires a report of that day's game. That same night he writes out on a mimeographed form, for mailing, a more detailed report of 300 to 500 words, and to this he appends the box score.

"Then you scout your own players," Krichell said. "Every ballplayer of ours is looked at not once but several times every year, and by two or three scouts."

It is still mostly paper work. There are 10 days that Krichell spends in his office for every one he is on the road, like today.

"Next exit, New Brunswick," Hesse said, spotting the sign ahead. "You ever been there, Paul?"

He said it as a gag. Krichell is seventy years old now and has looked at tens of thousands of ballplayers and signed dozens, but the one he first saw on a spring afternoon in New Brunswick, New Jersey, thirty years ago was maybe his greatest find.

"I was starting to scout the colleges then," he said, "waiting for the minors to get leveled off for the season. I got up this morning and looked at the paper, and the only teams playing around New York were Columbia and Rutgers at New Brunswick. I didn't have anything else to do so I got on the train." He knew nothing about anyone on Columbia or Rutgers, but before the game the big Columbia first baseman hit a couple into the trees. Krichell rode back on the train with Andy Coakley, the Columbia coach.

"Who the hell is that big guy you had playing on first base today?" he said to Coakley.

"He's a left-handed pitcher," Coakley said. "His name is Gehrig."

"When you gonna pitch him?" Krichell said.

"Saturday," Coakley said. "Against the University of Pennsylvania."

On Saturday Krichell was at South Field, at Columbia. It was 2 to 2 in the ninth inning when Gehrig hit one all the way up onto the library steps, and on Monday Krichell brought him down to the Yankee offices and that is where the Yankees signed Lou Gehrig for a $1,500 bonus.

Krichell is a heavy-set man who broke into baseball with Ossining in the Hudson River League in 1902. In 1911 and 1912 he caught for the St. Louis Browns. Later he managed Bridgeport, and he was coaching for the Boston Red Sox under Ed Barrow in 1920 when Barrow moved to New York to become business manager of the Yankees and brought Krichell with him.

As the car sped along, Hesse said, "A lot of this land over here belongs to Princeton."

"Charley Caldwell," Krichell remembered. "I signed Caldwell out of Princeton."

"The football coach?"

"That's right," Krichell said. "He was a side-arm right-hander. He threw his arm out, but he was pitching batting practice in the Stadium one day, and he hit Wally Pipp on the head. They carried Pipp off, and Gehrig, who had appeared in only a few games, played first base in place of Pipp that day and they never did get him off there."

On June 1, 1925, Lou Gehrig played his first game for the Yankees. On May 2, 1939, he played his last, and in between he played 2,130 consecutive games, setting a major-league record that has never been approached.

How the Opposition Worked on Hank

"Gehrig scared Hank Greenberg away," Krichell went on. "I was the first one after Greenberg. He was playing for James Monroe High School in New York, and then the opposition got wise to him and started talking along the lines of what chance did he have with the Yankees with that iron horse on first base."

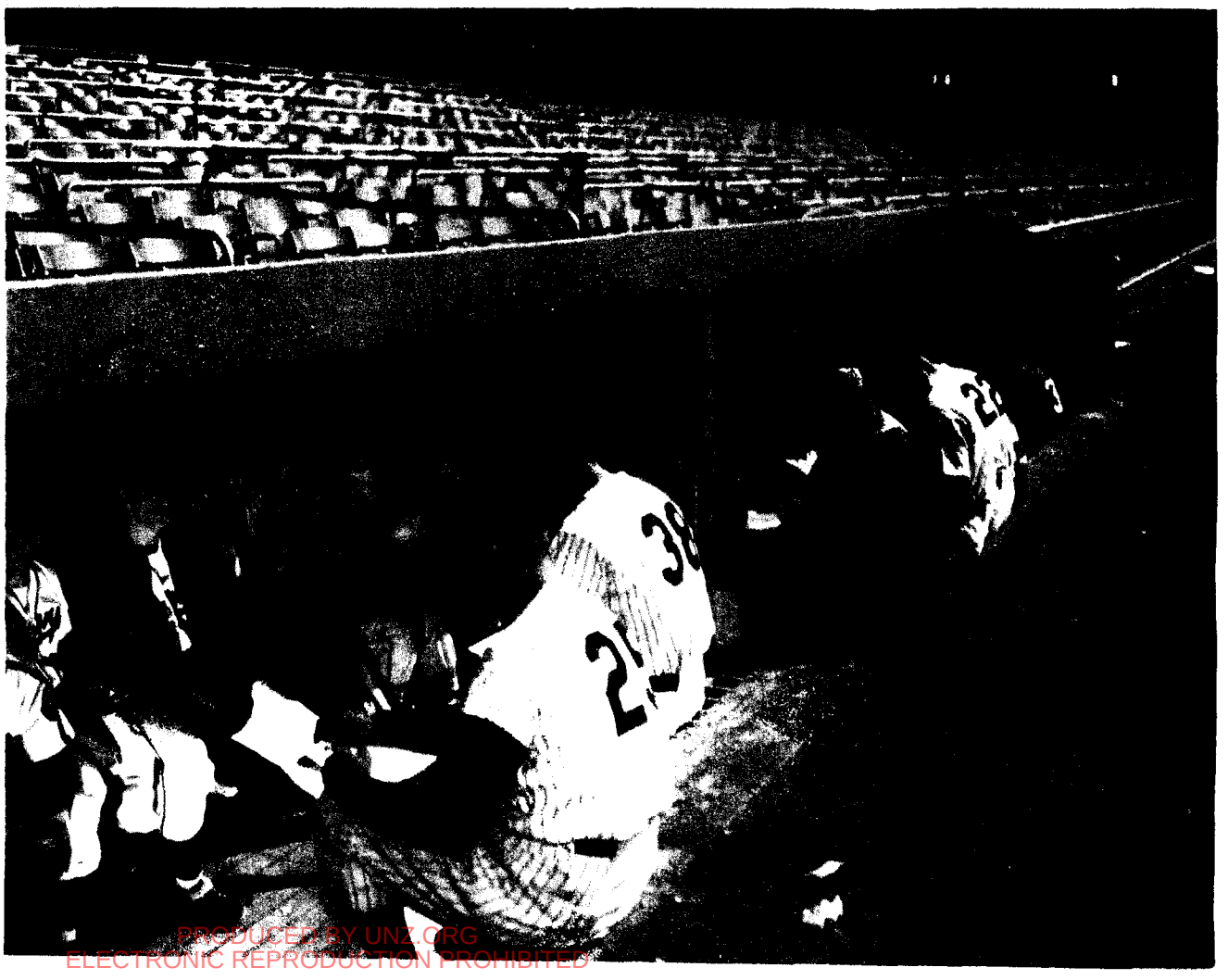
The Yankees face the same problem now. Today the scouts of the other major-league teams are still telling young ballplayers that they have small chance to shoulder their way through the Yankee farm talent to the big time. The Yankee scouts fight this canard by telling them how Mantle made it after only two years and McDougald after three.

"And a kid who thinks along the lines that it's too hard to make it couldn't make it anyway," Krichell said, as they left the turnpike.

They crossed the high arch of the new Delaware Memorial Bridge, and then they turned left on Route 13 and drove south through Delaware. At Smyrna they turned right, off the concrete and onto a narrow, winding blacktop road.

"The next spring after I saw Gehrig," Krichell

Krichell (dark jacket) and his scouting staff, Harry Hesse, Roy Tarr, Al Cuccinello and Tony DePhillips, sit on side of Yankee dugout at the Stadium to explain tryout system to schoolboy hopefuls. Krichell established tryouts in 1936 to get closer looks at promising young players



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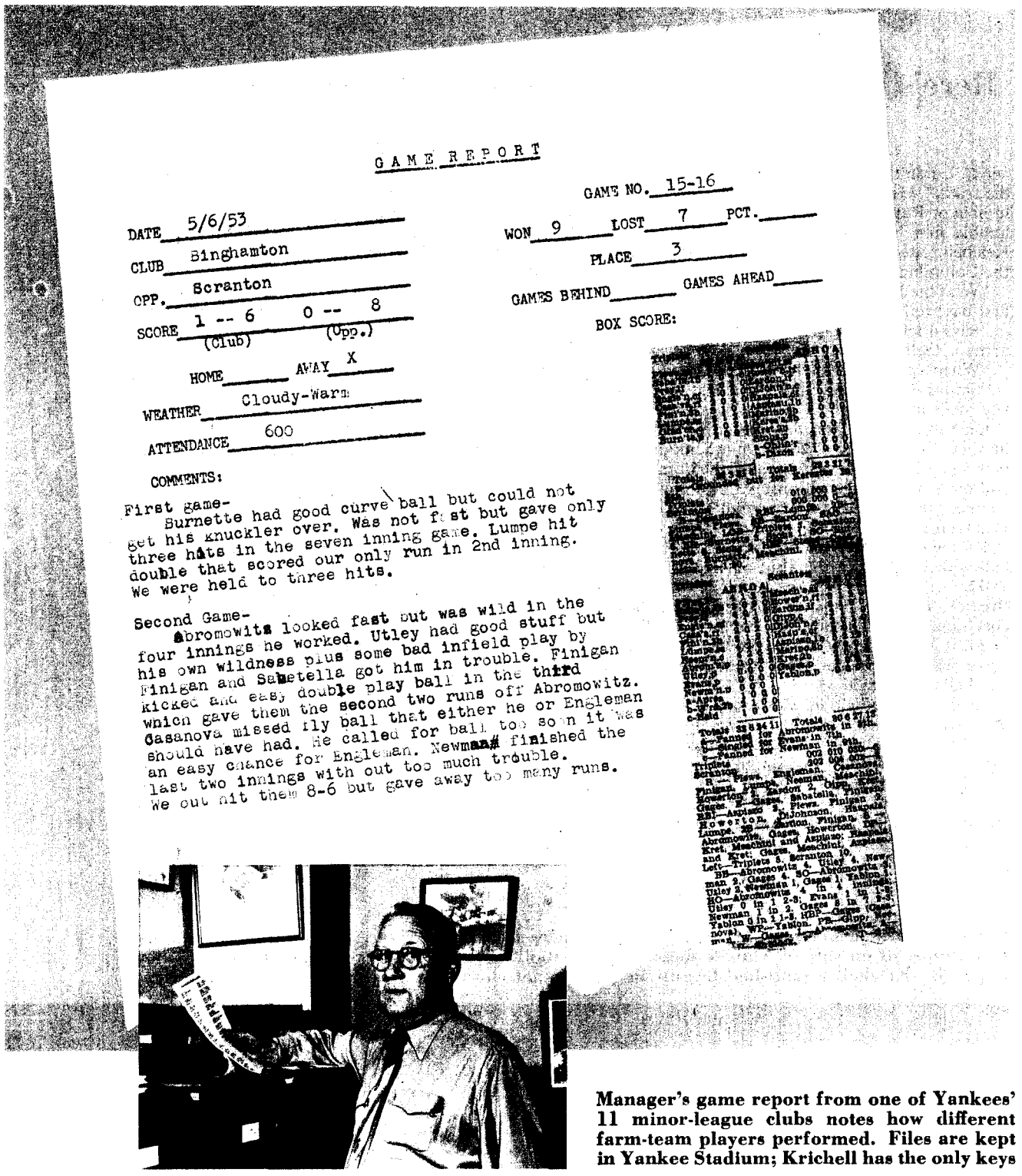

GAME REPORT

DATE 5/6/53 GAME NO. 15-16
CLUB Binghamton WON 9 LOST 7 PCT.
OPP. Scranton PLACE 3
SCORE 1 -- 6 (Club) 0 -- 8 (Opp.) GAMES BEHIND GAMES AHEAD
HOME AWAY X BOX SCORE:
WEATHER Cloudy-Warm
ATTENDANCE 600

COMMENTS:

First game-
Burnette had good curve ball but could not get his knuckler over. Was not fast but gave only three hits in the seven inning game. Lumpe hit double that scored our only run in 2nd inning. We were held to three hits.

Second Game-
Abromowitz looked fast but was wild in the four innings he worked. Utley had good stuff but his own wildness plus some bad infield play by Finigan and Sabetella got him in trouble. Finigan kicked and easy double play ball in the third which gave them the second two runs off Abromowitz. Casanova missed fly ball that either he or Engleman should have had. He called for ball too soon it was an easy chance for Engleman. Newman finished the last two innings with out too much trouble. We out hit them 8-6 but gave away too many runs.

Manager's game report from one of Yankees' 11 minor-league clubs notes how different farm-team players performed. Files are kept in Yankee Stadium; Krichell has the only keys

said, "I was down here looking at the Eastern Shore League, and there are two kids I'm watching. The one kid's name is Jimmy Foxx, and the other kid's name, someone told me, is King."

For years Krichell scouted from Florida to Canada and from coast to coast. There is almost no populated section of the United States that cannot bring back memories to him, and sometimes they are the memories of great ballplayers he didn't get:

"After a ball game in Easton," he said, "I get over to the hotel in Dover, and the clerk at the desk says: 'You must be the most important man in baseball. There's four telegrams for you and four long-distance calls from New York.' "

The wires and calls were from Barrow, and the next morning Krichell called him. The Yankees had sold Cliff Markle, the pitcher, to St. Paul and Markle had refused to report. "You better get out there," Barrow said, "and head him off."

"How the heck do I know where he's going?" Krichell said. "Besides, I'm looking at a couple of kids down here named Foxx and King."

"Never mind those kids," Barrow shouted into the phone. "We don't want to lose that $10,000 St. Paul gave us for Markle. Get him."

Krichell found Markle and got him to report to St. Paul. By the time he got back to the Eastern Shore League, the Philadelphia Athletics had bought Foxx and King, and both of them became great ballplayers and made the Hall of Fame.

Lost in memories, Krichell paid no attention to the countryside as the car moved along at a steady fifty. "The boy somebody told me was named King," he said, "is Mickey Cochrane."

When they got into the town, it was late in the afternoon. It is a town of quiet, almost empty tree-lined streets, and they skirted the business section and drove toward the outskirts until they found the hotel.

"It don't look like much," Krichell said, "but the food is good."

It is an old, square, summer hotel, converted to year-round use. The shingles on its sides are graying, and there is a big porch across the front. There is a small lobby on the ground floor, and off that are two parlors and a dining room.

"You have the rooms for us?" Krichell said to the man at the desk. "We wired down."

"What's the name?" the man said.

"Krichell."

There were a half-dozen young ballplayers standing near the desk. When they heard the name they looked at one another and then looked quickly back at Krichell.

"Young ballplayers," Krichell said once, "are dying for you to look at them and see something. If you do see something and try to sign them, you find they've been reading about those big bonuses and they're your enemy."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Krichell," the man at the desk said now. "I got a nice double room and a single on the next floor."

He came out from behind the desk. He was a bald, sallow-faced man, wearing rimless glasses and he was chewing on a cigar. He had on house slippers and old brown trousers and a T-shirt.

Worried Over the Fire Hazard

"Haven't you got anything on the first floor?" Krichell said. "If a place like this catches fire it goes up in a minute."

"I have a nice double room in the back here," the man said.

It was a large corner room with a small screened-in porch. After the ball game that day, Krichell and Hesse came back there, and the manager of the ball club came in and they told stories and listened to the manager's troubles.

"The other night," the manager said, "we had a thunderstorm. The next day we went to the clubhouse and eight uniforms hanging up there were soaking wet. There's a hole in the roof."

"Well, somebody can fix the hole, can't they?" Krichell said.

Krichell has seen hundreds of run-down ball parks since the long-ago time when he started scouting late in the summer of 1920 for the Boston Red Sox.

Krichell and Hesse stayed in town for the series, and each day, a couple of hours before the ball game, Hesse would go out to the ball park and get into a Yankee road uniform and he'd hit to the infielders and outfielders. About a half hour before the game Krichell would get there and find a seat up in the planked stands, sometimes behind home plate and sometimes off one base line or the other. When the game started, he would mark down the line-ups on white, lined cards.

The cards are about five inches by four inches, and Krichell designed them when he started scouting so that he could slip them in and out of his pockets easily. Across the top line of the cards are printed the symbols for Position, Name, Number, Bats, Throws, Remarks.

"No power," he'd write down on the card, watching a hitter take a cut at the ball and lift a fly to short center field. "Can't pull."

On any one play during a game he would watch the delivery of the pitcher and make a mental note of the batter's swing and what kind of a pitch he hit and where he hit it. He would gauge the batter's speed going down to first, and watch the manner in which the infielder fielded the ball and how he got it away.

"Can't run," he would write on his card on the line pertaining to the batter, and then he'd find the infielder on the other card and he'd write: "Fair arm."

There is nothing final about this notation. You do not dismiss a ballplayer with one look, but what goes down on these cards is entered into the records in the steel filing cabinets in the Stadium and at the Yankees' Fifth Avenue office. When another of the Yankees' 19 scouts looks at the ballplayer again, that goes into the records, too.

"In 1946, about the middle of the season,"

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usy eying the new prospects

Krichell said one day as he watched the pitcher run the count up on the hitter, "I was moving around the Eastern League. Jerry Coleman was playing shortstop for Binghamton in a game at Williamsport. He made seven errors—they gave him four but he made seven. You can't tell. Anybody can have a bad day."

In 1949, Coleman came up to play second base for the Yankees. He held it down until, last year, he went back into the Marine Corps.

Krichell recalled a time in 1925, when he was in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. On his way down to dinner in the hotel he happened to meet Kitty Bransfield, who was managing the Waterbury club, and they sat down to eat together.

"If I was scouting this league," Bransfield said after a while, "do you know who I'd take?"

"No," Krichell said.

"That shortstop at Hartford," Bransfield said.

"But he can't hit," Krichell said.

"I'd still take him," Bransfield said.

When a scout is on the road he does a lot of thinking alone in his hotel room at night. That night Krichell lay in bed, and he kept thinking of the great shortstops he knew who couldn't hit—Bobby Wallace with the Browns and George McBride with Washington, and the others.

"So I went to Hartford," he said, "and I bought the shortstop—Leo Durocher."

As Krichell sat now, watching in the weathered stands, the cries of the infielders came up clearly, but the ball game itself was foreign to him. He was not there to see if one team could beat the other, but to look at ballplayers, and every now and then he would turn around and ask someone the inning or the score.

"Anybody can pick up a perfect ballplayer," he said once, "but we don't get Tony Lazzeri if he don't have something wrong with him and if we don't gamble."

Lazzeri was with Salt Lake City, and the Chicago Cubs had a three-year working agreement with the team. Krichell had been scouting him for three weeks before he called Barrow.

"This Lazzeri," he told Barrow, "takes fits."

"What do you mean?" Barrow asked.

"He gets epileptic fits," Krichell said, "but he don't get them between two o'clock and six o'clock in the afternoon when you play ball."

Purchases That Paid Off in Pennants

So the Yankees paid $50,000 and five ballplayers for Lazzeri. They bought Mark Koenig that same year—1925—for the same price. They were in seventh place, and the next three years they won the pennant.

Krichell finished the story of the Lazzeri deal as he and Hesse entered the small lobby of the hotel. He walked up to the desk, and there was an old woman behind it, looking closely at a newspaper.

"If I get any mail or telegrams or phone messages," Krichell said, "where will they be?"

"I don't know," the old woman said.

"Well, what do you do with the telegrams?" Krichell said.

"I don't know," the woman said. "They usually phone them."

"Where?" Krichell said.

"There's the phone booth there," the woman said, pointing.

"This is a fine thing," Krichell said.

When you are on the road you live between phone calls and telegrams. One night Krichell was sitting in his hotel room in Buffalo, trying to sign Emerson Dickman, who later pitched for the Boston Red Sox, when a call came through from Barrow telling him not to lose Charley Keller, who was still a student at the University of Maryland but who was playing summer ball in Kinston, North Carolina.

Krichell caught a train that night, and next day

Young pitcher warms up under Krichell's critical eye. Scouts say pitchers are biggest gamble in baseball. They can throw their arm out with one wrong pitch. Though tough, Krichell is patient with youngsters and cautious about rejection, figuring kid may be having an off day

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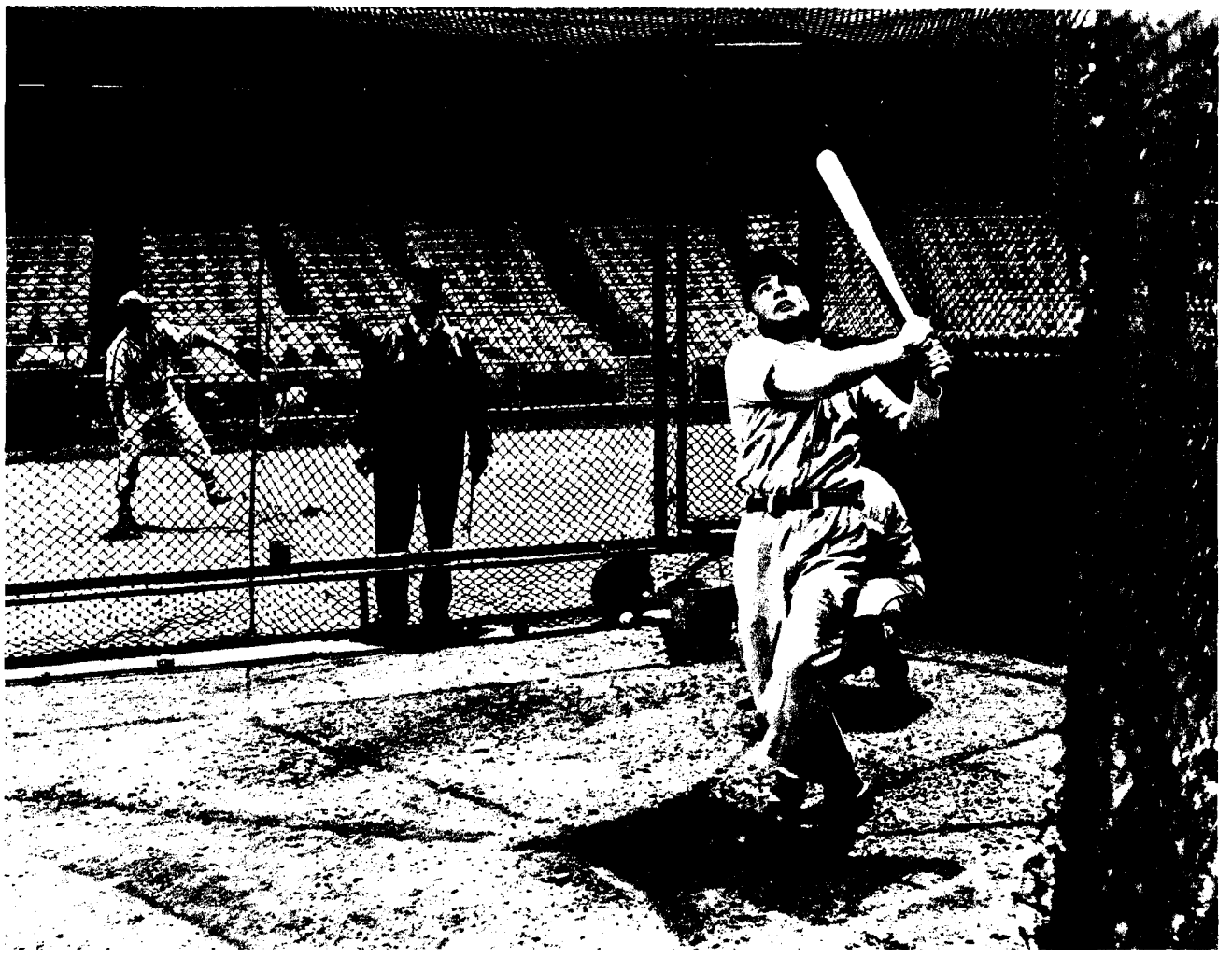
Of all the players Krichell has signed, only Durocher still remembers to be grateful



Face contorted, young player at schoolboy tryout lays into a pitch in batting cage. Krichell, watching, says, "Pop-ups mean nothing. It's the way they cut at the ball that really counts"

was at College Park, where he picked up the Maryland baseball coach. In the coach's car they drove to Keller's home outside of Frederick, Maryland, and on the way Krichell rehearsed the coach.

"I told him the highest I wanted to go, with so-much-a-month salary," Krichell said. "I said: 'When we start to argue with the folks we'll start low, and you say: "Mr. Krichell, that's not enough." I'll say: "It's the best I can do." Then you say: "Do you mind if I talk to these people alone?" Then I'll step outside and you raise the figure up to my price and then I come in and we agree.'

"So what does he do when I step outside?" Krichell said. "He raises the salary and the bonus more than I'd told him to, but anyway, I get the father's signature and a note to Charley and I take the train to Kinston."

He got into the hotel in Kinston at 7:00 A.M. There were four other scouts in the house, so he talked to the desk clerk and found out that Keller was staying in a boardinghouse about five blocks away. He went there and got Keller out of bed, and it was a hot July morning, and they started walking around the block.

"I sign him against the wall of a building," Krichell said. "I think it was a warehouse or a factory, and that's where I signed Charley Keller."

He signed Johnny Broaca, the Yale pitcher, in the writing room of the Hotel Garde in New Haven, and Broaca had the pen in his hand four times before he put his name down. He signed Hank Borowy, the Fordham pitcher, in the football coach's office in the Fordham gym.

"He agreed to $8,000," Krichell said, "and I've got no fountain pen. It's the off season, and the inkwells are dry, so I go out and borrow a pen from the freshman football coach. When I come back Borowy wants $500 more. It cost us $500 because I don't have a fountain pen."

Krichell was laughing at the memory as he packed his bags in the hotel. He and Hesse left the town on the morning of the fourth day and headed back to New York. Scouting for a major-league ball club is a lot like game fishing. You never know where you are going to get one or if you are going to land it or how big it is going to be.

Fifteen years ago, Krichell was in Elizabeth, New Jersey, watching an American Legion game between Springfield, Massachusetts, and Elizabeth. There was a kid pitcher on the Springfield team who had a good fast ball, and when Krichell talked with him the kid said he wanted a college education.

"He planned to go to Manhattan College," Krichell was saying on the ride back to New York, "but he failed to make out certain papers, and when he got to the college the classes were all filled up. So he went to William and Mary, and he got himself a good education.

"That," Krichell was saying as the car reached the outskirts of New York City, "is exactly what Vic Raschi cost the Yankees—$250-a-year spending money while he was in college."

Morning Tryouts at Yankee Stadium

Five days later, Krichell and Hesse were on the field at the Yankee Stadium. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and already the sun was beating down warmly on the close-cropped grass and the exact, raked base paths. The empty light-blue stands made a towering arc behind them, and around them moved about five dozen kids, some tall, some small, most of them in ill-fitting uniforms or parts of uniforms with letters spelling out titles like Monarchs and Superbas across the fronts of their shirts. On their backs were pinned square black numbered cloths.

"C'mon," Krichell was saying. "Who's the next hitter?"

He was wearing a dark-blue Yankee cap and one of those dark-blue nylon jackets the pitchers wear on base, brown trousers and brown shoes. In one hand he held a clipboard with white sheets of mimeographed paper snapped onto it.

You can never tell. A lot of it is luck, and on a day like this in 1946 there was a little blond kid trying out for first base. Krichell told him he was too small for a first baseman. There are some scouts who would never have bothered to look at the kid again, but when he came back a year later, he had a big, old-fashioned curve and that is how the Yankees got Whitey Ford.

Krichell turned from memories to business.

"All right," he said. "Let's run down these lists and get it over with. Did anybody like any of the catchers?"

The scouts were in the umpires' room under the stands. Krichell and Hesse were sitting in the armchairs, and the others were sitting on stools in front of the dressing stalls—Roy Tarr, who is a veteran of the minor leagues; Tony DePhillips, who caught a few games with the Cincinnati Reds in 1943; and Al Cuccinello, who played a few games at infield for the Giants in 1935.

"No catchers," Tarr said. "Nobody wants to catch any more."

They had timed the kids running. They had watched them hitting and throwing and fielding. They had warmed up the pitchers and then they had had them throw to the hitters.

"Pitchers?" Krichell said. "Do we want to ask those two to come back?"

"I've got: 'See again' for both of them," Hesse replied.

Paul Krichell started holding schoolboy tryouts at the Yankee Stadium in 1936. After the first tryout he was sitting with several others at a meeting just like this.

"I'd like to see a little more of that Italian kid," Krichell had said then. "He has a sore leg now, but he looks good."

The Dodgers and the Giants had chased the kid away. They had told him he was too small and there are some scouts who would have dismissed the sore leg as an excuse, but Krichell had seen that the kid was great on a ground ball and could throw. At batting practice he had just managed to put one into the front row of the left-field stands, and so the Yankees had looked at again and signed Phil Rizzuto.

"Of all of them," one of them was asking Krichell upstairs in his office later, "which one gave you the biggest thrill?"

"You must have got a tremendous kick out of Rizzuto," Hesse said.

"Certainly," Krichell said, "but I guess Gehrig was the biggest. Here was a kid playing in a New York college and nobody looking at him and I see him by accident."

"Do any of them," one of the others said, "ever thank you for it? You see something in them and sign them and maybe without you they'd be coal miners or garage mechanics or carpenters."

"No," Krichell said, "only Durocher. Whenever I see Leo anywhere he says: 'Here's the guy I owe everything to. He saw something in me when nobody else would give me a tumble.' "

He was sitting at his desk by the window. On the walls are black-framed pictures of the ones he found and signed—Gehrig, Lazzeri, Keller, Rizzuto, Ford, Raschi, Borowy, Red Rolfe, George Stirnweiss, Johnny Murphy and the others.

"Most of them," he said, "say nothing."

The phone rang. He picked it up and talked into it, and then he listened.

"How old did you say he is?" he said. "When does he get out of school?" ▲▲▲

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A noted marriage counselor lets the men in on the secret of understanding a woman. If your wife sometimes seems to be illogical, there's a reason—and you can do something about it. Here are four simple rules on . . .

HOW TO LIVE WITH A Woman

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

"WHAT is matrimony?" the rector asked the boy during confirmation class. Puzzled, the boy glanced from his teacher to the rector. Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "Matrimony is that place between heaven and hell where men suffer for their sins," said he.

Horrified, the teacher exclaimed, "You've confused matrimony with purgatory."

Then the rector intervened. "Let the boy be," said he. "He may have confused his catechism, but he's defined many a marriage all too accurately."

Purgatory, the dictionary tells us, is not exclusively an other-world destination. It can be any "place or state of irritating temporary suffering." And any married man who says as he starts home, "Well, I wonder if I'll wind up in the doghouse again tonight," knows all about it.

Most men, it goes without saying, get married for just one reason: to live with a woman. Ever since Adam, the problem has been how to do it. I don't have all the answers, but after 18 years as a minister and 14 as a wife I'm sure I have some.

As a marriage counselor, I find that many couples think they're in hell when they're only in purgatory (where the suffering's only temporary); they mistake normal misunderstandings for neurotic maladjustments. In fact, the situations most men describe to me are so normal they're practically a part of our folklore. Listen:

"Women are unreasonable. They don't say what they mean and they blow up when you believe what they say."

"There isn't a shred of logic in Mary," one man told me. "She said she didn't want to be reminded of any more birthdays. So I didn't remind her. And what happened? For two nights, stony silence. Then the fireworks, followed by the waterworks. Then you'll never guess what she said to me."

I tried guessing anyhow. "By any chance was it: 'But John, darling, I didn't expect you to take me seriously'?"

"How did you know?" he exclaimed.

I reminded him that I was a woman.

"Women always make a big personal issue out of everything. You say something completely innocent and suddenly you're in an argument."

"All I said this morning," a harried husband reported, "was, 'Pancakes again?' I didn't say another word. Well, I thought she seemed sore, but I had to rush for the train, and there wasn't much time to think about it. I had a tough day, but that night on the 5:15 I remembered—and then I was scared. Sure enough, when I got home it was the same old story. When I finally got her calmed down, she told me that I didn't love her—that I never had loved her!

"How could she make such a fuss over a trifle? 'Pancakes again?' That's every word I said. And what's more I even ate the things!"

"You can't argue with a woman. Whichever side you're on, you're wrong."

"Take vacation plans. If I choose early summer, she says there's nothing left to look forward to. Midsummer? It's too hot. Late summer interferes with getting the kids ready for school. And school makes it impossible to take any other time of year. So we take our vacation—always at the wrong time.

"Then what? We rent a cottage—so it's no vacation for her doing all that work. We travel—so we could have had a whole week at the shore for what two days

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Author Margaret Blair Johnstone is minister of the Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass., and Christian Union Church, West Groton. Wife of an engineering inspector and mother of two children, she has been a marriage adviser for years

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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Marriage, of course, should be a 50-50 proposition. But the experts find only on

on the road costs. We stay home—'Now what kind of a vacation is that?' she asks.

"I wish that just once, some happy day, I could do the right thing."

"Women are never satisfied. They never can let things be."

"Will you tell me why women, the so-called weaker sex, are chronic furniture shifters? Thank heavens some utilities are built in. Why, even in our bathroom I can't tell from one day to the next where the scales are going to be." That was one man's complaint.

Another protests that his wife can't ever let *him* be! "My wife prides herself on not nagging," he says, "but what do you call this? I come home dog-tired. All I want to do is relax and put up my feet. So what happens? Before I get my hat off she says, 'Dear, you'll just have time to cut the grass before supper—or would you rather wash the dog now and do the grass later?' After supper (and six more chores), I finally sit down with the paper. I barely read the headlines when she looks up from her knitting. 'Darling,' says she, 'wouldn't you like to go upstairs and get that skein of pink yarn for me?' "

Possibly the most troubled men are those who can't put their finger on what's bothering their wives. "What gets into women, anyway?" many a man asks. "I earn a decent living. We have a nice home, three wonderful kids and more than our share of the luxuries. What more can she possibly want? Why this continual discontentment and restlessness?"

There's an answer to that question—to all those questions.

* * *

A marriage begins when a man and woman stand before God and the whole world and take each other "for better, for worse." In the marriage vows, we say in effect, "Never again will it be *you* and *I;* from now on, it's *we.*"

Most couples know that feeling of mental, emotional and spiritual unity. In a shared glance across a crowded room, the house we build or furnish, the luxuries we do without, the children we have, the worries we weather, the spats we survive in the shakedown of our early differences, the laughs, the tears, the fun, the disappointments, and the shocks we share—all these build what the psychologists call the *we-feel.* It is the life source of marriage.

When that unity breaks down—that's when the trouble starts. A word, an act, even a gesture can do it. For just an instant we lose that feeling of being one. According to one sociologist's study of 2,000 marriages, 29 per cent admitted this lapse in the we-feel came during the first year of marriage, 50 per cent early in the second year, 20 per cent after two years. Only 1 per cent claimed it never happened.

The first loss of the we-feel may be just a momentary retreat into the loneliness of *I* and *you.* But the honeymoon is over when we lose the feeling long enough to go past ordinary misunderstanding into blame—when instead of saying "Did you?" and waiting for the explanation, one of us says, "You did!" and cuts off explanation.

After that, it's all downhill. The next step after blame is resentment—and more misunderstanding. When you're hurt and lonely, you're supersensitive to the smallest, most unintentional slight.

If you're sensible, you stop the cycle before it gets vicious. I know a man who did an expert job of it. His wife was washing dishes in the kitchen one evening, and he was working on the lawn when friends pulled into the driveway. They took one look at the family car and said, "Who smashed your fender, Jack?"

Jack leaned on the lawnmower while his wife stood still, her hands in the dishwater. "Well," she heard Jack say, "it was this way: The other night I backed the car into the garage kind of careless-like. I knew it was too close to the doorjamb, but I didn't move it. Next morning when Jean drove out she almost took the doorjamb with her. I guess we both smashed that fender."

In the vital game of making his marriage work, Jack followed what I will call: **Rule 1. Establish an us-against-the-world feeling, and never lose it. It makes a marriage practically invulnerable.**

* * *

"Well, that may be all right for Jack and Jean and the 1 per cent who have never lost what you call the we-feel, but how about those of us who have lost our closeness?" asks John. "What about Mary telling me to skip her birthday, then sulking for days and finally taking my head off for doing just what she said?"

There's no formula for understanding a woman, but there's a secret I'll let the men in on. Often a woman *has to be illogical,* for a perfectly good psychological reason: it may be the only way she can make her husband act like a man.

When a woman's "no" means "yes" time and again, it should be a clear sign to her husband that his masculinity is slipping. He's not aggressive enough. Usually the woman who seems to be completely unreasonable is starving emotionally because her husband isn't making his rightful masculine contribution to the combination. He never makes suggestions. They never go out unless it's her idea. Then it's always up to her to say where they will go.

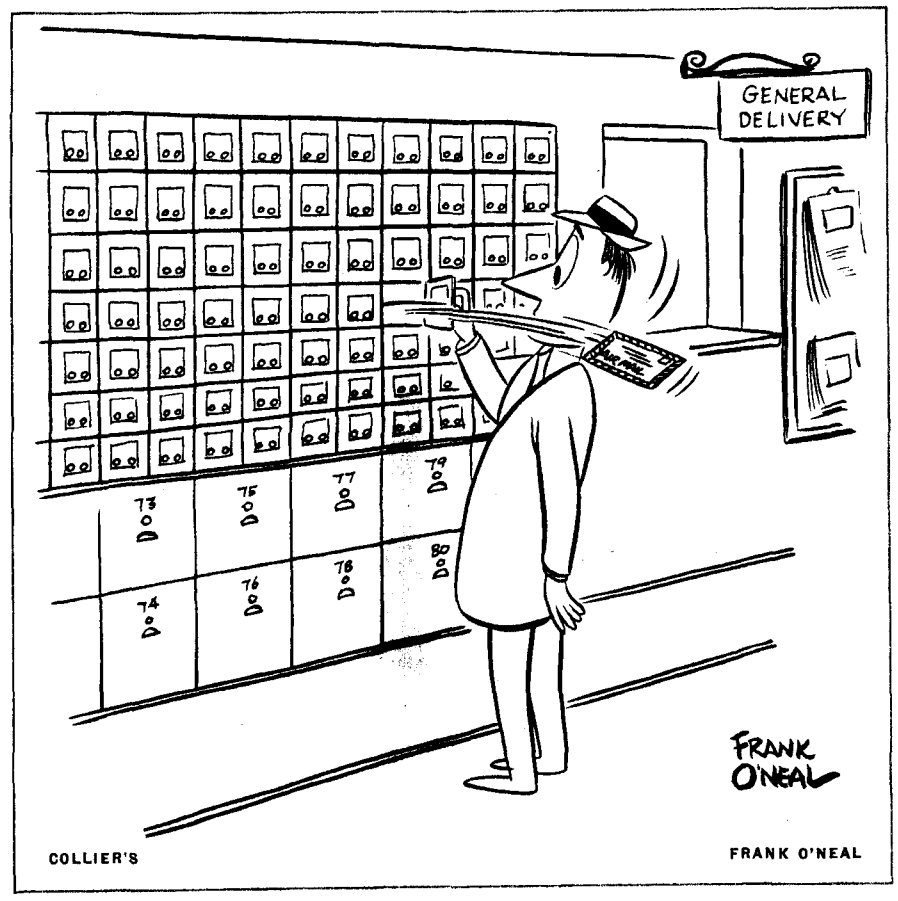
Masculinity is clear-cut, decisive, self-directing. It is masculinity to which the expectant faith of femininity responds. Therefore a woman very often *has to say "no"* in order to challenge, provoke, stimulate. "Don't remember my birthday," says Mary—because she is hungry for him to remember, to be aggressively thoughtful without her having to hint and manipulate. Small wonder that when even that challenge doesn't prod his masculinity, she rebels, then weeps.

There may be something else bothering her, too—the same fear that's riding Ruth, the woman who can deduce from the two words, "Pancakes again?" that her husband doesn't love her.

Mary and Ruth are both so starved for approval, for the assurance that they still rate high with their husbands, that they unconsciously underrate themselves in order to get some word of appreciation. "Don't remember my birthday," says Mary, secretly hoping that John will say, "Why, how could I help remembering, my dear?"

"You never have loved me," Ruth says. What she really wants to say is, "A lot of women never bother to make breakfast for their husbands. I do, and what thanks do I get? No matter how I try, you take everything for granted. You never even say you love me. I often wonder if you do. I can't ask you, for your answer wouldn't mean anything. Perhaps if I tell you what I really fear—if I say you *don't* love me—you'll tell me you do."

Illogical? Not really. And husbands who think such behavior indicates limited intelligence will be interested to know that it's actually the thoughtful—even gifted—women who most often seem to rely on this apparently perverse reasoning. They're the women who are hungry for recognition: well-educated women who have given up a career for marriage, women married to professional or business men who feel left behind by their husbands' expanding interests, women who are trying to fill in the emptiness left by children who have grown up and gone away.



And often, too often, the whole trouble stems from a few words left unsaid.

"Have you ever told Ruth you don't like pancakes?" I asked Jim.

"It's not that I don't like them, but just that I don't like them so often," he explained.

"Have you ever told her that?"

"Well, no, I guess I never have," he admitted.

"How happy do you suppose your day on the job would be," I asked him, "if all you had to go on was a two-word complaint at the start of the day?"

Men usually satisfy their hunger for recognition through their work, but often they deny the same satisfaction to their wives. They don't discuss their own work with her and they show no interest at all in her work.

One of the happiest women I know is the wife of a tremendously busy doctor. Knowing that the medical profession is not particularly noted for happy marriages, I asked that doctor if he had any special rule for marital serenity. "Why, yes," he said. "I do."

He told me his father—also a physician with erratic, hectic hours—periodically took out what he called "family time" from his crowded schedule. He had vivid memories of his father thanking his mother for apple pie, or bringing in a flower from the garden for her hair. Then he told me that the day he got married his father gave him a card. On it was written:

"R, for married happiness: A doctor's home is only as happy as *he* makes it. Remember: 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence.'—Lord Byron."

That prescription is not limited to a doctor's home. Try it in yours. I once heard a truck driver correct his wife when she gave her occupation as housewife. "You're not a housewife—you're *my* wife," he said. "And your occupation is homemaker."

That man has discovered that living with a woman involves: **Rule 2. Don't take your wife for granted. She's making a tremendously important contribution to your happiness—let her know you appreciate it and you'll eliminate a lot of apparently unreasonable quarrels.**

* * *

Too many people are ignorant of the normal give-and-take that's to be expected in any marriage; often, unfortunately, that ignorance, shared equally by a husband and wife, turns out to be all they have in common.

"We never see eye-to-eye," complained Bob.

"Why should you see eye-to-eye on everything?" I said.

"Why, this thing you call the we-feel—this twain-shall-be-one business. You certainly can't have that if you're bickering and fighting all the time, can you?"

"Bickering isn't healthy, but there's nothing wrong with an open, clear-the-air fight now and then."

Bob and Anne had the idea of marital security that many couples have: that differences mean devastation, that peace must be bought at any price—even at the price of secret blame and resentment. In their case, when the lid finally blew off, grievance after grievance

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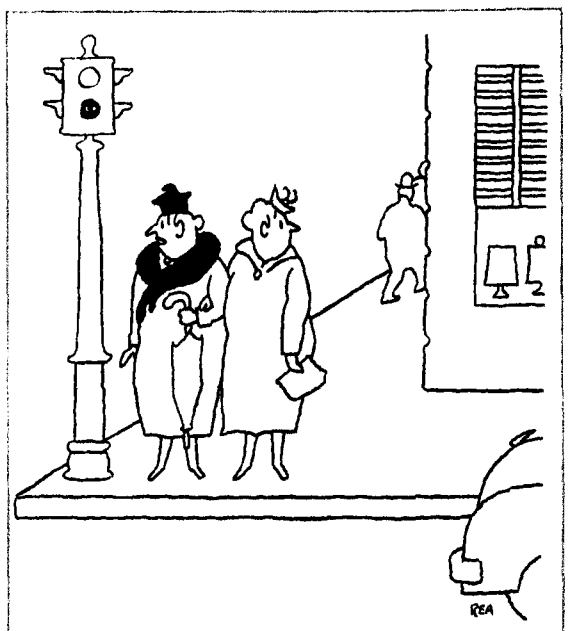
...uple in three ever achieves that goal

poured out. Peace, when it came again, was no more than an uncertain truce. "How could we say such terrible things?" they asked each other at first. Then gradually it became, "How could he?" and "How could she?"

. The price of peace: an unconditional surrender of one to the other. Afterward, even the most trivial matter had to go *his* way or *her* way. And then the mutual silent suspicion . . . "No matter what, she thinks I'm always wrong." . . . "What's the use of trying? He never tries to see things my way."

"Whenever I hear of a couple who have lived together for a generation without a single difference," says one marriage expert, "I always look for a marriage of convenience involving a great deal of indifference."

Marriage is a union, not a fusion. The two become one, true—but not a monotone, or one note drowning out the other. Instead, the two notes should, between them, create new harmony.



"Oh dear! There's never any Boy Scout around when you want one"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Domination by force never brings marital security. The American Institute of Family Relations studied thousands of marriages which had lasted longer than five years, and here's what the survey showed:

Of the wife-dominated marriages, only 47 per cent are happy.

Of the husband-dominated marriages, only 61 per cent are happy.

But of the 50-50 marriages, 87 per cent are happy.

The sad fact is that only one marriage in three ever finds the secret to that 50-50 arrangement which means marital harmony. It's so easy to find, too.

If you are a man, and if you really want to have some fun as well as to stop your wife's perversity, try this little experiment: The next few times you get hot under the collar come right out and say, "I'm wrong."

I promise you it is the most disarming and potent force available to you. If your wife is really perverse, first thing you know she'll be saying, "Oh, no, you're not, *I'm* wrong."

Then for Heaven's sake use your masculine self-mastery and leave it there. Don't keep it going by bickering over who's wrong!

I think more of us need a lot more fun in the whole adventure of living together. If we could try together to see ourselves in the light of a comic strip instead of acting as if every difference was a Greek tragedy, our lonely egos would have no trouble getting back that lost *we*. So here's: **Rule 3. Respect your differences. Agree to disagree. Don't fight your partner—remember you're on the same team.**

* * *

A sixty-year-old woman called me a few weeks ago. "I hate to ask you this," she said, "but I hope you'll understand. Sometime when you're driving around making calls, could I ride along with you? Albert never goes anywhere after work any more and I think that I am getting a little housebound-wacky—if you know what I mean."

I knew exactly what this woman meant. And I'll bet Albert complains that his wife is a chronic furniture mover, too.

Is your wife difficult, moody, restless? Well, how long has it been since you've gone out for dinner and to the theater? When did you last visit friends or have friends in? Have you ever developed a mutual hobby? If not—and especially if you want her to let *you* be quiet—try: **Rule 4. See to it that she gets an occasional change of scene and interest.**

This change can be as elaborate or as simple as you wish. You don't have to give her a round-trip ticket to Paris; a ferryboat ride may be all she needs. It might be nice if you could join a club whose activities both of you could share, but a picnic with old friends is just as likely to please. Or maybe you can get inspiration from this little story:

At the table across from me at luncheon the other day sat a woman and her teen-age daughter. They were almost through their meal when the woman reached her hand into her coat pocket to get her handkerchief. With it she pulled out an envelope. "What's that, Mother?" I heard the girl say.

"Why, I don't know," said the woman, opening it. Then her face lighted up as a pair of silver earrings fell into her hand. "Oh, Nancy, just look," she said. "Now isn't that just like your father, and it isn't even my birthday!"

If you could have seen the joy and pride passing between mother and daughter you would have paid tribute to the man who could surround a woman with such happiness. The same aura of happiness must have hovered over a woman whom the famous pianist-composer-statesman Ignace Paderewski once noticed sitting in the back row in a college chapel. "Of what are you thinking?" said he.

"I'm just thinking how much happier I am than I ever thought I would be."

"You mean that you, a mature woman, are happier now than you were as a schoolgirl?"

"Of course."

"Madam," and Paderewski bowed, "I want to meet your husband." ▲▲▲

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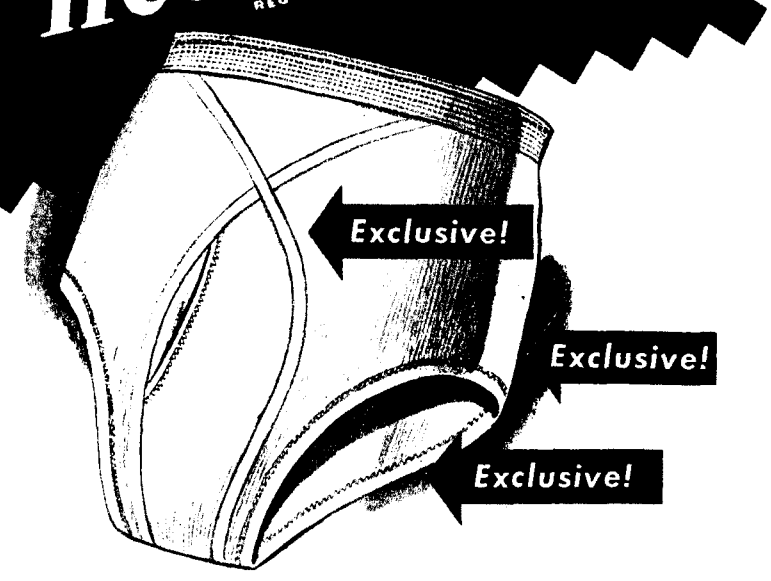

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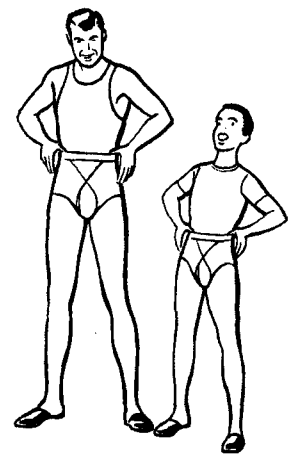

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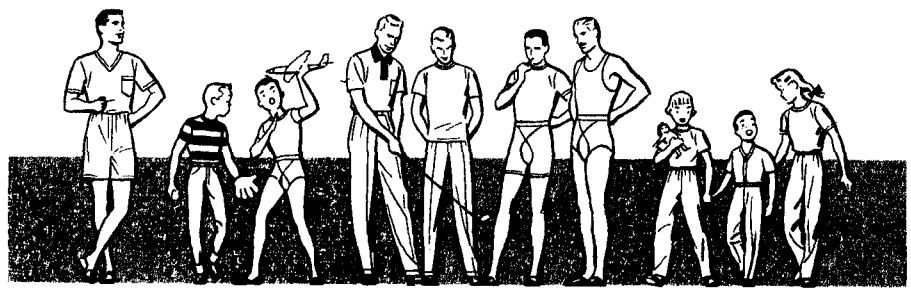

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Harry Donner had his orders: Blow up the munitions ship in the harbor. He had one ally he could trust, and he needed four men to help him carry out the risky job, in secret, and at night

The DEADLY MERMAID

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The Story: Intelligence agent HARRY DONNER was sent to Haiti to prevent the landing of a boatload of munitions from behind the Iron Curtain, and to stop a scheduled revolution. In order to keep his eye on the mysterious VITO PELLONE and two rich, suspicious young playboys, BILL RUSK and CAMERON BRADFORD, Donner posed as a backer of a spear-fishing movie that the three were making. The first night in Haiti, Donner also met the glamorous MICHELINE GERARD, French hostess of his luxury hotel. Later, he broke into Pellone's house to search it but was caught by RUTH HORAN, a beautiful woman, who, he remembered, had once been involved in a notorious murder case. With Rusk and Bradford, Donner flew to Cap-Haitien the next day, and had a secret meeting at the airport with HENRI FAVRE, Haitian manager of the field. Favre told him that the munitions ship Cnossa would be in Haitian waters within thirty-six hours, and told Donner to come back to the airport the next evening for more instructions. Early the next morning, Donner, Pellone, Rusk and Bradford went out with spear guns to hunt shark, accompanied by JOSEF BRIGNAC, a Haitian diver. While everyone else was in the water, Donner saw Pellone apparently speaking to someone in a nearby fishing boat; and later, in the hotel garden, he overheard a conversation between Pellone and Ruth Horan in which a secret radio station was mentioned. Shortly afterward, while Donner, Rusk and Bradford were together on the terrace, Pellone was killed in his room with a spear gun. Donner was on his way to the rendezvous at the airport when he was picked up by Micheline Gerard in a powerful car. She had heard that he was going to be ambushed on the airport road, and had followed him to Cap-Haitien and brought along a Browning Automatic Rifle. In a gun battle, Donner killed his ambushers, but Micheline was badly wounded. A naval officer from a U.S. carrier met Donner at the airport, told him when and where to meet the Cnossa, and gave him three magnetic mines to attach to her hull. How Donner was to do this he didn't say, but he did tell him that in an emergency he could call on the help of the Haitian, Josef Brignac.

CONCLUSION

HARRY DONNER was smoking in the darkened office an hour later, when Henri Favre, the airport manager, came back. Henri said that the lady had been unconscious when he had delivered her to the hospital, and that he hadn't waited to learn about her condition. He added solemnly that there had been a lot of blood on the front seat.

"I know," Harry said. "All of a sudden this is a very bloody town." Shaking his head, he put out his cigarette. The two of them tried to move the big box of mines to the Bentley. It was too heavy. Finally Harry opened it, took out two of the mines, and that way they got the load transported.

The young Haitian was curious. He stared at the mines, and looked up quickly when Harry told him to be careful not to trip or stumble.

When the box was reloaded and latched again, Harry asked Henri if he could move the truck off the road and drag the bodies out of sight.

Henri nodded.

"You've been a real wheel horse," Donner said, "and I appreciate it."

Henri smiled, and they shook hands. As the Bentley pulled away from the darkened airport building, Henri was standing on the porch. On the way back to Cap-Haitien, the shakes hit Harry hard, and he had to slow up until they passed. He was keyed up high and so tired that he nearly fell when he pushed the hospital door open.

A nurse looked up at him, her dark face inquiring under the starched cap. "It is not permitted to visit at this hour, m'sieur," she said.

"An emergency," Harry said. "Madame Gerard, who had the gunshot wound. How is she?"

The nurse looked at the charts stacked beside her desk. Lifting one out, she flipped through it. "She is conscious now; we are giving her blood," she said.

"Could I see her, just for a moment?" Harry asked.

The little nurse looked at him carefully. "You have been drinking, m'sieur," she said.

"No," he said, stepping to her. "I've been in an accident. It is important."

She studied his face again. "All right," she said. "For a few minutes only." Then she got up, and he followed her down the echoing hall. She stopped beside a door and he went in quietly.

Micheline Gerard was pale as tallow. Her right forearm was taped to a board, and the transfusion apparatus was overhead. Harry moved to the other side of the bed and stood in the shadow there. Micheline turned her head slightly, saw him, and smiled.

"Hi," he said softly. Her mouth moved, but she made no sound. He kissed her on the forehead. She still smelled of the Rue de la Paix perfume, and of a sour anesthetic.

"Why didn't you just tell me, and let me go alone?" he asked, and she shook her head slowly.

"I ran away . . . so many times," she said haltingly. "In France, when Vichy came, I went to Tangier . . ." She was dry-mouthed, and the words came out huskily. "My husband . . . stayed to fight, and they . . . killed him. Not quickly, but in a camp . . ."

"Don't push it," Harry said gently. "Everybody runs away a few times."

The dark eyes turned to look at him. With the expert make-up scrubbed off, Micheline looked older. Her neck was beginning to crepe, and a net-

There was a suicidal whirl in the water. Harry saw Josef's arms tighten and Bradford trying to reach his shoulder with the gaff. The water was stained red, as the gaff went in again and again

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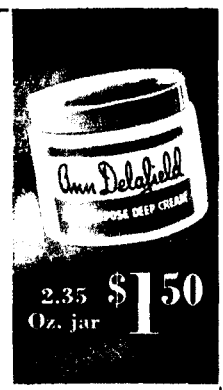

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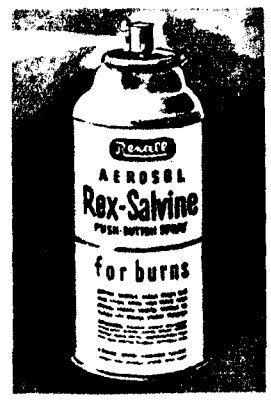

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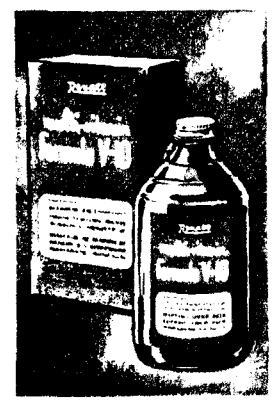

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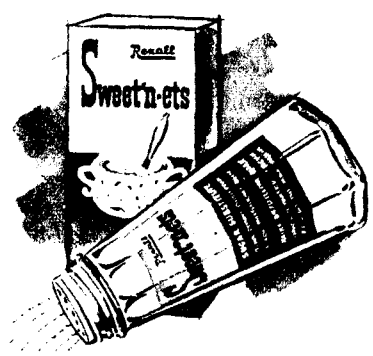

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work of wrinkles framed her eyes.

"A Cuban, Felipe Sanchez," Micheline whispered, "checked in at the Hispaniola. It was the same day . . . you flew to Cap-Haitien. I heard him offer . . . two men ten thousand gourdes to ambush you . . . on the airport road tonight." She was speaking slowly, and her dark eyes were fixed on him. "It was none of my business . . . but you were nice to me. I decided . . . to go out of my way . . ."

She was trying to say something else when Harry saw the little nurse open the door and beckon him. He raised Micheline's left hand and kissed it. "I'll be back," he promised and started around the bed.

"Harry?" Micheline said. Her voice was louder; she had raised her head off the pillow. "Did I help? Was I any help at all?"

"Princess," Donner said. "I couldn't have made it without you."

Smiling, she let her head fall back on the pillow. Harry turned into the hall, and the little nurse scolded him, all the way to the door, for letting the patient get excited.

THE hotel door was closed and locked. When Harry had hammered on it for several minutes, a sleepy Negro unbolted it from the inside.

"Keep it open," Donner said abruptly, as he stepped into the shadowed lobby, "I'm coming back out."

The man protested, but Donner, ignoring him, walked through the lobby and down to Bill Rusk's room. The boy was asleep, and when Harry shook his shoulder he burrowed deeper into the covers. Finally he lifted his head groggily, and asked, "What is it?"

"Is your yacht in yet?" Harry whispered.

"Yeah," Rusk said. He yawned and turned over. Harry flipped on the bed light and ripped the covers off the bed. Rusk began to curse with slurred intensity, not softly, and Donner jerked out his pistol and balanced it in his hand.

"Pipe down and crawl out of there, or I'll feed you the butt of this thing, right between the eyes," he said.

"Wait a minute," Rusk said, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes. "What kind of a lash-up is this, anyway? People getting perforated with spear guns, and the pleasant old sport roaming around with a *pistola*, threatening people—"

"Not playing games," Donner interrupted harshly. "Get up."

Rusk eyed him in silence, then got out of bed. He dressed and followed Donner out of the hotel. Still half asleep, he whistled when he saw the Bentley at the curb. He got into the front seat and jostled against the automatic rifle. "I'm not positive, sport," he said, with none of the usual banter in his voice, "but I may want to buy back my introduction to you."

Harry was groggy with fatigue. He did not answer, but started the car and drove through the silent streets and out to the pier. The rain had stopped, and the Cataplume, Rusk's yacht, dwarfed everything in the harbor. Dazzling white, its brightwork glittering, it rolled gently at its mooring.

Donner told Rusk they had to put something aboard. "I don't blame you for being sore," he said, turning to face the boy, "and you have a right to refuse me. But this is important. We'll need two more men, because we can't handle it alone."

"That box in the back?" Rusk asked. When Donner nodded, he looked dubious. "Maybe I turn out to be the patsy. The damned thing could be full of heroin, or a couple of bodies."

"No," Donner said. "I give you my word it's nothing like that."

"Not good enough, sport!" Rusk said savagely. He was still sleepy, but he was getting angry. "It's time to show a hole card or two. I'm tired of all this cloak-and-dagger nonsense."

"Take it easy," Donner said. He offered Rusk a cigarette and lighted it. "There are some things I can tell you, and some I can't. Put it this way: I'm a stanch adherent to the Monroe Doctrine."

"Okay, okay," Rusk said impatiently, "so you steal mail and steam open the envelopes. You bribe a few people in banana-land."

Harry Donner was silent. Anger gushed through him suddenly, and he braced his hands on the wheel of the Bentley. "A little more than that, you spoiled ass," he said huskily. "Listen sharp, or I'll pull you out of this car and punch some manners into you. While you were fluttering around in your pursuit plane, I was leading Dog Company, of the 143d Battalion, across the Rapido River." His mouth was tight and hard.

Bill Rusk took the cigarette out of his mouth and watched its plume of smoke. "You were with the Thirty-sixth were you, sport?" he asked quietly.

"I was with a part of it," Donner said. His right cheek began to twitch uncontrollably; he covered it with his hand and stared out over the dark harbor. "I led the company at the river twice. Both times we walked back over our own dead."

Rusk stared at his cigarette and hesitated. Then he said in a low voice, "Well, I didn't know."

"Not necessary for you to know," Donner said. He lighted a cigarette for himself, and his hands were shaking. "I'm down here trying to head off a revolution which is scheduled to break tomorrow, in the Dominican Republic."

"What business is that of yours?" Bill Rusk asked.

"Ordinarily, none," Donner said. He turned to look at Rusk squarely. "If it was only a domestic upheaval, that would be one thing. This revolt was planned and financed behind the Iron Curtain, in order to embarrass the United States."

Rusk scratched his jaw. "Quite a propaganda trick, at that," he said. "In the Caribbean, right under our noses."

"That's the point," Donner said. "That's why I want to put this box on board your yacht, and why I want your help from here on in, even if I sound nuts."

Bill Rusk flipped his cigarette into the water beside the pier and got out of the car. He went up the gangplank, and soon Harry saw portholes lighting up. In a few minutes, Rusk same back with three sleepy seamen. The five of them carried the big box on board and locked it inside a stateroom. Harry dropped the key into his pocket.

Rusk thanked the sailors, and he and Donner walked back to the car. They didn't talk on the way back to the hotel. When the car stopped, Rusk went stalking through the dark lobby to his room.

IT WAS nearly three o'clock in the morning when Harry switched off his light. He allowed himself four hours of sleep, then got up and shaved. After he had ordered breakfast, he called the bar boy and sent him out for Henri Favre, the airport manager. Harry was in his room, eating off a tray, when Henri knocked on the door.

Harry invited him in, and then locked the door. He told him that there was a woman named Ruth Horan somewhere in Cap-Haitien, with a man named Schmidt, and that he wanted fifty children hired to prowl every section of town. He mentioned the radio transmitter, and said that the house it was in might be on the hill overlooking the town; that he wanted the markets, the telephone exchange, all the stores and business houses covered, with the kids reporting to Henri in shifts.

Henri looked at the bills Donner put into his hand. "For this much, I can hire most of Cap-Haitien," he said. Donner nodded. He repeated his description of Ruth Horan, and Henri left. Harry went back to bed and slept three more hours.

When he woke up at noon, Henri was waiting in the lobby, but he had had no luck with his searching parties. Harry told him to keep on it, and he joined Bradford and Rusk in the bar.

Bill Rusk said nothing about the midnight trip with the box, but his glance kept flickering over to Donner. Bradford was jittery as usual, denouncing the local police and the whole Republic of Haiti. After they had had lunch, and a siesta, Donner asked if they couldn't go aboard the Cataplume and check out on the Aqua-lungs. He said that he had never used one, and would like to learn the technique.

Rusk's glance flicked across to him again. He said sure, why not; and Bradford languidly agreed. They drove down to the pier and spent an hour submerging alongside the yacht, with the tanks strapped on their backs. The water was not clean, and the lungs slowed down a swimmer's speed but allowed him to stay under for longer than an hour. When they had checked the artificial lungs thoroughly, with a crowd of Haitians watching from the pier, the three men took showers and had several drinks aboard the yacht.

Or at least Bradford and Rusk had several. Harry Donner watched the sun lowering, and his stomach began to tighten; but the time was very near, so he dumped his drinks artfully. At about four o'clock two policemen came aboard and asked more questions about Pellone. Bradford told the police he would pay to have Pellone's body embalmed and held at Port-au-Prince, until the next of kin could be notified. The police left, after cautioning them not to leave the harbor town.

THE steward came with another round, and Harry Donner leaned back and remarked that they were really living. He added, casually, that Micheline Gerard had been shot on the airport road last night. Rusk dropped his glass, and it shattered on the floor. The steward hurried forward to sweep up the pieces.

"What was she doing here?" Rusk asked harshly.

"Don't know," Donner said. He shrugged. "Henri, the guy that runs the airport, was in the hotel this morning and told me about it."

Bradford was watching them both, his long hands wrapped around his glass.

"It would take a tough slug to kill that one," Rusk said, and he shouted at the steward to bring him another drink.

"You got stung there, didn't you?" Bradford said gleefully.

"I sure did," Rusk said. "I spent enough and hustled enough, but I never made the grade."

"Money, money, money," Bradford said. He got up, still smiling. "You think you can buy everything."

Rusk hurled his glass at Bradford,

TIZZY

"I don't think you're really in love with me. You eat just like you always did"

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but the thin boy ducked it easily and leaped up the stairs like a dancer. Harry and Rusk heard his crowing laughter as he went along the deck.

"I expect," Harry said, "that you're the glass industry's best friend."

"That schmoe," Rusk growled. "He thrives on my failures."

"Jealous, maybe," Donner said. He leaned forward and whispered, "Have this ship ready to put out at dark."

Rusk thumbed his nose like a boxer and threw his head up.

"Don't balk on me now," Harry whispered. "Go up and get this crew ready to cast off at dark. As they say in your part of the country, this is *el ultimo*, sport."

"All right," Rusk said, nodding grimly. "I'll try you one more time."

"That will be enough," Donner answered.

SHADOWS were lengthening across the hotel garden. Harry had finished packing his bag and was staring out the latticed window, when someone knocked at the door. It was Henri Favre, his dark face glistening with sweat.

He reported that none of the people, a horde of children and adults, he had deployed through the town had come up with any trace of Ruth Horan, or of a man named Schmidt. That seemed impossible to Donner, in such a small town where children could wander into kitchens and gardens; but he thanked the Haitian and told him to pay the people off.

"Do you know anything about boats?" he asked.

Henri said he knew a little, that he had a sailboat he took out on Sundays. Donner studied the handsome boy and asked whether the Haitian Coast Guard boat in the harbor could be put out of commission.

Henri was grave then; the American was asking him to do something that, for a Haitian, was very near treason.

"I have a reason," Donner said.

Henri hesitated. "You don't mean disabled permanently?" he said.

"No. Just out of shape to run for the next twenty-four hours."

Henri nodded. Harry shook hands with him, and asked if he needed any money. Henri said no, turned, and went out, walking swiftly down the arched hallway.

As Harry was going through the lobby, the old man behind the desk said that a nurse had called him from the hospital: Madame Gerard would like to see him. Harry nodded and went out into the street. He found a cab, rode to the hospital, and went down the hall to Micheline's room.

The intravenous bottle was gone. In the dusk of the room, he saw that she was wearing an orchid nylon gown, so thin that it was no cover at all. Her hair was wrapped in a towel. She was so still, turned away from him, that he took several quick steps and touched her arm. It was warm and soft, but when she turned over he saw that it was not the arm of Micheline Gerard.

The woman in the bed was Ruth Horan. She stretched triumphantly, like a sleepy cat. He looked at the diaphanous nightgown, and the curves of her body under it. "Very pretty," he said. "Where's Micheline?"

"Dead. She died this afternoon," Ruth said.

Harry knew that it was true, or she would not have told him the grim news with such relish. "So?" he asked brusquely.

"So you were not very smart," Ruth said. She straightened up in the bed and shouted something in Creole. The door opened, and a Haitian colonel came in, followed by two enlisted men. "This is the man," Ruth said, pointing at Donner. "He murdered Vittorio Pellone and killed two Haitian citizens on the airport road."

The colonel put a pistol to Donner's back. "*Marche*, m'sieur," he ordered. Donner turned around. As he went down the hall, he was flanked by the two enlisted men, and the muzzle of the colonel's pistol was a firm pressure against his back.

The nurses flattened themselves against the wall as the little group stalked by. A bad mistake, thought Donner. I wanted to see Micheline, but I guess you're not allowed any misses, or any emotion. And that made it harder. They were approaching the short flight of stairs to the street level.

"*Allons*," barked the colonel.

Harry nodded and dropped his wallet. It fell to the floor, and he turned around to face the officer. "With your permission?" he asked.

The colonel backed off a pace, and Harry bent down. He got to his knees and came up under the pistol. Slashing at the wrist that held it, he jerked the colonel in and bowled him at the two soldiers. All three of them went down, and Harry sprinted for the end of the hall. As he went out the door, a shot starred the glass to his right, and then he was jumping into the cab.

The startled driver found himself shunted over, away from the wheel, without warning. Harry listened to the starter grind. For one agonizing minute he thought the car would not start. When it did, he nearly stripped the gears out of it. He went careening through town, leaning on the horn, and braked to a sudden halt beside the Cataplume.

Bill Rusk was standing at the rail. He watched Donner run up the gangplank and Rusk turned to wave at the bridge. The seamen cast off their lines, and the twin screws roared, as the yacht moved off. The white ship was a hundred yards away from the pier when the first carload of troops arrived. Some of the soldiers fired their rifles, and a few shots clinked into the yacht's sides, but the gap was widening.

Donner ran down the offshore side and found Bill Rusk crouching behind a lifeboat. The rich boy looked at him with interest. "You are really quite a card," he said. "They've got a gunboat in this harbor."

"But it won't run," Donner said. "Let's pour the coal on."

"The coal is being applied," Rusk answered, and he laughed. "Look at old Split Ear, the Battling Coyote," he said. Turning, Harry saw Cameron Bradford strolling on the bridge, wearing a native straw hat and peering at the diminishing shore line.

THE choppy seas were deep blue as they cleared Cap-Haitien Harbor. The sun was slipping down into the water to the west.

When they were out in the open, beyond the headland, Bill Rusk turned to Donner. "All right," he said. "It's dealer's choice. Take a card."

"I want her completely blacked out and every port closed," Harry said promptly.

Rusk bawled the order to the bridge. As they watched, with the bow of the long yacht knifing through the swells, the running lights went off, and the portholes were closed and clamped.

Donner leaned down to peer at his

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watch. "Put her north by northeast for ten minutes, a crew to stand by the launch."

Rusk laughed. "There's damned little you don't want, isn't there, sport?" he said. But he turned and shouted to the bridge again, and several seamen gathered around the launch davits. They waited there, motionless silhouettes, as the darkness spread across the sea.

Cameron Bradford came up, full of excitement. "What's the blackout for?" he asked Rusk.

"I don't know," Rusk said. "I just furnish the fuel. What's next, skipper?"

"I want to see the radio room," Harry answered and followed Rusk down the deck. They had to go slowly, because it was nearly dark. The radioman's key was squealing as they approached; he was acknowledging receipt of a routine weather message; Harry closed the door quickly and told him to finish the message. The operator was a wizened little seaman; he nodded and rapped out a final tattoo on the key. Then he leaned back and looked at Rusk and Donner.

HARRY gave him a voice frequency. When the dials were twirled and the carrier wave came on, Harry took the microphone. "Hello, Red Raider, this is Riffraff," he said. "Give me a call, please."

The lighted receiver hummed on open air for a few seconds, and a brisk voice broke in, answering from the Carrier Farragut. "Come in, Riffraff," said the voice.

"Can you give me a fix?" Donner asked. His face was illuminated by the light from the dials.

"The Greek is at anchor, beyond Point Bourg du Limbé," the calm voice answered. "No boats have approached her. You can lay in behind the point."

"Thank you," Harry Donner said. "We're going in now."

"We have no one on shore, Riffraff. The Greek will be unloading soon. Good luck."

There was a click, and the wave snapped off. Harry told the radio operator to monitor the frequency, but to answer no other calls or make any. He motioned to Bill Rusk and went back to the darkness of the deck.

"You've been calling me a sport, Bill," Donner said, "and now the prelims are all over. In about seven minutes, we'll have to heave to. I want you and Bradford and the diver Josef to go underwater with me, to another ship. It will be nearly a mile away, so we'll use the Aqua-lungs."

"Hey, hey!" Rusk said, amused. "What do we do, board and strike her colors?"

"No," Donner said, "we'll be carrying magnetic mines to jam against her hull. We're going to blow this other ship out of the water."

Rusk turned his head toward the dark peninsula. There was silence between them for several seconds. "Oh," said Rusk slowly. "I thought you were talking about something serious." He shook his head. "That box we put on board last night, it's full of mines?"

Harry Donner nodded.

"Now how," asked Willoughby Rusk, almost to himself, "did an amateur windmill fixer like me get so far from home?"

He stood on the blacked-out deck, staring across the water toward the full moon that was rising above Point Bourg du Limbé. . . .

The rising moon cleared Point Bourg du Limbé and spread its radiance across the dark Haitian hills. The crests of the waves were washed with silver, making a shimmering track across the sea. Harry Donner sprawled in a deck chair.

Seamen passed Donner, silhouettes along the rail, and he knew that down in the chartroom the captain must be poring over his maps anxiously. Donner wanted a cigarette, but he could not light one on deck, and he was too tired to go inside. While he was rubbing his neck, trying to work the tension out of it, one of the silhouettes approached and knelt beside his chair.

"Mr. Donner?" a deep voice asked.

"Yes?"

"Josef Brignac. Do you have any orders for me?"

Harry stared up at the stars, which were very clear above, twinkling in the tropic night. "How did you know I was a man to give any orders?" he asked.

"Henri brought me a message from Commander Neal, just before you came aboard."

"I see," Donner said, lowering his head. There were scattered fires smoldering on the hills. "Do you know what people were the contact and source for Pellone?"

"No, sir," the motionless boy answered. "A man named Schmidt was operating a transmitter on the hill, but the messages were never signed."

"All right. I'd like to have you, Mr. Rusk and Mr. Bradford join me in the saloon."

"Right away," Josef said. He stood up, moved noiselessly down the deck a few steps, and then came back. "Sir," he said.

"All right, what is it?"

"I killed Vittorio Pellone," the deep voice said.

Harry sat up straight. "Why?"

"The radio station on the hill received two messages from Havana. Both of them said you were not named Harry Donner, and that you were in Cap-Haitien to intercept the arms shipment. I substituted different messages and delivered them to Pellone. Somehow he found out what I was doing, and when I came back to report for the third time, he jumped at me from the bathroom, tried to knife me. I broke loose, got the other CO_2 gun from Mr. Rusk's room and nailed him through the window."

Harry did not answer immediately. Josef was a shapeless form in front of him, waiting. Donner suddenly felt sick. How could he answer the boy's unspoken question: did I do right? Was it necessary and efficient to kill Vittorio Pellone, at that particular moment? Donner thought about the two men *he* had killed, in the truck on the airport road, and he felt again the BAR recoiling against his shoulder.

We kill strangers, he thought; people we don't know or dislike. Staring at the scattered fires on the Haitian hills, he wondered if the men who made policy in paneled rooms ever thought about this incidental dying in the field. He pondered the death of Micheline Gerard, whose perverse whim of courage had led to a fatal abdominal wound. You get some peculiar results, he reflected, when nations jostle one another and individuals die around the fringes of their actions.

"Thank you, Josef," he said wearily. "The commander spoke highly of you."

"He's a good officer," Josef said, "the men like him."

"I'm sure of it. Would you ask Mr. Bradford and Mr. Rusk to meet me in the saloon now?"

"Yes, sir." Josef turned again and walked away, along the rail, into the darkness. Harry heaved himself out of his chair and stood watching the bow of the yacht rise and fall, throwing a bright mist of spray over the forward decks. Slowly he went to the companionway, and when he closed the door behind him, the light stung his eyes. . . .

When Donner went into the paneled saloon, Bill Rusk and Cameron Bradford were lounging in chairs, and Josef was standing across the room. Harry handed the key of the locked stateroom to the Haitian boy and asked him to get some of the crewmen to help him bring the box in. Josef looked blank, stared at the key, and then at Cameron Bradford.

Bradford repeated what Donner had said, in Creole, and Josef nodded and left the saloon. I'm tired, thought Donner; and I'm getting careless. I forgot that Josef was not supposed to speak English.

Bradford was looking at his shoe tips, thin face somber, and Bill Rusk went to the bar and poured out a shot of cognac. "Everybody's health," he said and put the drink down neat. Donner was stripping off his jacket and pants; he hitched up the swimming trunks.

"Got a little extra suet there, sport," Rusk said, but his voice was a little too jovial and high-pitched. Donner nodded and reached into his jacket pocket. He swallowed a couple of stimulant pills, and stood watching Rusk and Bradford. These are my tools, he was thinking. These two scions, I wonder if they can do it.

Josef backed in, carrying the front end of the gray box with the black symbols stenciled on it. Three seamen were helping him, and after they had lowered the box to the floor, the seamen left the saloon.

Harry crossed the room and closed the door. Then he turned to face Rusk, Bradford and Josef. "This is a call for volunteers," he said, "for a little trip under the water. There's a Greek freighter beyond Point Bourg du Limbé. I want you to go with me to mine her hull."

Cameron Bradford got to his feet, and shrugged his shoulders like a nervous boxer. "Why?" he asked.

"Because it has to be done and right away," Donner answered. "Rusk already knows about it. Not really any business of yours and Josef's, so you don't have to go if you don't want to."

Willoughby Rusk laughed nervously and said, "Wouldn't miss it for the world, sport."

Bradford spoke to Josef rapidly, in Creole, and the Haitian looked startled and then nodded. "Well," said Bradford, "it looks like you've got a quorum."

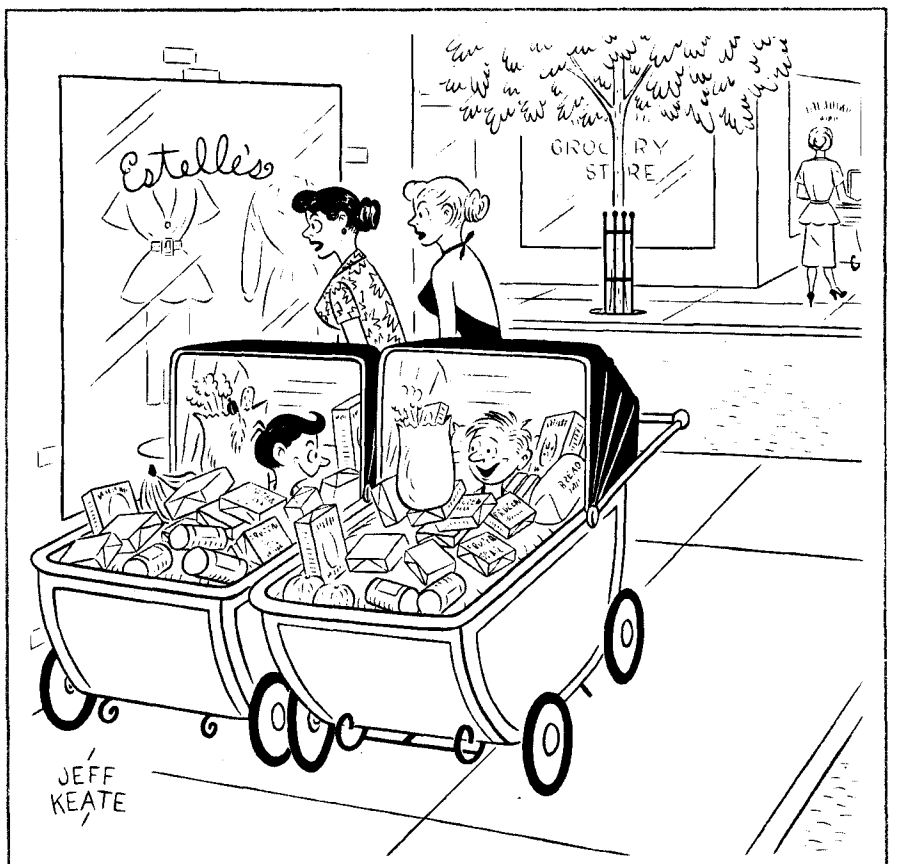
"Fine," Donner said. He knelt beside the box and took off the lid. "You and I and Rusk will carry these things. Josef will ride wing on us with a spear gun, in case we have any shark trouble, or somebody gets a cramp."

LIFTING one of the mines out, he set it gently on the floor and flipped the dial switch. A glow appeared in the two lighted apertures, and the other men came over beside him and crouched down to look.

"Two controls, below the dials," Donner said. "The left one makes the mine magnetic, so don't trip it until you are near the Cnossa's hull. The other control arms the mine, with a time setting. We'll use forty minutes. Rusk puts his under the stern, Brad in the center, and I'll attach mine to the bow. Once we've placed the things, we get back to the yacht as fast as we can."

The kneeling men stared at the little lighted windows, flush with the front face of the lung-shaped metal mine, and Harry could hear their breathing quicken. Outside, the yacht's screws slowed to a gentle, idling pace, and then reversed briefly; the Cataplume began to lose headway.

Harry stood up. "Before we start, I'm going to take the launch and have



COLLIER'S

"These frozen vegetables feel good these hot summer days, don't they?"

JEFF KEATE

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a look around the point," he said. "While I'm gone, the rest of you can be putting on your equipment."

"Oh, no," said Rusk calmly. "Unless I go in that launch, that launch won't go."

Donner smiled and nodded. As the two of them went out of the saloon, Rusk was carrying a bottle of cognac and muttering to himself. Bradford was speaking swiftly to Josef, in Creole, but the boy still seemed perplexed.

The full moon was higher now. Donner got into the boat, cursing the brightness of the night. The cruiser's engine roared in muffled power, and a creamy wake spread behind them as they moved away from the yacht. They went just beyond the point, until Harry could see the dark bulk of the freighter on the other side, and then he waved the helmsman about. Throttled back, they returned to the yacht.

BACK in the saloon, they found Bradford and Josef ready, with the silver Aqua-lungs already on their backs. Donner and Rusk strapped their own air tanks into place and adjusted their face plates.

"I don't want to be morbid," Donner said, holding the plate out from his mouth, "but unless we are at least five hundred yards away when these mines go off, the pressure might kill us. The ship we're going for is a torch, full of munitions."

The other men's eyes batted behind the circular plates, and they nodded. Lifting the mines, they turned out of the saloon and went up to the darkened deck. Josef came after them, carrying a spear gun, like a dark hybrid with flippered feet slapping on the deck.

A seaman was waiting by the Jacob's ladder. As each man came by, he handed his mine to the sailor, who lowered it back to him when he was in the water. In rapid succession, the weird-looking quartet went over the side. After blowing his tubes clear, Harry Donner worked his lips around the Aqua-lung mouthpiece and looked around at the other three men. They nodded to him, and then they all sank under the dark water noiselessly.

Donner lost track of the others after he submerged. He stayed about ten feet under, kicking his legs in lazy rhythm and staying on course toward the point. Above him, the moonlight rippled on the water. Once or twice he thought sharks were going to make a pass at him, so he went deeper, thinking that the stream of bubbles from the Aqua-lung might be attracting them.

Even at a depth of twenty feet, with the bright moonlight filtered to murkiness and dappling shadows, he could see the torpedolike shapes cruising around him. They were gliding past his course, doubling back on him; and once he turned and surfaced in panic when a huge mako rolled toward him so closely that it brushed his legs.

He was just off the point, and the Greek ship was a few hundred yards beyond. The moonlight was broken into glinting patches of silver radiance on the water. As he surfaced, removed his mouthpiece, and trod water, kicking his fins lazily, Donner could smell the fragrant wind from the shore. It was rich and winy, like spices and coffee and night-blooming flowers, all mixed together in tropic warmth.

Harry got a lungful of fresh air and dived again and swam on toward the freighter. After a few more minutes his leg muscles began to tighten, so he eased his pace a little. But he could not slow down much, because both Rusk and Bradford were better swimmers than he, and he did not want to be too far behind them, after they had put their mines in place. That might mean a quick death.

He was twenty feet under, kicking along, when he saw the bottom of the Greek ship looming up ahead. Lifting the mine, he made for the surface. At about ten feet he thought another shark was closing in, so he wheeled around in the water. The shape came closer.

Donner's nerves were taut and his muscles aching. For one frightening second, he could have sworn that the outline ahead of him was subhuman, with a huge flaring tail. The legend of Fluvanna, the deadly mermaid who lived in a cave under the reef, whirled through his head as the menacing shape moved nearer. It stopped suddenly in the murky water, and Donner saw with relief that it was only Cameron Bradford. The tall boy was holding his mine low, and that was what had made the queer silhouette.

Nodding, grateful that at least two of them had reached the target, Donner went kicking up toward the dark outline of the hull of the freighter looming above him.

He flipped the dial switch, and the faint glow was staining his face; and then he saw something that made him backlash with all his strength. *Cameron Bradford had dropped his mine.*

Bradford was gliding toward Donner as smoothly as a barracuda. Harry somersaulted, and something ripped into his leg. He lunged again, but Bradford was on top of him. He had a gaff in his hand, and the point of it glittered as he raised his arm and swung. Another barb of pain sliced down Donner's right knee, and he floundered away.

I missed it, Harry thought. I overlooked him, and now he's going to kill me.

His mine seemed to weigh a ton, and Donner started to turn it loose. His legs were burning with pain, and he kept whirling in the water. Bradford's face plate followed him; Harry saw the glittering eyes behind the oval glass. He dived deeper and then saw Bradford's long arm slash down with the gaff again. The barbed point caught in Donner's right flipper and jerked it off.

Harry thrashed around desperately. His grip was loosening on the mine when he saw something emerge from the murk behind Bradford. It was Josef, the Haitian boy. He came gliding down and locked his arms around Bradford's throat, just as Bradford raised the gaff over Donner's head.

THERE was a suicidal whirl in the water. Harry saw the black arms tighten and Bradford trying to reach back over his shoulder with the gaff. The water was stained as the gaff went in, again and again. But Josef's throat hold kept tightening. While Harry watched, the two of them sank down, struggling into the depths, locked in a terrible embrace. Even after they had gone thrashing down, out of sight, Harry could see bubbles rushing upward.

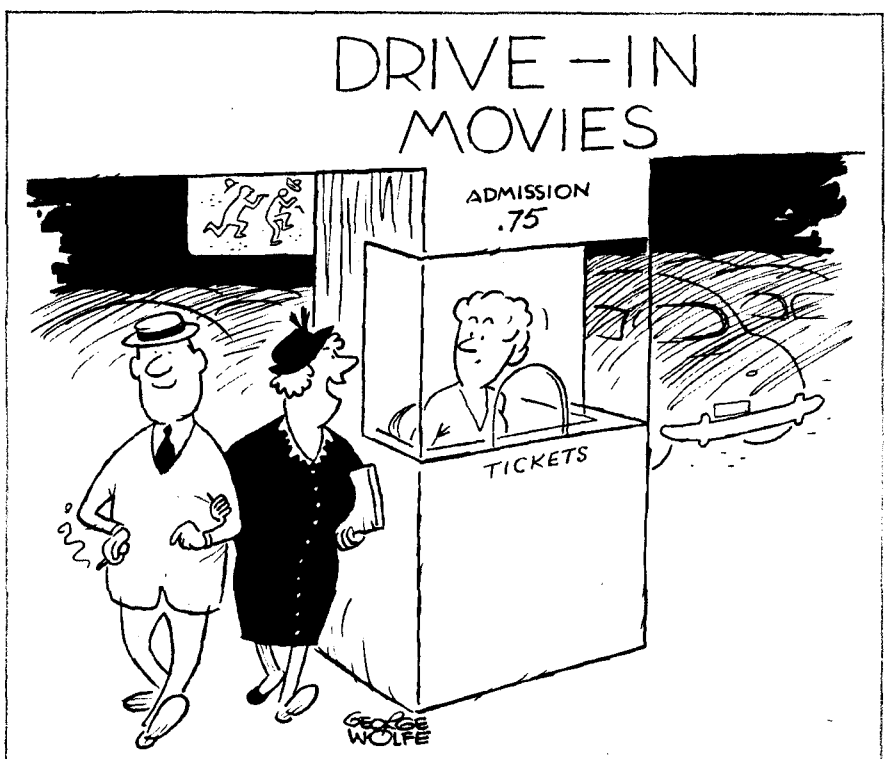
Swimming along under the freighter, making his one flipper do double duty, Donner passed the motionless screw of the ship and went to the other end. As he neared the bow and tripped the mine's magnetic switch, it almost pulled itself out of his hands. He heard it sing against the ship's barnacle-encrusted bottom and he armed it swiftly. Then he turned and swam away, under the water, as fast as he could travel, kicking his one flipper crazily.

He could not make it all the way. Before he got to Point Bourg du Limbé, he had to surface again. For precious seconds he gulped air and let his bleeding legs dangle. He was afraid that the blood would bring the sharks in on him, and thought about going to the shore. That would have been safer; but he eased under again and kept swimming toward the yacht. He grabbed the ladder and several of the seamen helped lift him up the side. Bill Rusk was waiting, grinning and jubilant.

"Did you make it?" Harry asked, gasping. Flecks of fire were dancing before his eyes, and his chest was heaving.

"Bet your life," Rusk said. His hair was still wet and matted. "Planted her right under that number four hatch, where you told me to."

"All right, stand by for an explosion," Donner said. He was shaking, and he did not give the next order for



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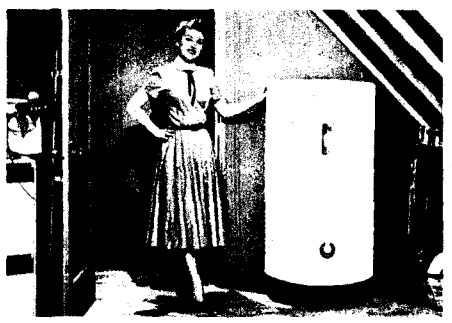

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two minutes. This, like the trip to the hospital, to see Micheline Gerard, was an emotional expenditure—it was not warranted; but he wanted to give Josef Brignac time to get back on board. They all waited, and the waves lapped around the silent yacht. Finally Donner said angrily, "All right, let's get under way."

Rusk was on the bridge, holding his cognac bottle like a spyglass. Harry asked him to round the point and run between the freighter and the shore, and he sang out, "Aye, aye, sir"; and the yacht began to move.

WHEN they were between the freighter and the shore, Harry lifted the wired speaker and shouted into it. The amplified sound of his voice reached every corner of the cove:

"Ahoy, Cnossa. Your ship is mined. She will explode in a few minutes. You had better abandon ship if you don't want to go down with her!"

His roar ricocheted off the dark hills, and lights began to flash on in the Greek freighter. From the bridge of the yacht, Harry could see running figures on the Cnossa's deck. He repeated his warning, and more lights appeared on the freighter. Crewmen began to cluster around the lifeboat davits, and two boats dropped into the water jerkily, with men scrambling aboard. After Harry's third shout, amplified to a roar through the speaker, several of the Cnossa's crewmen jumped over the side and began to swim toward the shore.

"There, sport!" Rusk said. He slammed Donner on the shoulder and turned him half around. Three cabin cruisers were putting out from the shore. The muffled roar of their exhausts came across the water. Though heading toward the freighter, they were quartering across the Cataplume's bow. Donner asked to have the BAR brought up, and he lifted the megaphone again.

"The Cnossa is mined," he repeated, and the amplified roar rocked through the night. "If you keep coming, she will blow on you."

The cruisers kept coming.

Harry cursed softly. "Give me a spotlight on the lead boat, Captain," he said. From above his head, a shaft of white light fixed the first cruiser. Harry saw Bill Rusk balance the Browning on the bridge rail. There was a shot in the distance, and the glass flew out of the big spotlight. Its filament curled to darkness, snapping and hissing.

"Have we got another spot, Captain?" Harry asked.

"Yes, sir," the captain said.

"Will you wait for the word on it?" Harry asked. The captain said he would wait. "Mr. Rusk," Donner said. "Can you clean that lead boat out when I give the word?"

"You mean kill them?" Rusk asked.

"That's what I mean. They are going to try to unload the Cnossa."

They stood watching the cruisers coming. When they were less than a hundred yards away, Donner nodded to the captain.

The bright beam of light swung, turned back, and lighted the bow of the lead cruiser. Ruth Horan was standing up in it. Her legs were spread, and her arms were cradling a rifle. She was defiant in the circle of brilliance; she turned toward the shaft of light from the Cataplume.

Rusk hesitated, glanced at Donner and said, "Shall I—"

"If you don't, mister," Donner said, "she's going to kill some of us."

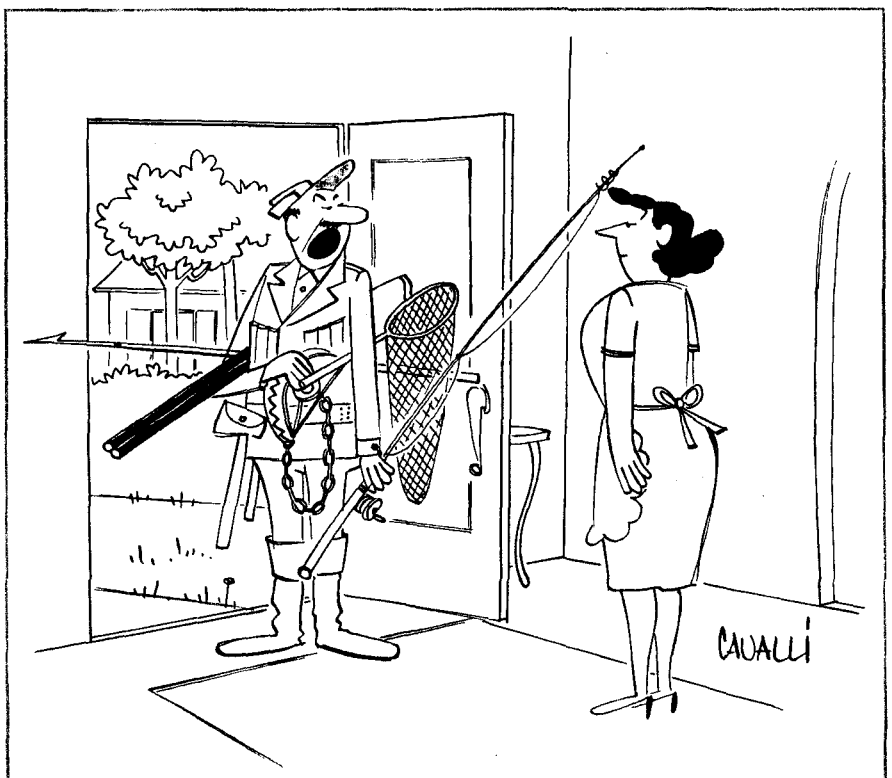
The automatic rifle chattered. It jumped against Rusk's left hand.

Ruth Horan was still standing. She fired several times, and her slugs took the glass out of the wheelhouse. The Browning fired again, this time more slowly; and the woman encircled in the light flung her head back and dropped her rifle. She stumbled and fell, over the side, into the dark water. The lead cruiser yawed and fell off course, and the other two made hurried turns and headed for shore.

Donner reached out, as soon as they broke course, and jerked the automatic rifle away from Rusk.

"You'd better light a fire under her, Captain," he said.

The yacht heeled sharply and headed out toward the open sea. As she cleared the Greek freighter, Donner's lips were curled in tight expectancy. They moved farther and farther away, and then the water shook under the yacht, not violently, but enough to stop the Cataplume's forward motion. The sea shuddered again; and this time it was as though a clutch had been thrown, briefly, under the water's surface.



"Don't worry about me. I'll come home with *something*"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

After the two minor explosions, nothing happened for several seconds. Donner heard Rusk's breath go out in disappointment. The freighter heaved sluggishly. Then she flashed, rumbled and turned into a vertical column of fire, staining the whole night. From the deck of the retreating Cataplume, they saw it before they heard it. The sound came, following the flare that lighted up the whole shore line. It was a "whoom" that hurt the ears.

The Greek freighter did not sink. She was blown out of the water, blown apart, in a series of livid, connected flashes. A hail of debris clattered down onto the deck of the yacht; and after it had been coming for some time, a huge wave heeled the Cataplume almost over. Donner, Rusk and the crew retreated into the wheelhouse and stood listening to the particles from the explosion shower down on the deck.

In a few minutes the surface of the sea was calm again. There was nothing to show that the Greek freighter had ever been there, except the smoke and the scattered debris. She had gone up like a tremendous skyrocket. Harry felt sick, and he hoped all the crew had got off her.

He was down in the saloon, wincing as the gaff wounds on his legs were washed with alcohol, when Bill Rusk came in.

Excitement was still lighting the boy's eyes. He poured a drink and watched Harry apply bandages and put on his clothes.

"Where do we go now?" Rusk asked.

"To Cap-Haitien," Donner said, "but not to the pier. There's a coffee landing beyond the airport. You can put me off there."

"Where do you go then?" Rusk asked. "Is your life made up of shows like this? If it is, I want to join up."

"No," Harry said. He shook his head wearily. "If they were all like this, I wouldn't last long."

"What did we do?" Rusk asked. "You used my ship, ordered me around like a shoeshine boy. I've got a right to know."

"All right," Harry said. He fastened his belt. "I guess you have, at that. You served the republic."

"So?" Rusk said, pouring himself a drink of cognac. "Which republic?"

"Don't be an ass," Harry Donner said. "I think I've got pneumonia." He began to sneeze, and Bill Rusk began to laugh.

Donner sat down in a chair, wincing as he stretched his legs. "I'll tell you what I can," he said, "and then don't ask me any more questions. In nineteen fifty-one there was a meeting in Warsaw. On the agenda was a plan to finance an uprising in the Dominican Republic. The new government would be friendly to the policies of the Soviet Union, and opposed to ours. We knew when this Greek ship left Danzig with the arms, but we thought we had her bottled up, later, in Vera Cruz. Our fix slipped."

"Ain't it a little irregular to put the quietus on the project like you did?" Rusk asked.

"I don't make policy," Harry said. "I'm an irregular man, and they told me to stop the revolt."

"You stopped her all right," Rusk said dryly. "The arms and ammo got used, but all at once and straight up."

He shook his head in wonder, remembering the blazing ship rearing out of the dark water and flying apart. "What about Brad and Josef?" he asked then.

Harry frowned, and his mouth worked as if he had tasted acid. "Somewhere on the bottom, I guess," he said. "Cameron Bradford the Third may have been the agent in charge of this operation. He tried to get me, and if he had, you would have been next."

"You mean Brad was behind the revolution?"

"We don't know yet. He was at least lined up with them. And when we check, I know what we'll find—that Bradford was a member of several leagues for international peace. Probably visited Europe a lot, maybe went to school there."

"He did," Rusk said, "in Italy, after the war."

"And along the line, in the litter of notes and broken appointments and love affairs that every man leaves strewed behind him, we'll find that young Bradford at some point developed a general hatred of his own country, based, probably, on his own personal lack of identity, because his family had too much money."

"It ain't necessarily true," said Rusk mildly, and poured himself another shot of cognac.

Harry Donner laughed out loud. "No, sir, it's not," he admitted. "But in this case we'll inform his family, in Tuxedo Park or Southampton, that Bradford the Third had an accident in the Caribbean, while on a fishing trip. They'll put another marker on the family vault, and Josef Brignac, much the better man of the two, won't have an epitaph anywhere."

"Here's a drink to him, anyway," Rusk said. He poured another tumbler full of cognac and handed it to Donner. They both said, "Josef," and put the drinks down neat.

"One last thing," Bill Rusk said. "Who is this 'we' you're talking about?"

Harry Donner winked at him and turned up the collar of his trench coat. "Why, sport," he said solemnly, "that means you and me—yes, even the Texans. It means the whole country." He got up, still smiling at Rusk. "That's what I mean when I say 'we.'"

Rusk began to laugh.

AFTER the yacht's launch dropped him off at the little pier beyond Cap-Haitien, Donner walked toward the airport. The moonlight was silver along the roadway, and startled birds catapulted past him out of the inky shadows. Beyond the town, on the hillsides, Harry could see the fires burning on the mountains. The air was warm, and he was so tired that he wanted to lie down on the ground and sleep.

He could not do that; he could not do any more sleeping in Haiti; so he kept trudging until he finally made the porch of the airport building.

Henri Favre was sitting inside at his desk, and the young Haitian got up and pushed a chair toward Harry Donner. "Are you hurt, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," Harry said, sinking back wearily. "I was guest of honor at a pig-sticking a couple of hours ago." He rubbed at the back of his neck with both hands, and lifted his bloodshot eyes to stare at the Haitian. "You've broken several laws for me, Henri. Perhaps you could break one more."

"I'll try," Henri answered, without hesitation.

"Okay. I've got to get out of Haiti

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tonight. The police and the military are looking for me. If I get arrested here, I might be in jail for a while. And I'm not supposed to get arrested. Could you fly me to Ciudad Trujillo?"

Henri meditated. "The police will hear me leave," he said. "They have been out three times tonight, looking for you. But I guess we could try it."

"You could go on with me," Harry suggested wearily. "I could get you into the States."

"No," the Haitian said. "I haven't helped you for any favor like that. This is my country. I'll take you over and come back. Wait a minute."

Getting up, Henri put on his leather jacket and switched off the lights. Then he walked out of the building. Harry Donner sat in the dark, thinking of how strange it was: about the places where you found people like this young Henri, incorruptibles who kept living by a high creed; the Henris and Josefs and the Michelines.

An engine coughed, caught and roared to life out on the darkened airport. The plane taxied across to the building. Harry walked out to meet it and got in the copilot's seat. Henri checked his magnetos carefully, flipped on the lights and took off. The ground unreeled below them and fell away. Harry saw the fires in the mountains flicker under him and, off to the right, the lights of Cap-Haitien.

"Who killed Pellone, sir?" Henri asked, adjusting the trim tab.

"A Haitian named Josef Brignac, a brave man," Harry said. He offered Henri a cigarette, and lighted it and one for himself.

"But they were great friends, I thought?" Henri said puzzled.

"Josef had better friends," Donner said. He stared down at the black water, dappled with moonlight. "He's at the bottom of that bay, because he had to pull Bradford off of me." The taste in his mouth was bitter. He remembered the gaff striking home again and again, and Josef dragging the tall boy with the crazed eyes down into the depths.

"It's a hard memory, sir," Henri said gently, "but the important thing is, you won. You did your job."

"We didn't win!" Harry answered angrily. "We only patched a little difficulty in a small country, and it cost a lot. We never win. But we exist by not losing."

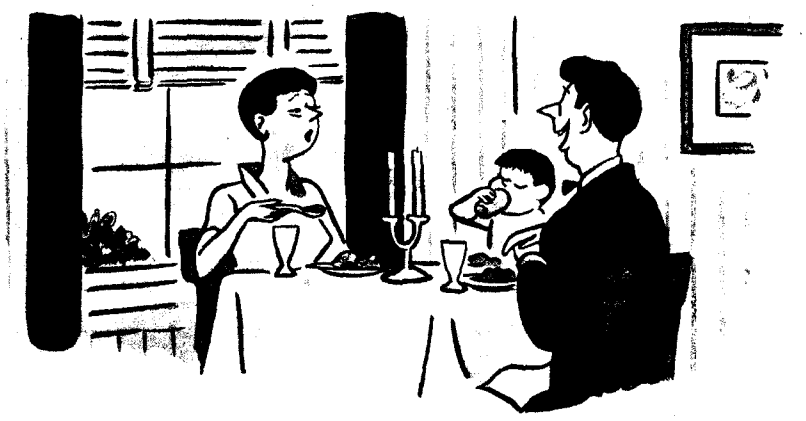
HENRI didn't answer, and Donner sat slumped, his bones aching with tiredness. He saw the lights ahead and knew they must be approaching Ciudad Trujillo. The sight was cheering; it meant a soft bed and a long sleep.

"I didn't mean to shout at you, Henri," he said quietly. "In a few hours, in my country, it will be Sunday morning. Millions of people will be waking up. They'll have a late breakfast, feed the cat, and maybe play a round of golf. I'm afraid they don't realize yet what enormous obligations they have, all over the world."

"I think they're lucky," the Haitian pilot said, smiling and reaching up for his hand mike. "I think they've got good men in the field."

"Thank you, Henri," Harry Donner said. He shivered in the trench coat, and felt his legs aching where Bradford had gaffed him.

Dawn was breaking, rolling like molten gold over the cloud ramparts, as the pilot called for landing instructions at Ciudad Trujillo. ▲▲▲



"Now don't say no until I finish. Why don't we stay home this vacation and . . ."

COLLIER'S "In here with the bags, Matt" TED KEY

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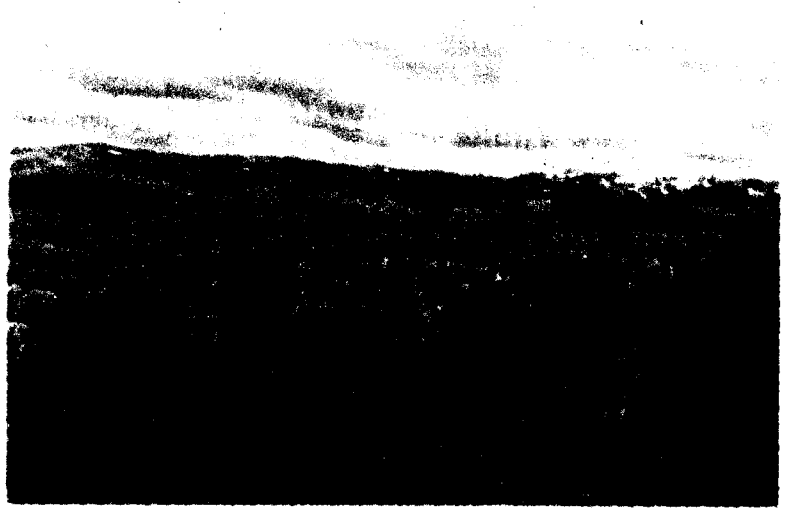
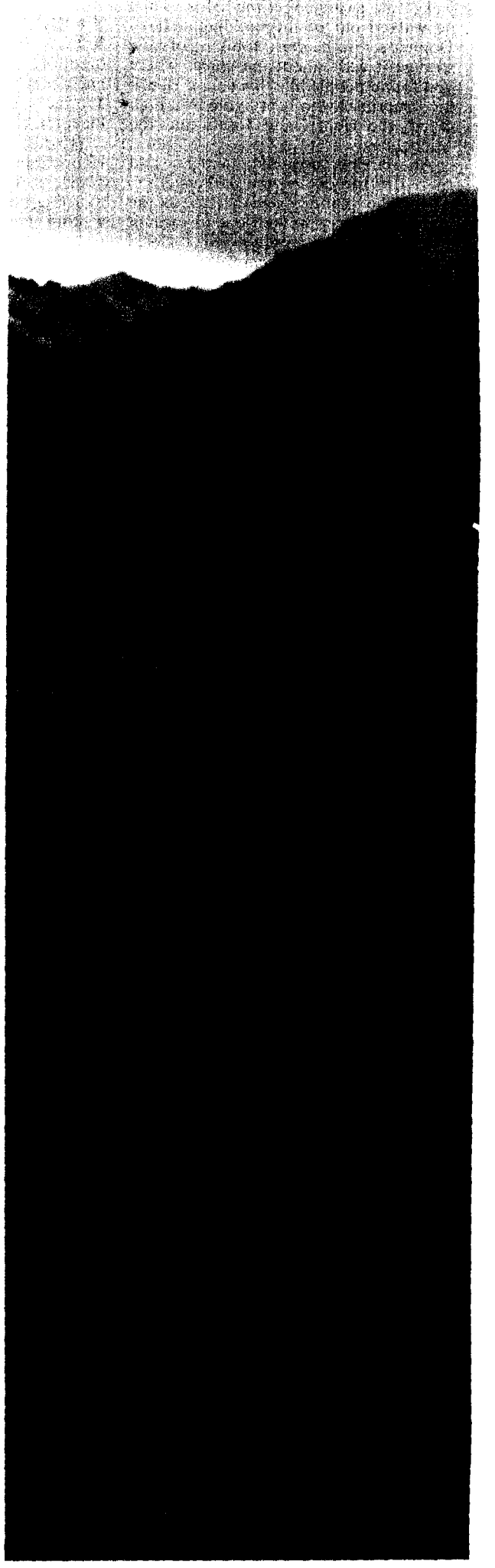
ALWAYS HE IS ALONE

By ERIC THANE



The herder is "father, mother, guardian, midwife" to his sheep



ERNST PETERSON

With most of his band bedded down for the night, Everett Ramsey, of Florence, Mont., rests beside a campfire before turning in—to be up at dawn

For months on end, the sheepherder has for company only his sheep and his dogs. His enemies are wolves, bears and 50-below-zero cold. He is a dedicated man who will—and does—die to protect his animals

THE silvertip grizzly, big as a barn, plunged among the sheep, raking one after another with tremendous blows from a forepaw armed with spiked claws 10 inches long. The herder, armed with nothing but a club of dry wood, ran at the bear.

I heard the story one night from Joe Mollogocich, a sheepherder on summer range up along the Montana Continental Divide. Sheepherding is a profession, a highly specialized line of work which is dying out because young men hate its loneliness, its hard, dirty, dangerous work, its lack of prestige. "Crazy as a sheepherder" is an expression you still hear in the West.

But the old-time herders are the bravest of the brave and they're proud of the name. They remind you that it's "sheepherder," and never shepherd; in the sheep country of the West, children reciting the 23d Psalm still chant, "The Lord is my sheepherder . . ."

The bear incident had happened the previous summer, Joe told me in Romanian-tinted English. Most herders in Montana and the Northwest are Romanians, although many highly skilled Basques from the Pyrenees Mountains between Spain and France have come into the sheep country in late years. The Romanians call them Boskos and don't like them.

"Kack, he run right at that silvertip," Joe related, speaking slowly, intent upon the fire. Below us, in a temporary corral, Joe's band of sheep slept. His two dogs lay alongside him, motionless except when some unusual sound from the band brought their ears up. "That silvertip big," Joe went on. "Big as moose. Kack,

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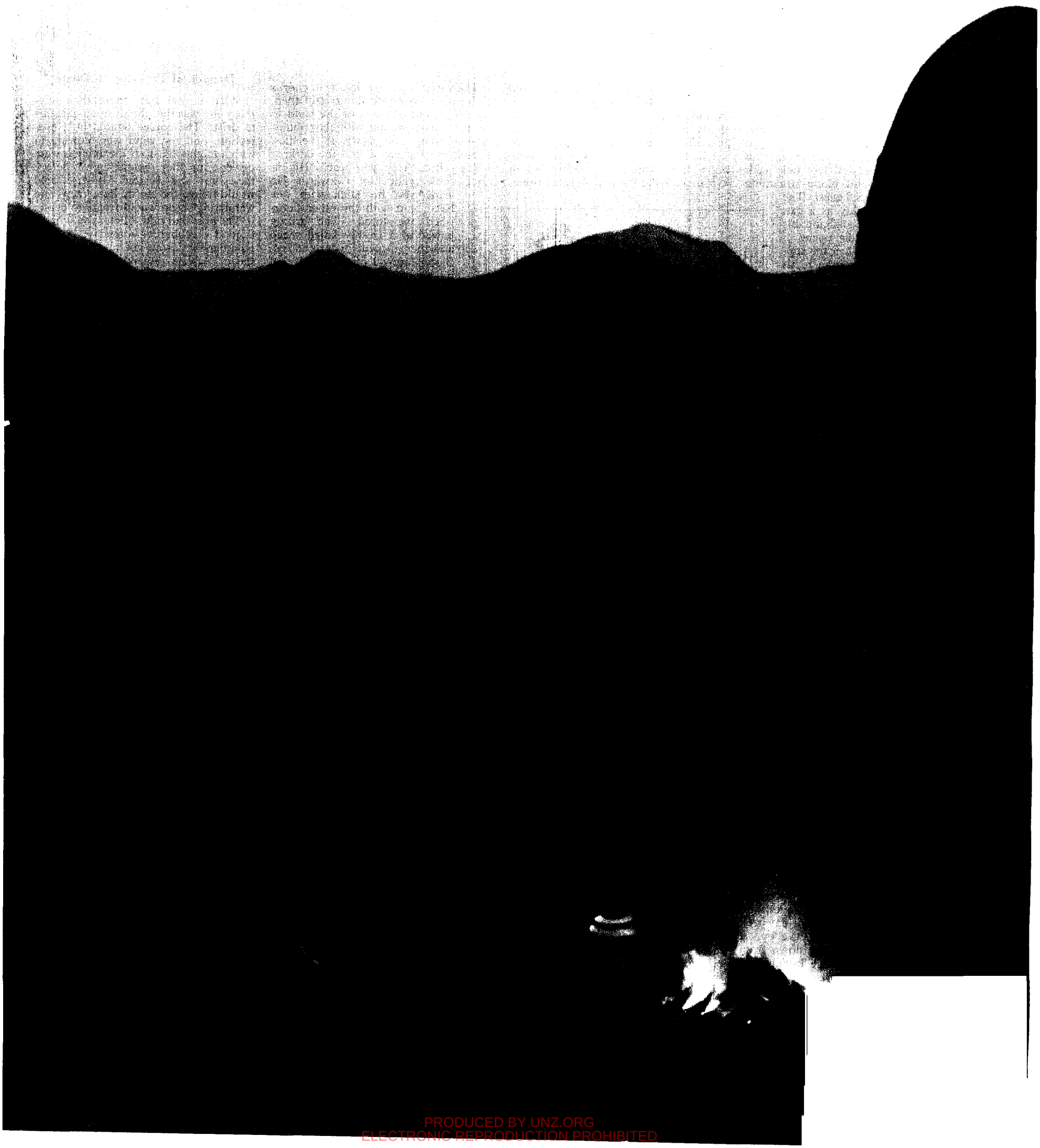

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When a sheepherder dies on the range, his dogs take charge. One of them stands guar

he got no gun. Leave his rifle in camp. Fool of him, I say. But he got to take care of sheep. Sheepherder always take care of sheep."

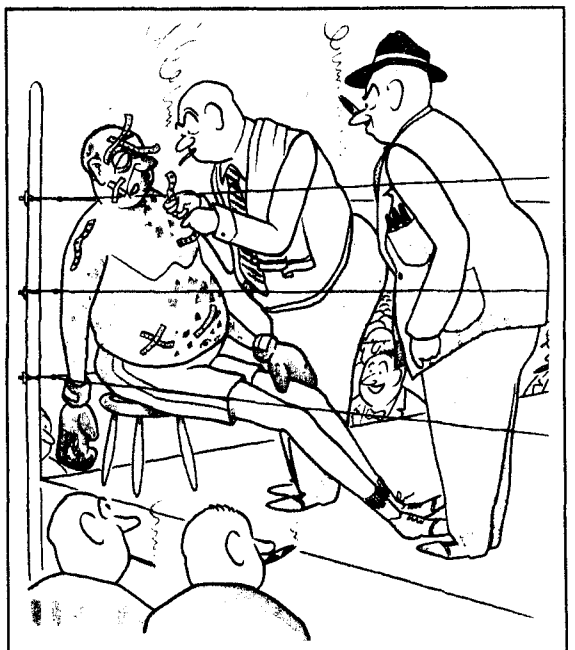
Sheepherders always take care of their sheep. It's the code of the profession. Come sickness, danger, storm, fire, minus-50-degree cold, the herder guards the band that his boss, the flockmaster, has entrusted to him.

The herder Kack gripped his club tightly and cried out, "Ho, bear, leave my sheep alone!" A score of dead animals lay about the big grizzly. The others in the herd, blatting in fright, scattered in all directions—and that concerned Kack more than the bear, since stampeded sheep are difficult to gather. The big grizzly wheeled around and reared upright, 10 feet tall, teeth gleaming, saliva and blood streaming down his silver-tipped chest. The grizzly moved quickly as a cat. He leaped upon Kack, and his claws raked the herder open.

It was next day when the supply man from the home ranch, his pickup truck filled with salt for the sheep and supplies for Kack, found the herder. One of Kack's dogs stood guard over the remains of his master; the other was busy seeking out the sheep and rounding them up.

"Kack die with sheep," the herder Joe said. "All of us die with sheep. Never leave sheep. Herder leave sheep, he not good man any more. No man hire him any more, no man drink with him, no woman in town have anything to do with him."

By "woman" I knew Joe meant the girls of the red-light districts. Herders rarely marry. They make two trips to town each year to spend their accumulated six months' savings in one grand bust, and when their money and their consciousness are gone, the madams call their employers, who come get them. After a week of sleeping it off at the home ranch, they are ready to go out with the sheep again. That's what happens if the herder is a "good" herder. If he's broken the code of the sheepherder, if at some time in the past he has abandoned his sheep, his reputation follows him, and not even the red-light ladies will have any dealings with him.



"If you'd match me with bums, like his manager matches *him* with, I'd win my fights easy"

COLLIER'S GEORGE H. GREEN

Killer Bears That Won't Fight

Joe, too, knew what it was like to face grizzlies, I found out. The smaller black and brown and cinnamon bear are sheep killers, too, but they usually won't fight. Grizzlies, the big silvertips, are different. They're unpredictable. They may run or they may fight.

Joe was herding a band—a thousand sheep and their lambs—along the divide in mid-September. Snow comes early on the high summer ranges, and Joe's range was a good four-day trek from the home ranch in the valley. A quick, fierce blizzard blew down from the north, out of what the Indians call the Medicine Hat, where, they say, the weather is born. This characteristic early snowfall is called squaw winter and generally melts off, leaving a month or more of Indian summer before winter sets in definitely. But there are times when the snow remains for the next nine months, and Joe feared that he and his band might be trapped on the mountains. Lacking instructions, he decided to trail the band down to the safety of the valley, an operation normally requiring several men.

He took only his knife, a loaf of bread, his stick—in the old country and in Biblical times it was called a staff, but today it's simply a worn stick—and his collection of tin cans strung on a wire loop. The cans, when shaken, set up an infernal din and prompt the sheep to move faster.

Joe gave Jim, an old bellwether and leader of the band, a chew of tobacco; the old sheep loved tobacco and chewed it like a veteran. Then Joe, Jim and Joe's sheep dog got the band under way.

The heavy snow weighted the sheep down. It also raised the possibility of an avalanche from the rock-littered slopes of the pass ahead. Joe got the sheep strung out and through the pass. They were on safe terrain when a slide broke, probably caused by the vibration of the traveling sheep. But it was behind them and there were no casualties among the band, although Joe, bringing up the rear, was knocked down when a rock struck his ankle. For the rest of the trip he limped and supported himself with his stick.

The snow was now halfway up Joe's shins. Visibility was bad. The sheep were white phantoms moving through an infinite world of white. Both Joe and the dog began to tire, and soon it became necessary to stop for the night.

"I plenty worried," Joe told me. "Man, I want to get sheep to home ranch in good condition. My boss, he good to me, and I want to get sheep to him good."

Since sheep are the most witless animals alive, the herder is all that stands between them and disaster, serving them as father, mother, guardian, leader and, at the proper time, midwife.

Joe now began to worry about bears. Hibernation time had not yet come for the animals, and this rough squaw winter would set their tempers on edge. Joe built a fire, squatted, and shared with his dog the loaf of bread he had thrust into the pocket of his heavy coat.

He dozed a little. The ankle stiffened and began hurting him fiercely. About midnight the dog wakened him with her growls. She bristled toward the sheep, her voice deep and long, and Joe came to his feet painfully, knowing what the warning meant—a griz' on the rampage. He took a long limb, fired the end of it, and went down among the sheep. Except for the light of his torch, the night pressed in as black as the inside of a stove.

The sheep broke out in a wild chorus of bleating. Joe saw the grizzly then, charging from one end of the band to the other, striking out with claws hunting-knife-long and sharp as needles. The sheep stampeded into the dark.

Joe yelled, "Hey, you bear!" His injured ankle made him awkward. He leaned on his stick with one hand, and with the other flourished the torch. The grizzly pawed at a freshly killed sheep and then turned to stare at Joe. Blood dripped off his nose, and his eyes gleamed. He was only a couple of yards away.

"You, bear!" Joe screamed, cold with fright. "You leave my sheep alone!"

The grizzly reared upright and rocked back and forth. Joe thrust the blazing torch at him. The bear dropped on all fours then, and backed off very slowly, as if trying to decide whether to charge or not. Then suddenly, moving like a silver-tipped flash, he turned and disappeared.

Joe spent the rest of the night by the fire and next morning managed to round up the sheep and get them on the trail again. He battled the snow for another day and night. He was near exhaustion. But the trek ended happily; on the last day the boss and men from the home ranch appeared in a jeep and took over the drive.

Joe, risking his life for his band, personified the code of the herder. So did Pete, whose story I heard one evening at the home ranch of one of the big sheep outfits. Pete's last name was so unpronounceable and hard to spell that the boss used to make checks out to "Pete Merry-go-round." Pete had landed in central Montana from the old country many, many years ago, "before wire," when sheep and cattle barons fought bloody battles over the unfenced, government-owned public domain. Pete did odd jobs for a couple of years, then one winter was given a band to herd.

The central Montana country is to a great extent flat prairie, and its herding problems are different from those in the mountains. Snow does not fall deeply and it melts quickly. But the wind blows eternally and fiercely, and there is marrow-freezing cold.

Pete and his band were some 30 miles from the home ranch on a day in January, when a blizzard whooped in from the north. Pete lived in the usual quarters of the sheepherder—a canvas-covered wagon equipped with bunk, stove and grub bin. The wagon was drawn by horses from range to range as the band moved to seek fresh grass. (The setup is the same today, except that trucks are replacing the horse.)

As soon as he noticed the warning black mist on the north sky line, Pete corralled his band in a coulee where a few cottonwoods grew, and waited anxiously. When the storm struck, the sun went under as if swallowed, and a fury of wind and snow took over. The scant flakes flew horizontally, each one cutting like a bit of glass. Pete huddled in his sheep wagon, which bucked like a storm-tossed boat. His two dogs curled uneasily at his feet.

Danger of Freezing to Death

What scared Pete more than anything else was that the sheep might start to drift. The coulee offered little protection, and the wind was blowing in with a mighty blast. If the animals were driven out they would move before the wind and scatter. Intense cold would follow the storm, Pete knew, and wandering sheep would freeze to death.

The boss had said: "Pete, you'll make a good sheepherder someday. But remember, boy, you got to protect your sheep. Always remember that."

Now Pete heeded the words, as sheepherders always have, as unflinchingly and faithfully as the sheep dogs heed the commands of the herder.

There was little chance that the boss would send out relief. In bad blizzards nobody moved on the prairie except for matters of life and death. Pete heated up the stove in the sheep wagon until the sides glowed red, then he and the dogs fought their way down to the band. An occasional sheep on the fringe was drifting. It was as if the wind sought to cut the animals off one by one from the main body.

The few cottonwoods, the only trees within miles, loomed starkly in the storm, wind screaming through their barren branches. Luckily it was not very cold as prairie cold is reckoned—only about 10 below zero. The real cold—50 or 60 below—would come when the wind went down.

Pete and the dogs spent the night in the sheep wagon. At the first suggestion of dawn they struggled back to the band. A few sheep had drifted. Pete and the dogs drove them tightly together again, but not too tightly, lest some of them fall and get trampled to death. The animals were hungry and nervous; any loud noise, any unexpected incident, could send them into stampede and destruction.

Toward noon the wind went down, the snow stopped, and the bleak sun came out. Pete grunted with relief, and prepared to face the new danger of cold. He stoked the fire high in the sheep-wagon stove. His supply of wood was small; he shouldered his ax and went out to cut fresh limbs.

Midway in his work, he looked back—to see the sheep wagon a mass of flames! The red-hot stove apparently had ignited some dry object, possibly the bedding on his bunk.

Pete shivered. He looked at the sun—a white ball without heat in a frosty sky—and muttered in his ice-crusted beard.

The temperature began to drop. By midnight Pete guessed that it was 40 below—so cold that he had to force the dogs away from the campfire to range the band. He thought of the men at the home ranch, warm and belly-full. He might have left the band and hiked for the comfort of the bunkhouse, but he could not leave his sheep.

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ver his body and the other protects the sheep

The next day the temperature went up somewhat, to possibly minus 30. A few late lambs were frozen stiff, like statues. Pete looked up at the rim of the coulee. There stood a wolf, pure white. There's a legend in the prairie country that only in hard winters do white wolves come in from some far northern region. To the herder, white wolves and doom are synonymous.

The wolf watched Pete and the sheep, and presently was joined by two or three companions. Pete shouted at them and they slipped off. Then he scouted around the band again. A few more sheep were frozen, huddled grotesquely in the snow.

That night the cold really set in. The trees in the coulee made sounds like shots from a heavy-caliber rifle, as they froze and burst. At each report, the sheep moved uncertainly and Pete and the dogs ran to quiet them. The sharp crackling went on all night. It let up a little at dawn, but started again the following night.

The wolves appeared at intervals, closer each time. Then, the next day, the temperature began to rise. Soon it reached a relatively warm zero. The wolves disappeared.

Pete had saved his band.

The herder of today spends summers with his sheep on range in the mountains, and in winter lives in the valleys and watches sheep inside wire. Most of the time he is a sheep-wagon dweller.

His routine is simple. He rolls out early, eats flapjacks, eggs and bacon, watches his band, cuts open with an ax a can of stew for lunch, sharing it with his dog (or dogs), and watches his band in the afternoon. In the evening he may listen to a portable radio. As he follows his sheep on the hills or the prairie, he fills the hours as best he can—perhaps by reading a Western magazine, perhaps by indulging in that universal hobby of sheepherders: gathering rocks for the construction of cairns, known in the sheep country as sheepherder monuments.

Always, he is alone. Always he lives with the odor of sheep in his nostrils—an offensive odor to the uninitiated.

The Wisdom of Sheep Dogs

At night, if the sheep are safely corralled, the herder doesn't worry about them. If they are on the range, where there are no restraining walls, he sets the dogs to watching them. He's careful of his dogs, which are specially bred for their job, though not necessarily of any one particular strain. As pups, they're trained by their sheep-dog mothers to observe the same principle followed by the herders—they never leave their sheep. They learn everything there is to know about their woolly charges, and they're uneasy away from them; in the sheep country there is a saying, "As lost as a sheep dog in town." But sheep dogs grow exhausted from their work, and periodically they're brought back to the home ranch for a rest.

Most herders enjoy summer work in the mountains, but there are dangers then too—chiefly forest fires.

Take the story of Zoga. He'd had a good summer, one of the hot, dry years of World War II. But in August, fires started, and the sky line smoked up thickly. Because of the war, the flockmaster was shorthanded, and Zoga and his two dogs had had to work especially hard. The weather had aided them tremendously.

As the time approached for the fall trek to the home ranch, the smoke thickened until the sun looked a white ball lost in a thick fog. The air grew cold under the smoke blanket, and Zoga had to wear a coat even at midday.

After waiting vainly for orders from the flockmaster, Zoga decided on his own to start the band on its homeward journey. But as they started that morning, he saw something in the smoky mist overhead that frightened him. It appeared partly round, like a balloon —and that's just what it was: one of the Japanese balloons that drifted across the Pacific Ocean and landed along the West Coast and inland as far as the Continental Divide during the war.

Menaced by a Wall of Flames

It scared Zoga. It started a fire, too. The balloon landed in dry timber a quarter of a mile off. There came a terrific explosion—and a wall of flames lifted and bore down upon Zoga's band.

The herder got his sheep lined out and headed for a park some distance away. Bits of incandescent bark and sparks drifted downwind and made the animals nervous. They threatened to stampede, but Zoga and his dogs managed to keep them in line.

The fire was crowning in the pines only a few yards behind them when they came out into the open park. Zoga had fire in his hair and bits of bark clung to his clothes, smoldering. He corralled the sheep and set the dogs to ranging around them. The fire burned out on the edge of the park where the timber ended. The sheep were safe but panic-stricken. Zoga and the dogs worked the rest of the day and that night. They were exhausted to the point of collapse, but Zoga decided to continue his drive.

Luckily, it was downhill. At the lower elevations, the timber faded away into long, sagebrush slopes. The fire danger ended.

But there were other dangers. Zoga had an encounter with a black bear; it fled. There were areas of needle grass, whose tiny, sharp points get into the wool of sheep and into their mouths, eventually working into their eyes to destroy their sight. There was locoweed, poisonous and often deadly to all grazing animals. And there were big patches of cockleburs, which bury themselves in the sheep's wool.

Zoga, growing more exhausted by the hour, brought his band through with surprisingly few casualties. Then he hit the bunk for a week, and the boss gave him a week in town following that.

The sagas of the sheepherder are heroic. "We never leave the woollies," the herders say. "We die with 'em."

And that means few sheepherders die in bed. One by one, the old-timers are dropping off. They go simply. One day the packer from the home ranch goes out with supplies in his pickup truck and finds the sheep attended only by the dogs. They have their own canine code. If there are two of them, one sits by the dead body of the herder, the other watches the band. If there is only one, he alternates between keeping the sheep in order and watching the form of his master.

Always, the sheep are taken care of —by the sheepherder himself in life, by his dogs when he dies. ▲▲▲

Sometimes a fellow needs a friend

And one of those times is right now, when fleas are at their worst. It's not only fleas, either, that cause the itching torment your dog may suffer this time of year. Oftentimes it's a common fungus that enters his skin through old flea bites.

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When that mushroom-shaped cloud rises over Nevada, it's the climax of two years of arduous planning, ulcerating tensions and bone-tiring work. Come behind the scenes with the man who bosses the most awesome show on earth—

"MR. A-BOMB"

By ROBERT DE ROOS

AT FIVE in the morning, a compactly built, preoccupied man was pacing a balcony clinging to the face of a concrete blockhouse sunk into the stony ridge at the south end of Yucca Flat, Nevada. Within a few minutes—if everything went well—the shattering explosion of a "nuclear device" would blister the desert dawn.

From the beginning, for long, grueling months, it had been Carroll L. Tyler's job to make sure that everything went well. As manager of the Atomic Energy Commission's Santa Fe Operations Office at Albuquerque, New Mexico, he is the boss of the atomic testing program, the man with the final word. He's been called "Mr. A-Bomb."

But as difficult, precise, expensive and exacting as the tests are, they're only a part of Tyler's job. He is the man responsible for the research, development (which includes testing) and manufacture of all the atomic weapons in the United States. The way he does his job may determine the future of the nation.

Peering into the darkness across the flat, Tyler could see the bright pin point of light which marked the tower eight miles away. Sealed in a cab at the tip of the tower was the nuclear device, "the gadget" —triggered and waiting for an impulse from the control room which would release its colossal force.

The gadget was Tyler's baby. Months ago, he had approved plans for the test. A few hours before—despite the apprehensions of some of his advisers—he had given the final go-ahead. He had been in on the original planning, he had co-ordinated the scientific and technical details of the device itself and he had dovetailed the sometimes conflicting demands of the scientists, the Army, Navy and Air Force, the AEC itself, the Federal Civil Defense Administration and laboratories all over the country.

Tyler paced the balcony as though it were the bridge of a battleship going into action. A thousand details flicked at his mind. Would the wind change? And, if it did, would there be any unforeseeable "fall-out" from the radioactive cloud? Would the blast wave splinter windows in nearby towns? He thought of the 1,300 combat troops crouched in slit trenches 4,000 yards from Ground Zero, where the explosion would take place. He knew every possibility of danger had been considered and ruled out. But he knew, too, that he could not guard against the bizarre consequences of the explosion and its effects on the human mind. Only that morning he had received a letter from a worried California woman: "I have heard about atomic radiation," she wrote. "Since I am pregnant, I would be particularly anxious to know if there is any possibility of an effect on the fetus . . ."

Last year, resort owners in Wisconsin and Michigan wrote in to complain that Tyler's atomic shots were ruining their business by "causing it to rain every week end." Ranchers in New Mexico are sure cold weather which threatened their crops was caused by Tyler's big magic. Tyler has been blamed for a fall of green snow on Mount Shasta in California and for a glob of yellow, radioactive mud on a roof on one of the San Juan Islands near Seattle. He pleaded innocent to the green snow, but agreed the yellow mud was probably wet Nevada desert dust from an atomic cloud.

A vase was broken in a Modesto, California, living room 280 miles away. Tyler got a bill, but he did not pay it. A Las Vegas, Nevada, gambling joint, 90 miles from the blast, put in a claim for $5 for broken dishes, and Tyler paid off.

Tyler heard a muted thrumming of engines. High above, against the pallor of the dawn sky, he could see the dim vapor trails of a dozen B-36 intercontinental bombers, boring in to be over the tower at the exact instant of the detonation. He knew 41 other planes—jets, bombers, photographic planes, drones—were in the air above him.

Scientists Watch in Control Room

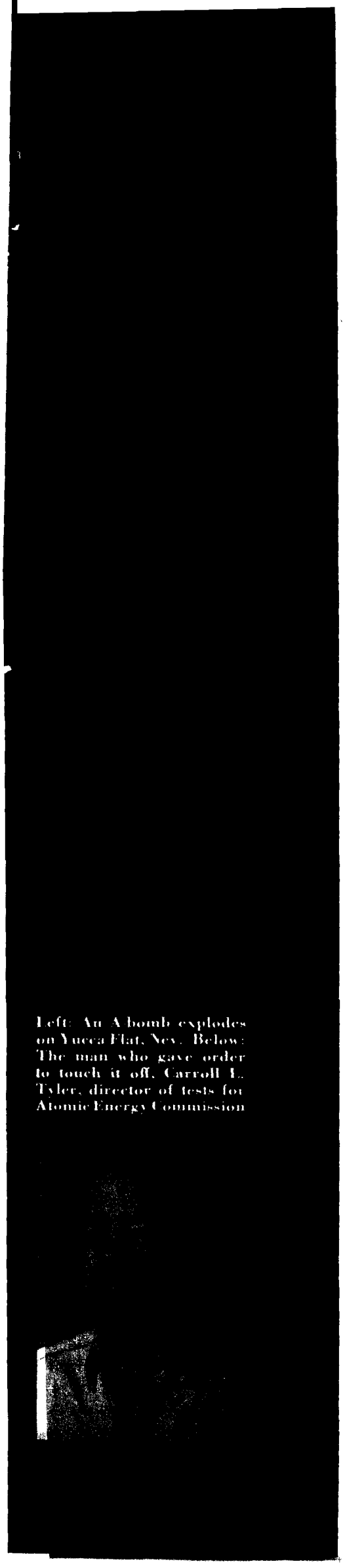
Behind him, in the control room, scientists watched the dials which registered the actions of more than a hundred instruments far out in Yucca Flat. The sequence timer, the automaton which controlled the last-minute timing, whirred gently. An old-fashioned pendulum clock ticked out the seconds. Lights on the control panel flashed from green to red.

In the firing area, at a safe distance from Ground Zero, a hundred alarm clocks suddenly broke the stillness, awakening a hundred rabbits, each trussed so that one eye focused on the tower in an experiment to determine the effect of the blast on vision.

A loud-speaker grated: "One minute . . ." Tyler adjusted his opaque goggles. The final signal raced toward the tower. Then the earth shuddered and the glare of a hundred noons washed the desert and brightened the sky for hundreds of miles. A blazing fireball leaped into the air, sending a wall of shriveling heat outward. The tall spires of the yucca plants burst into flames, burning in the desolation like doomsday candles.

Tyler opened his mouth and braced himself. The shock wave hit him and hit him again. (At eight miles, the shock waves feel like a sharp slap.) He turned and went into the control room. A small group watched the ascending atomic cloud through deeply recessed windows. The great control panel was silent; its lights were dead. There was a perceptible draining away of tension, the accumulated strain of sleepless nights. One man sat down, closed his red-rimmed eyes for a long moment and reached for a cigarette. Tyler poured a cup of coffee. Fatigue was at last possible.

Actually, their work was only half done. Each



Left: An A-bomb explodes on Yucca Flat, Nev. Below: The man who gave order to touch it off, Carroll L. Tyler, director of tests for Atomic Energy Commission

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

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Eight pigs were destined for an important role in the test explosion. Soldier

man—mathematician, electronics expert, physicist or high-explosive technician—had come to the 1953 Spring Test Series at the Nevada Proving Grounds looking for answers. Around Ground Zero and even in the atomic gadget itself they had built no fewer than 99 major nuclear diagnostic tests, biological-medical tests and other experiments to determine the effects of the explosion on military and civilian equipment and on men stationed close up—but at a safe distance.

The explosion was not caused by a weapon—but it packed the punch of tens of thousands of tons of TNT. Gadgets less powerful killed more than 150,000 people at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Checking Up on Laws of Nature

"We have come here," Dr. Norris E. Bradbury, director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, explained later, "to see if the laws of nature agree with the computations of the laboratory."

The answers were incredibly swift. When it was detonated, the gadget vaporized its 300-foot steel tower and all attached instruments in a millionth of a second. To get a slow-motion, step-by-step record of what happened during the explosion, the scientists had to create devices capable of receiving and storing impressions at a hundred-millionth of a second, or a "shake" as they call it. Thus, before the coaxial cables leading from the gadget were vaporized, they already had accomplished their task. Over them, the signals conveying the inner secrets of the explosion had outraced the atom to the recording devices buried in distant underground bunkers.

The record of the shot now lay out on the dark plain of Yucca Flat, in the high-speed cameras and other instruments, in the twisted remains of equipment placed at varying distances from Ground Zero, even in the exposed retinas of the rabbits' eyes. As the radiation subsided, teams would move into the desert and unseal the bunkers. Then for weeks and months the task of assessing and analyzing the test would continue.

But, despite the awesome work left to be done, even the scientists looked upon the detonation as the critical point of their efforts. It was the crucial moment, the point of no return. Each explosion, or "detonation of a nuclear device," costs the taxpayers an average of $3,000,000, aside from the fissionable materials used, and their value cannot be calculated in money alone. The flash on the desert was the narrow crack through which the scientists peer for further secrets of the atom. In a personal sense, it was also the climax to two years of arduous planning, ulcerating tensions and bone-tiring work, all complicated by uncertainties and dangers which would drive less-stable men to frenzy.

The flash was the culminating point of probably the most ingenious, elaborate and exact calculations ever made by man. Yet, the explosion had shadowy beginnings—in the musings of Los Alamos scientists, at a laboratory bench, a worried conference of Civilian Defense directors, the pressing needs of the Pentagon for increased fire power in the most decisive single weapon we hold.

Each successful test produces a mass of new facts about nuclear reactions. Each one also raises a host of new questions—questions which the scientists must reduce to the most specific terms before they can be asked. As these questions accumulate, as the scientists make their preliminary explorations in the laboratory, the shape of future field tests becomes vaguely outlined. Thus, immediately after the 1952 spring series of shots, Tyler, Dr. Bradbury and Dr. Alvin C. Graves, scientific test director, got together to discuss the problems which needed to be tested as soon as possible. Some had been developing for a year at Los Alamos.

After this meeting, Tyler sent a message to his field manager at Las Vegas. In effect, he wrote: "We do not know exactly what we will do, but we think we know enough to tell you to go ahead with these things." He listed basic construction work which would be needed: the miles of access roads, towers of special design, underground bunkers, almost seven miles of coaxial cable (at $5.99 per foot), power lines and signal lines and concrete recording stations. At the same time, Tyler submitted this tentative outline to the Atomic Energy Commission, which in turn passed the word to the Department of Defense and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy.

From then on, Tyler's office, a modest wallboard room in a former girls' school at Albuquerque, was the clearinghouse for all test preparations. Although the test ultimately would involve the efforts of nearly 7,000 persons, Tyler was the pivot on which all decisions turned, the one man who bore the final weight.

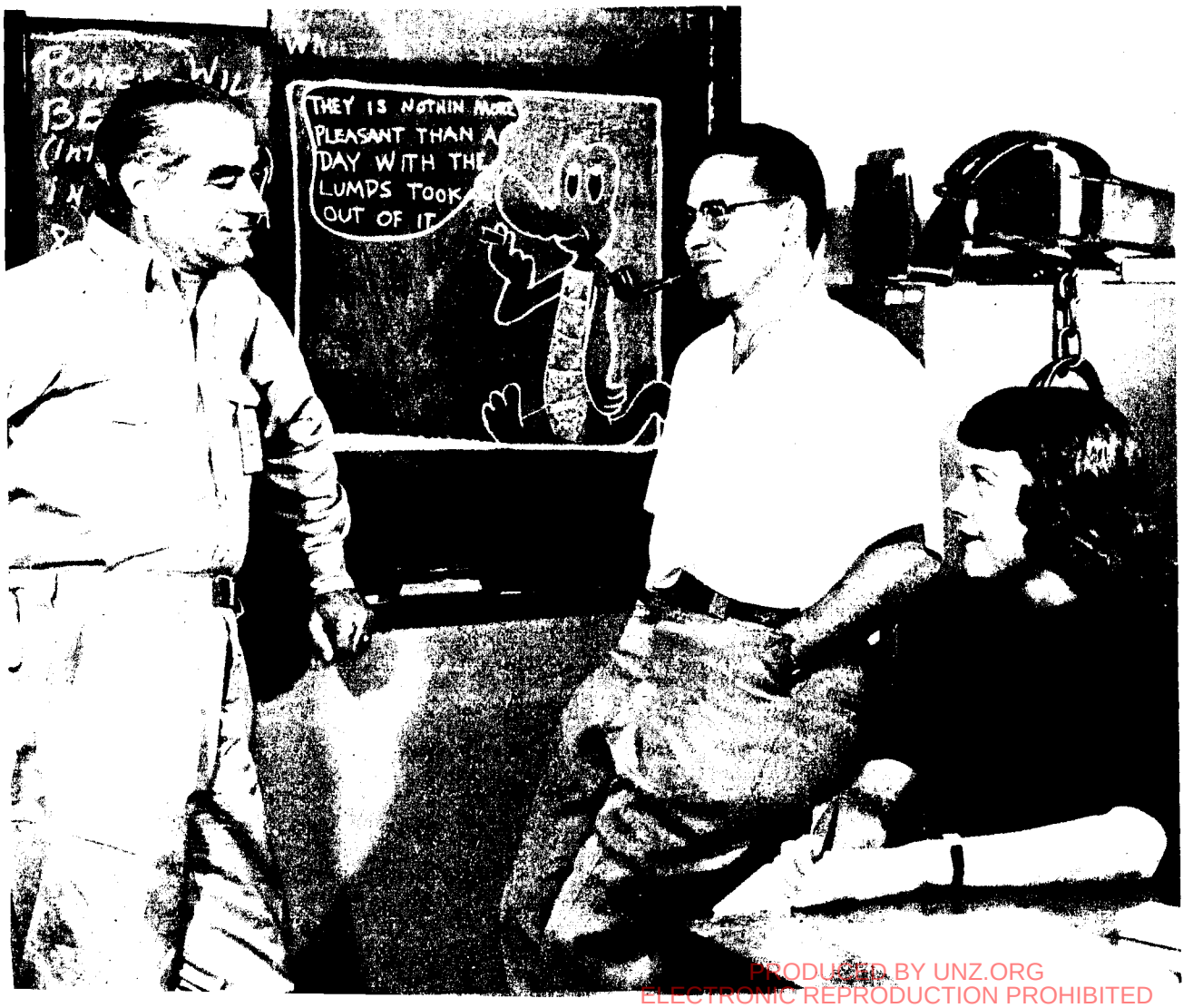
Across his desk now passed agreements and negotiations with dozens of government agencies and private contractors sharing in preparations for the test—such as the University of California (Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory); Bendix Aviation Corporation; Silas Mason Company; Dow Chemical Company; Western Electric Company, Inc. (Sandia Corporation); Edgerton, Germeshausen & Grier, the instrument company; and Procter & Gamble Company. As they made their plans, the various branches of the armed services, the AEC, the Civilian Defense Administration and private laboratories and manufacturers throughout the country bombarded Tyler with questions for which he had no answers—or, at best, tentative answers. Since everything depended upon the scientists, whose work was not finished, there could be no solid planning. Nevertheless, construction had to proceed and some plans had to be made. Tyler was like a man assembling a vast jigsaw puzzle in which none of the pieces had yet been cut to match.

Still Tyler carries the unprecedented difficulties of his post with quiet ease. A retired Navy captain from Foxboro, Massachusetts, he has a kind of built-in authority; he does not need to shout in order to command. Of medium size, but rugged-faced with square jaw and heavy black eyebrows, he stands apart physically among his colleagues, most of whom have the manner and appearance of men from the laboratory or cloistered classroom. Not himself a scientist, Tyler understands them, gets along with them and has the capacity to organize their efforts as a team.

"Tyler depends on the team," one of his associates says. "He doesn't give many orders and he doesn't like crises."

In whatever conflicts arose during preparations for the test, Tyler made the final decisions. "It rarely came down to a one-man decision," he says, "but when it did, I decided."

Tyler (l.) talks with W. E. Ogle, deputy test director for Weapons Development, and Dorothy Whitcomb at the control point. Alligator on blackboard is one of Ogle's comic-strip favorites



Problems in Target-Area Real Estate

During the summer of 1952, he ruled on several controversial issues, such as how the real estate in the immediate target area would be divided between weapons-development-diagnostic, military and civil defense tests, exposure chambers for research and animal shelters, and space for troops to maneuver. The planned schedule of shots grew from an original six to nine, making it the longest in continental test history. He announced he'd reject other requests, then later had to add two others, one for the Army's test of its nuclear cannon projectile and another one, the biggest blast ever set off on the continent, to confirm some startling new observations made in earlier tests.

Through the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project officer who was to be his Deputy for Military Operations, Air Force Colonel Paul T. Preuss, on the one hand, and through AEC in Washington, on the other, Tyler debated the question of just how close the Army could move its soldiers to Ground Zero. The result was a varying table of distances closer to Zero than men had ever before been in peacetime, but still safe for men protected in

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haved them and put them in uniforms for the occasion

trenches. There were conferences without end as he and Preuss—a solidly built World War II veteran from Seymour, Indiana—discussed with their experts such problems as the radiation level to which troops could be safely exposed.

Meanwhile, construction at the Nevada test site went on steadily. The Air Force Special Weapons Command took over the task of supplying and controlling the 53 planes of all types to be used in the test (a total of 272 aircraft would be needed for the whole series). The Army set up quotas of combat troops to be indoctrinated in atomic warfare. While the crews who were to control the drone planes trained at widely separated bases, the biomedical teams prepared plants and animals for exposure to the atom's flash, heat, blast and radiation.

"Hardware" for Detonation Device

At the same time, small groups of weapons-development scientists were pushing their laboratory experiments and mathematical calculations to the final point possible, short of an actual field test. Other scientists and technicians were at work devising new instruments and systems for photographing or recording what would take place immediately before, during and immediately after the detonation. Sandia Laboratory, a weapons-development organization under contract to the AEC, began the design and fabrication of the "hardware" for the device to be detonated.

During the fall, while these preparations were under way, a series of totally different test shots was made in Eniwetok—shots considered too dangerous for the continental proving ground. Immediately after the last detonation there, Dr. William E. Ogle, deputy test director for Weapons Development, who grew up in Las Vegas, ripped a blackboard from his Quonset on the island, borrowed a B-17, and bundled a cadre of top deputies aboard. At 12,000 feet above the Pacific, Dr. Ogle, with chalk in hand, filled the blackboard with the hieroglyphs of science. In this aerial seminar, the scientists tied down most of the details for the circuitry, instrumentation and photographic coverage for the spring tests.

In January of this year, the Army activated its tent camp at waterless Desert Rock, a mile outside the gate leading into the proving ground. Heavy equipment was moved in and 1,500 service troops began to blast and dig the trenches for the troops in the firing area. At Camp Mercury, the barracks community where test personnel and construction workers live just inside the gate, housekeeping detachments were moved in to operate the town of 2,000 persons during the test. Simultaneously, young, red-haired Earle D. Hightower, of Las Vegas, chief test security officer, tightened protective regulations, setting up a new badge system for everyone in the area. Helicopter and jeep patrols swept the 640-mile-square grounds.

In Albuquerque, Lieutenant Colonel Paul H. Fackler, a lean, deceptively easygoing pilot from Champaign, Illinois, and his associates began the 12-hour-a-day planning for the test's complicated air plot, computing the take-off time and speed of the helicopters, F-84 jets, B-36 bombers and other aircraft which would take off from many bases and converge over Ground Zero at or immediately after the moment of detonation.

As the work of the far-flung enterprise began to jell and it became clear what quantities of fissionable material would be required, Tyler informed the AEC, which then went to the President, who alone can give permission for the explosive expenditure of the material.

When in February, a month before the test, the scientists moved into the firing area, time was a narrowing funnel. The vast dun-colored basin of Yucca Flat, 20 miles long and 10 miles wide, was dotted with odd-shaped buildings, strange metal and concrete structures (left there, 4,000 years from now they too would be as enigmatic as Stonehenge or the statues on Easter Island). Out of the plain rose two concrete walls and three steel towers, 1,000 feet apart and increasing in height from ground level to 200 feet. Each tower supported a concrete shield with four holes in it. The towers were so adjusted that one could stand at ground level and sight the shot tower as through a rifle barrel. The purpose was to study gamma rays, which travel in straight lines.

Almost lost in the vista of the plain itself were the scientists and hundreds of workmen. At the reactivated control point, scholarly-looking men—some of them surprisingly young—moved preoccupied through the corridors. They seemed wanderers from a college campus—somehow incongruous in this bleak blockhouse which held no wastebaskets, only red boxes, locked and marked BURN for every scrap of paper.

During the final week before the shot, the flat is congested with contractors' trucks, graders and cranes. Deep in the underground bunkers the scientists work against the clock to complete their instrumentation systems. Everyone gets less and less sleep; when they do sleep, they simply drop on one of the 30 bunks in the underground dormitory and rest for a few hours. Coffee bubbles on a dozen hot plates. Because some of the experts won't take the time to come to control point to eat, a food wagon is sent on a regular run through the flat. Because of the strain, rules have to be invoked.

"We've had to insist that everyone take off one day a week—clear off the site," says Tyler. "Otherwise, they'd work themselves to death."

By D—5, in the military parlance adopted by the scientists, each hour is a goad. The time has come for the first of the daily dry runs of the sequence timer—the great, unthinking robot mechanism which in the last 15 minutes before the blast will assume control. For the twice-daily tests, all complete instruments except the gadget itself—must be hooked up to the automatic system. For each rehearsal, new instruments are added; thus the scientists get a daily measure of their progress.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration closes the air over the area. Sandia Laboratory installs microbarographs in surrounding communities to measure blast effects. The dynamo of tension steps up: the gadget is delivered by unannounced means. Only a few people actually know when it arrives, but the grapevine is fast and accurate. Security moves in in strength. "You do not just leave fissionable material lying around the desert," says Tyler.

Even the Pogo group seems a little subdued. A secretary fixes a calendar on the wall: "Till Pogundy there are left only 120 hours." The Pogo group is headed by Dr. Ogle, who is an outstanding admirer of cartoonist Walt Kelly, creator of the comic strip Pogo. Theirs is the one incorrigibly puckish note in the deadly serious atmosphere at control point. Pogo stands for People Out Guessing Ogle—and the word usually can stir up a minor laugh whenever the strain becomes unbearable. Pogundy is Pogo talk for shot time. The Pogo group has obtained from Kelly a specially drawn cartoon of Albert, the cigar-smoking alligator, with a big balloon coming out of his mouth in which he sagely observes, "There is nothin' more pleasant than a day with the lumps took out of it."

D—2. Till Pogundy there are 48 hours. The sequence timer sends out its signal and a hundred dials report what is happening eight miles away. All the pieces of equipment which will demand power for the shot are turned on simultaneously so the load can be determined. Cameras in giant trailers are hauled into the control-point area, connected to power and signal lines, and trained on the distant tower.

A planeload of VIPs leaves Washington. The troops move in from Camp Desert Rock for a practice maneuver and are assigned their slit trenches 4,000 yards from Ground Zero. Tyler and Dr. Graves fly in from Albuquerque and Los Alamos.

Weather now is the big factor. The Weather Center makes a preliminary forecast—heavy clouds and an adverse wind. Looking at the synoptic weather map, Tyler furrows bushy brows. Clouds mean operating troubles for scores of aircraft, and would probably prevent them from collecting some of the desired scientific data. If they held rain, they could mean a heavy washout of radioactive particles. An adverse wind would carry the particles over the troops and nearby populated areas, one of the variable hazards which constantly haunt Tyler and his associates.

A.E.C. PHOTO

Tyler (right) talks with newspapermen at News Nob, overlooking atomic test site on Yucca Flat, Nevada

Wind Drives Atomic Cloud Off Course

After one test, a last-minute wind shift had moved an atomic cloud over Lincoln Mine, a small mining community 50 miles northeast of the firing area. There AEC precautionary monitoring teams had ordered the miners to remain underground for two hours while the rest of the town's inhabitants had to stay indoors until the radiation had diminished to a safe point.

Tyler is plagued by cases of imaginary radiation sickness—which he runs down to be sure they are imaginary. Recently, two prospectors of San Bernardino, California, were reported to be emitting radioactive particles, something new to science. Their doctor, however, laid their trouble to fatigue. Whenever there is the slightest question of exposing people to even mild radiation, Tyler orders roadblocks in the sparsely settled desert area or, as he did at Lincoln Mine and later at St. George, Utah, whose residents he advised to stay indoors for three hours one morning until the cloud had passed. On that test more than 400 cars were stopped at roadblocks. They were found to be harmlessly radioactive, but their owners were advised to have them washed and to send the bill to the AEC.

D—1. At 8:30 A.M., Tyler and Dr. Graves meet with the deputies for weapons development, military effects and civil effects, the air control officer, radiological safety men, the Civil Aeronautics Authority and the weather officer.

With Tyler beside him, Dr. Graves questions

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Well-laid plans for an atomic test almost went awry when a kangaroo rat hid in a

the assembled men: "Are the experiments ready?"

"They are either ready or will be by shot time," answers Dr. Ogle. "Gaelen Felt is having some trouble with his cameras but he assures me he will be ready." Dr. Felt is a youngish-looking scientist, the father of three, who is stationed at Los Alamos.

"What's the word on the weather?"

"The wind is bad now but it will swing around," answers Major D. N. Morgan of the Air Weather Center. From each deputy, Dr. Graves gets the "go-no go" report—a list of experiments and their time sequence. If any signal fails at shot time, this list will enable him to evaluate its importance at once.

After the "Execute" Order

Tyler and Dr. Graves issue the "execute" order. The AEC and the Department of Defense in Washington are notified: pending final evaluation, there will be a shot. The AEC Operations Office in New York (which activates a nation-wide radiation sampling network), Los Alamos, Sandia and the CAA are alerted. The Air Force sends the word to its airfields so the test planes can be readied.

Contractors begin the final cleanup of the site. Every wooden building within three miles of the tower is removed. Trucks loaded with sandbags rumble toward the bunkers and signal towers. Heavy equipment is moved back. Camera crews go out to load and trigger 150 technical cameras and install lenses in them. Radiological safety teams leave for their off-site positions.

"Certain procedures" immediately get under way at the tower—which means that Dr. Leslie B. Seely, Jr., the deliberate, painstaking Los Alamos scientist who is the firing-party leader, begins final assembly and instrumentation of the gadget.

At Camp Mercury, anguished squeals suddenly rend the afternoon. A detachment of military medical experimenters is rounding up eight Poland China pigs. Amid considerable swearing, both porcine and military, they are finally gotten in hand. Then, they are lathered and carefully shaved. This tonsorial chore is but half the battle. Each pig is now impeccably suited (though not without a struggle) in a tailor-fitted uniform. This is no college prank; the medical men are deadly earnest. The pigs are to be used to test the protection which uniforms of various materials give against atomic burns. Since the fit is important, the pigs' uniforms are tailored, and they are shaved to make their hides more comparable to human skin.

At five o'clock, security starts pinching people out of the advance area. A special access list goes into effect. Every person in the area is checked by name and number and assignment. Twelve hours till Pogundy.

At sundown, Dr. Seely calls the control point from the cab atop the tower. "We're buttoned up," he says. "The gadget is ready for final arming."

In an underground bunker, Dr. Felt, in charge of all high-speed photography, is having some lumps—he is behind on his preparation for a major experiment. If he is not ready, the shot will be postponed.

He is working with ultrahigh-speed cameras focused on the tower through periscopes. By 8:00 P.M., his cameras are adjusted. He borrows some 2,000-watt floodlights. An assistant goes up the tower and holds the lights on the cab while Dr. Felt makes his delicate adjustments.

At 9:00 P.M., Tyler and Dr. Graves return from Indian Springs Air Force Base, 23 miles away, where they have briefed a hundred just-arrived VIPs. They immediately go into the final evaluation meeting which will determine whether the shot is made on schedule. The small room is packed with the men chiefly responsible for the shot, plus members of Tyler's advisory panel, members of the AEC, the weather center, the Air Force, the Army and the Public Health Service.

Dr. Graves handles the meeting. His deputies report on the readiness of their experiments. All vital experiments are ready except for Dr. Felt's.

"He assures me he will be ready," says Dr. Ogle.

Major Morgan reports on the weather. "The radical shift in wind forecast this morning is continuing," he says. "At shot time, the ground wind will be from the south-southeast with a velocity of three knots. Cloud cover will be negligible. There is no rain within 500 miles downstream. The radiation fall-out will fan out in a narrow pie slice toward, but short of, Caliente, Nevada."

Lieutenant Colonel Clifford A. Spohn, of Temple, Pennsylvania, the radiation expert, predicts the hot spot for radiation fall-out will hit 20 miles southwest of Caliente "if the weather verifies."

Dr. Graves turns to Colonel Fackler. "The air effort is all set," the colonel says. Dr. Graves looks toward Dr. Everett F. Cox, of Albuquerque, a Sandia Laboratory expert whose job it is to predict the blast effect—how it will be affected by reflection from the troposphere and the ionosphere and by winds aloft. "If the weather verifies," says Dr. Cox, "we'll wake up the people in Caliente (110 miles away) long before any fall-out gets there."

Desert Rock? Brigadier General William C. Bullock, the commander, replies: "The Army is set; 1,300 troops will go into the trenches 4,000 yards from Zero. Nine volunteers will go in to 2,500 yards."

Dr. Graves addresses the advisory panel. "You have the weather, the blast and fall-out predictions," he says. "What is your opinion?" One by one, the experts of various fields discuss the reports. Is there any chance the radiation hot spot will move toward a populated area? Some panel members feel doubtful about proceeding with the shot.

Dr. Graves speaks to Tyler: "Everything is ready, or will be. There is some concern about fall-out on the part of some members of the panel. The weather looks as good as we can hope for for a considerable period and it seems to be a firm forecast. I recommend we go ahead."

Tyler stands up. "Gentlemen," he says, "let's not get to the point where we demand perfect conditions. We'll never get them. Those of you who have some concern seem to be anticipating the worst possible combination of possibilities. That is very improbable."

He polls every member of the panel: "Do you foresee any hazard to any person?" One by one they reply: "No."

"Gentlemen, we have a shot," Tyler says. He leaves the room.

It is 10:00 P.M. Dr. Graves joins Tyler in his office and they start a desultory game of gin rummy, mulling the thousand details of the shot.

In his bunker, Dr. Felt gives his cameras a trial run. They are special cameras, shaped like a large drum. In the center of the drum is a rotating mirror, a piece of high-tensile steel about the size of a postage stamp, mounted on a shaft and driven by a gas turbine—at 10,000 revolutions per second, just about the limit of the tensile strength of the steel.

At 10:30, with its mirror revolving at 8,000 r.p.s., one of the cameras blows up, spattering the bunker with fragments of steel. Luckily no one is hit.

Dr. Gaelen Felt seems to have more lumps in his day than anybody. During an earlier test, while he was setting up a similar experiment, a kangaroo rat invaded one of his camera periscopes on the night of the shot, and couldn't be removed. While taut last-minute communications were passing over the field intercom system, Felt interrupted with a hurry call for cheese. A scientist finally dug a cheese sandwich out of his lunch box, but the rat refused to come out—a desert denizen, he had never smelled cheese.

Three hours later, of his own free will, the rat sauntered out, while the Pogo group celebrated the event by harmonizing Three Blind Mice over the desert loud-speakers.

"How we used to despise him . . . always too busy practicing the piano to get out and play baseball"

COLLIER'S — KIRK STILES

Rabbits, Clocks, Pigs Arrive

At 11:00 P.M., two panel trucks stop at the security barrier. The guards open the doors. In one truck are a hundred rabbits and a hundred alarm clocks. In the second are the well-dressed, clean-shaven pigs.

The guards wave the trucks into the flat. The pigs are placed in position and anesthetized so they will be immobile at shot time. The rabbits, to be used to determine the effect of the flash on the retina of the eye, are placed so that one eye stares at the tower. Alarm clocks are set for a few seconds before shot time so the bunnies will be awakened at the proper time.

At 12:30 A.M., the firing party moves into the control room. Dr. Seely checks the firing circuitry. He unlocks a switch box and makes sure there is no power on the line to the firing area. He locks the box. He has the only key.

The firing party drives into the cold night. First stop is the main switching station. Dr. Seely opens a switch and makes sure, very sure, there is no voltage on the line to the tower. He locks the switch box. They drive to the tower.

Once in the cab, 300 feet above the ground, the firing party works down a carefully devised check list, inspecting the circuits connected with the gadget. Before any connections are made, the circuit is carefully tested for voltage. "Is it dangerous?" someone once asked Dr. Seely. "No," he replied. "Not if

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you do it right. It is, however, a job which requires extreme caution."

At 1:00 A.M., having abandoned the wrecked camera, Dr. Felt's crew finishes loading the others. With a technician, Dr. Felt goes over his check list: gas pressure, oil pressure, solenoids, film tension, more than a hundred items. He runs his hands along every cable, making sure it comes from the right place and reaches the right destination.

One A.M. Colonel Fackler's radio speaks up at the control point. Twelve B-36 bombers have just taken off from Carswell Air Force Base 1,200 miles away.

Volunteers take their stations in a special louvered trailer seven miles from Ground Zero. Like the rabbits, they too will stare at the detonation with one eye—so the effects of flash blindness can be checked.

Old Man Offers to Be Victim

A secretary interrupts Tyler's card game and hands him a letter. "Dear Sir," it says. "I am sixty-six years old and got four children five to sixteen years old and a wife (best woman in all the world). Now, having hardening of the arteries, I can't live six months at most, so let me be in your target area . . . I am ready at a moment's notice." Tyler dictates a reply: "Thank you for your offer, but . . ."

At Desert Rock, shivering troops, their helmets gleaming dully, climb into buses. Their long caravan stretches out on the road to the security station. "All aboard for the valley where the giant mushrooms grow," a GI calls and gets a smallish laugh.

At 2:00 A.M., Dr. Felt climbs out of his bunker. A crane truck lowers the hatch cover. Dr. Felt and the driver pile on sandbags. Dr. Felt checks the blast doors, designed to fall after the shot to protect the cameras from the bomb's blast. He runs a wire through each rope holding up the doors. If one falls before the shot, it will trip the wire, register in the control room and stop the shot—his experiment is a vital one.

At 2:30, he starts for the control point where he will announce over the public-address system.

At 3:11 A.M., a ton of high explosives blows up out on the flat. Microbarographs measure the amount of blast received in neighboring towns. At minus one hour, another ton of high explosives will be fired—so Dr. Cox can make his final calculations on the blast pattern and determine about where the shock wave will hit.

At 3:30, Dr. Seely makes the final connection to arm the bomb. He calls the control room. "The gadget is ready for firing." He descends the tower. A contractor's crane truck waddles up and lifts out the elevator hoist. Dr. Seely drives to the switching station, closes the switch which will put power on the line to the tower.

A photographic plane, a C-47 carrying 16 cameras, takes off from Indian Springs and starts its long grind for altitude.

Colonel Fackler's radio tells him the B-36 formation is 200 miles out. On schedule.

At 4:30, a B-29, the mother plane for the cloud samplers, takes off from Indian Springs. A flight of jets whooshes into the air, cloud-sampling filters on their wing tips. The Navy propeller drone takes off.

Dr. Felt's voice hollers over the loudspeaker: "Will the so-and-so using that electric razor please cease and desist!" Razors jam Colonel Fackler's communications. Weather reports the surface wind is from the south-southeast, three knots—the forecast is verified.

Security reports everyone out of the area.

Minus 25 minutes. Tyler and Dr. Graves enter the control room. Dials flick and lights change from green to red.

The desert is quiet and dark. Barely outlined against the darkness is the basin's encircling rim of mountains, crumbling under more patient forces than the A-bomb—the sun, the wind, the cold. A light, a pin point, twinkles from the tower eight miles away.

A loud-speaker in the troop area splinters the freezing air: "Minus 15 minutes."

Now the machine takes over—the cams, the wheels, the levers all moving dutifully in their insensate progression. In orderly sequence, they pulse their signals toward distant instruments over the network of cables that veins the desert floor. In the control room, every mind is fixed on the control panel (if anything goes wrong the machine can still be stopped). Men go deliberately about their appointed tasks. (Perhaps the most terrifying aspect of an A-test is not the explosion, but the deliberateness, the order, the precision with which the apocalypse is prepared.) Overhead, beyond reach of the ear, the planes have come to their rendezvous.

Las Vegas Police Reassured

In another room, someone calls the chief of police in Las Vegas: windows will rattle in the gambling joints, but nothing to worry about.

A siren churns the air for 30 seconds.

Minus 10 minutes.

The control room is silent except for the ticking of the old-fashioned pendulum clock on the wall. The sequence timer's spindle turns steadily, activating a myriad of electronic and radio devices in the dark of Yucca Flat.

Eerily and silently, a ventilator on a bunker closes. A motor generator whirls into action, sparked by the impulses from the control room. A light suddenly glows in a recording station. Electronic tubes warm as the current reaches them.

The shield over a high-speed camera folds back slowly and clicks into place. A half mile from Ground Zero, a coyote stands with his sharp ears cocked, puzzled by the ticking of clocks in his desert.

The loud-speaker grates again: "Minus one minute. Put on your dark goggles . . ."

Minus 15 seconds. Minus 10 seconds. The interminable count begins: "Minus five seconds . . . four seconds . . . three . . . two . . . one . . .

"Zero."

An unearthly light flattens the desert. Joshua trees cast gaunt shadows. The seething fireball rises angrily and the yucca candles blaze.

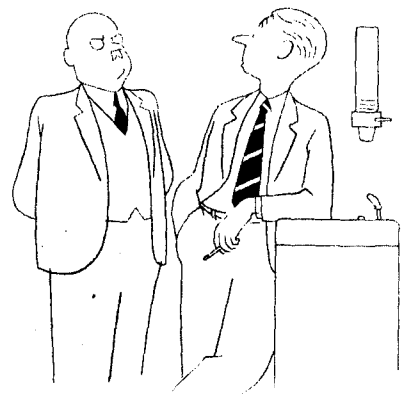
"The shock wave will arrive in approximately . . ."

Tyler turns to Dr. Graves and says quietly, "Well, Al, we've got another one on the road." ▲▲▲

Office Baseball

By NED HILTON

Intentional pass

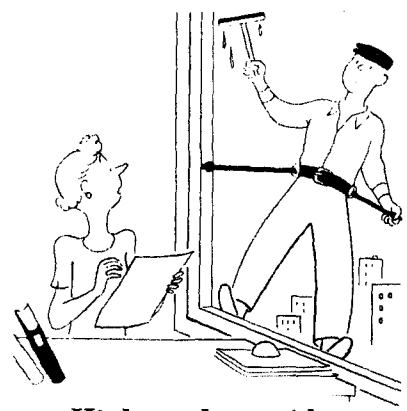


Caught off base

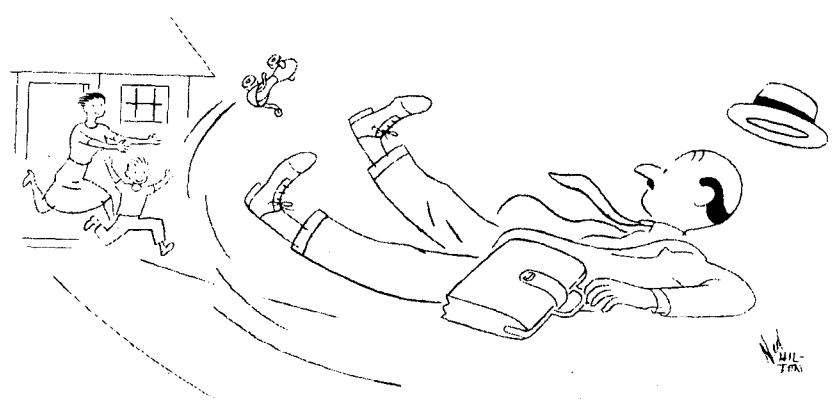
Sacrifice

Foul ball

Bonus baby



High and outside



Safe at home

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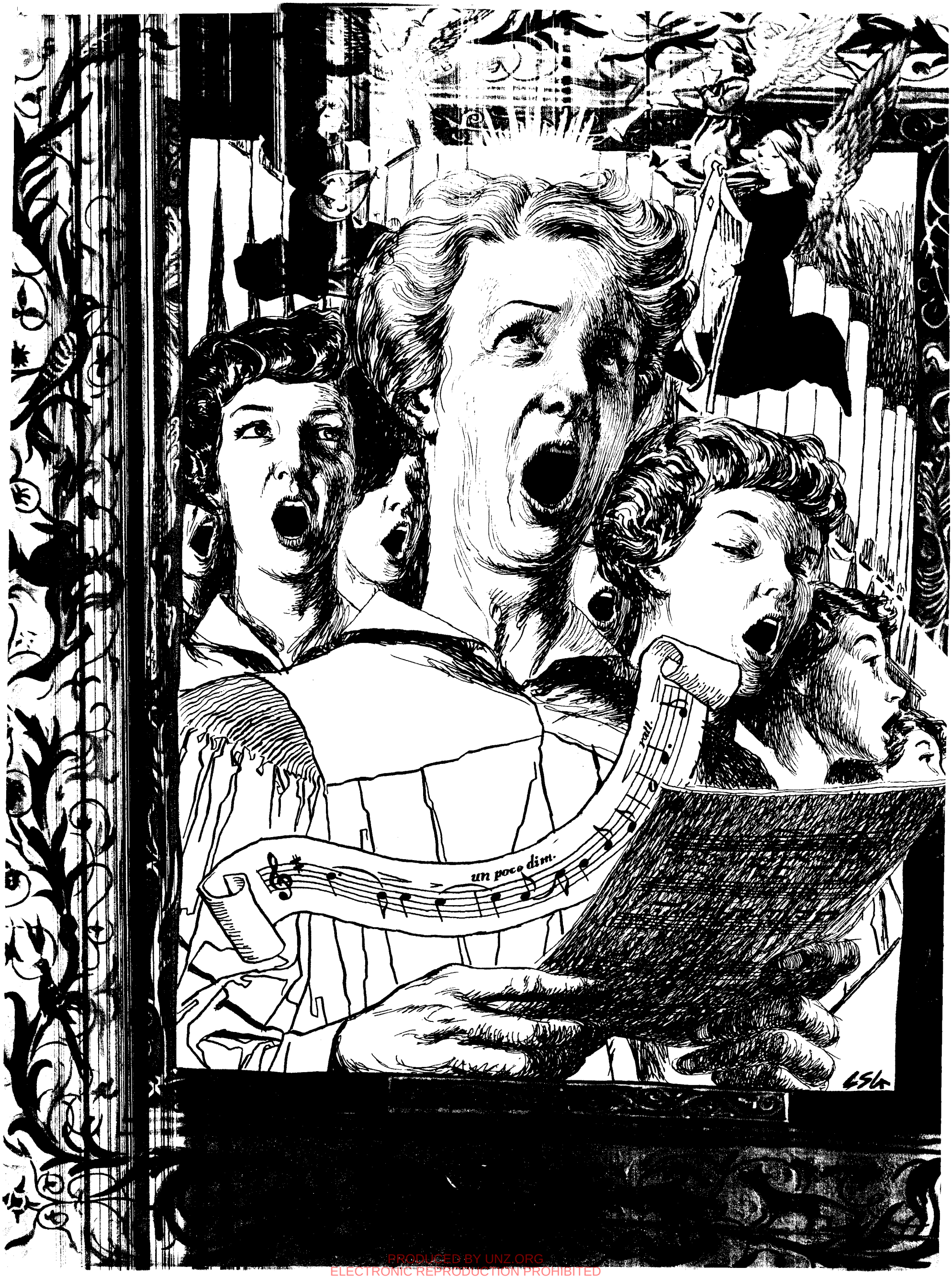

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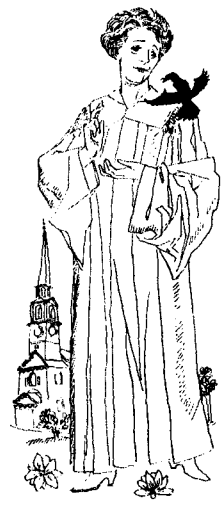
Miss Fry's Ascent to Heaven

By ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN



MISS JENNIFER FRY was by all means the most interesting person of my youth, and certainly the most interesting person in the Presbyterian church. At the time I knew Miss Fry, she was about fifty years old, although to me, of course, she looked very ancient, with her white hair, her faraway look and her vague and constant smile.

She was the daughter of Mr. Gibble Fry, the great inventor, who was about eighty and confined to his bedroom, where he surrounded himself with engines, railway-coach wheels, semaphores and a choice assortment of mechanical devices on which he was working.

Mr. Gibble Fry did not think much of his daughter. He had educated her for so long a time, he said, that she now possessed all the possible knowledge she could adequately handle. But he felt she was not practical enough. Miss Jennifer Fry, in fact, had passed nearly all her fifty years in some sort of school or university, becoming more and more and more learned and less and less wise.

In the year before her ascent to heaven, old Gibble, whose royalties from his inventions were enormous, handed his daughter a check for five hundred thousand dollars and ordered her to leave his house, as she seemed to be aggravating his illness with her philosophy and her loquacity.

Miss Fry, who was really quite saintly, merely thanked her father, deposited the money in the First Bank of Canada and moved from the family mansion to a small bungalow that was surrounded by rosebushes in the summer and snow in the winter. Having acquired all this money, Miss Fry made no change whatever in her life's routine. In the morning she fed stray birds and chatted with them, in the afternoons she read deep books about paradise, and in the evening she played Chopin on the piano.

The way I came to know about Miss Fry was that I was always hanging around the Presbyterian church doing odd jobs and earning a little spending money. I did this each year, saving toward a grand spree at the Ottawa Exhibition, that glorious week of wonders which came each year as regularly as, and perhaps even more excitingly than, Christmas.

I noticed that Miss Fry was always lurking around during choir practice, smiling hopefully, holding her hands in a position of prayer, and rolling her eyes heavenward while she nodded her head in time to the particular selection the choir was rehearsing. Once in a while she would sneak up beside the choir and, standing even with them but a little apart, would open her mouth and, letting forth a powerful accumulation of sound, join the distraugnt singers.

Mr. Firkle, the choirmaster, a frail man with only a wisp of hair and a great quantity of patience, would stop the music and quietly request Miss Fry to discontinue.

She would go to the back of the hall, still smiling, still saintly, still rolling her eyes, and, after a dutiful silence of some moments, would be unable to restrain herself from once more bursting forth with great triumphal sounds.

Even in church, Miss Fry was a problem. She had, for example, an annoying habit of trying to be the first one out of church. It was quite possibly a little game with her. I do not know. But once or twice the result was unfortunate for, in jumping from her seat to follow the choir (which paraded out singing), she ran smack into the Reverend MacKintosh who had turned around and raised his arms to say the benediction.

After a while my pastor stood firmly beside her pew, blocking her escape until he was done with his blessing.

Miss Fry also had a habit of coming to church extremely early, while I was still busy dusting the hymnbooks, and the choir was sounding off for a few moments to make sure they were all on pitch and that they had all the service correctly in mind. The Reverend MacKintosh would regard her with some annoyance as the time for the service arrived and she was still standing around in the rehearsal hall, often begging to be permitted to sing in the choir.

"Miss Fry," my pastor said one day, "just why are you so determined?"

Miss Fry lowered her eyes and concealed her hands in the folds of a dress she had taken to wearing, a dress cut the same as the robes worn by the choir. "Soon I am to join the Invisible Choir," she said, "and I feel the need of a bit of practice."

The Reverend MacKintosh, a good man, could not be but moved. "Oh, my dear, you are young yet," he said.

Miss Fry blushed. "I have heard the call," she said. "My time is not far off. I shall soon ascend into the clouds and live in bliss."

"I see," said my pastor, looking at her a little oddly. He went to Mr. Firkle, and I heard them argue for a long time, Mr. Firkle becoming red in the face and the Reverend MacKintosh talking softly but insistently. At length the choirmaster threw up his hands in surrender, and that Sunday Miss Fry marched in back of the choir, singing lustily and a little ahead of the others, as they marched down the aisle and up to the foot of the steps to the loft. There Miss Fry bowed and left them, going to her usual pew.

THAT Sunday, as the congregation filed out and shook hands with my pastor, Miss Fry was heard to say, "You have been kind to me. I shall be kind to you."

The Reverend MacKintosh smiled vaguely and turned to Mr. Gerald Cummings, a very rich man himself, who was expected to donate eventually the much-needed stained-glass window the deacons hoped to install in the west wall of the church.

A few weeks later, shortly before the Ottawa Exhibition opened—which is how I recall the time so well—Miss Fry was, as usual, an hour early to church. By some chance a bird had got into the sanctuary, and the choir and the pastor, in their awkward robes, were frantically trying to catch the creature before the congregation appeared.

They were, the choir and the Reverend MacKintosh, very discouraged until Miss Fry appeared and, still with her celestial expression and her ever-folded hands, whistled gently, "Tweet-a-tweet. Tweet-a-tweety-tweet." The bird, which had been flying furiously in circles, went abruptly to one of the organ pipes and perched there. "Tweety-tweet-a-tweet! Come, birdie, come to Jennifer!" cried Miss Fry lovingly.

The bird stared. Miss Fry looked up at him and smiled her saintly smile. The bird fluttered its wings as if highly flattered. Miss Fry crooked a beckoning finger. The bird glided down gently to her shoulder, where it perched. Miss Fry walked slowly out of the church with the bird.

When she came back, smiling, after having let the bird fly away, the pastor said gratefully, "Miss Fry, we do not know how to thank you."

"It was nothing," Miss Fry said. "I am at home with all creatures."

ABOUT a week later Miss Fry came to say goodby to the Reverend MacKintosh. "I am going to paradise next Monday," she announced calmly, her eyes shining, her face aglow. It had always been my impression that Miss Fry was a little balmy, but seeing the look on her face that day, I was not quite certain.

"Oh, I am sure you will be with us a long time yet," said the Reverend MacKintosh sincerely.

"Next Monday," said Miss Fry firmly. "This, then, is my last chance to rehearse with the choir. I hope you will not deny me the opportunity."

She was so solemn, so direct, so eager, that my pastor could not deny her her request. When the choir assembled for the morning service, she was in the middle of the group on the left, smiling triumphantly, beaming with joy, and radiating good will.

No one could say she sang beautifully that Sunday. Beautifully is not the word at all. Nor was her singing charming, or lovely, or sweet. It was something altogether different from any other kind of singing. It was unearthly, it was resonant, it was earth-shaking, it was as if the gates of heaven had opened and a pouring of great sound had come down like sudden summer rain.

No one who heard her sing that day ever forgot it. . . .

On Monday I saw her at the exhibition, as did many others. She was still dressed in her choir robes, and she was seen to step into the balloon, after some dickering with the owner and the exchange of some money.

The balloon was for ascensions over the exhibition grounds. Traveling by air was young and exciting then, and each year people were charged one dollar to go up and look down from the basket of the great balloon and see how the earth looked from a heavenly vantage point.

Well, Miss Fry got into the balloon, and before anyone else could do anything, Miss Fry hastily tossed out weights and sandbags until the balloon began to ascend. At last the great balloon soared completely out of sight, a faint speck against the clouds for a moment or two, and then nothing.

Nor was it ever seen again.

There are those who said it drifted out to sea and that Miss Fry was drowned. There are a few others who said it came down near Toronto and that Miss Fry, under an assumed name, took up a new life in that metropolis. But there were a few, including myself and the Reverend MacKintosh who had heard her announce her intention, who knew she had gone directly to paradise, far from that human gravity that ties us down to the mockery of our fellows when we are listening to music they cannot hear and singing psalms they do not comprehend.

"With some," the Reverend MacKintosh said to me in a quite private conversation, "it is a fiery chariot. With others, a balloon." ▲▲▲

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Claudie's Fickle Heart

He chased Lilly Lee up the path, but she gained on him every step

Claudie didn't know who he loved—the lady poetess or Lilly Lee, and if I could, I meant to keep him as confused as possible

By DILLON ANDERSON

IT WAS almost pitiful, I thought, the way love came to Claudie that spring morning as he sat on a willow stump beside the place our trailer house was parked.

It was the third or fourth week we'd been stranded there on old Jonathan Billingsley's sandy-land farm in north Texas, and that was all Claudie's fault. He'd talked me into leaving Dallas when he had a part-time job in a saddle factory and I had me some good contacts all worked up. But as soon as spring started to break, nothing would do but Claudie had to take out for Amarillo, where he claimed some rich kinfolks of his lived. Just wanted us to go visit with them a spell, he kept saying.

Well, we hadn't made it to Amarillo; we hadn't even made Denton, the first town on the way, when some gears in our car broke down, and one of our trailer-house tires got a slow leak that kept getting faster. I was the one that had to discover the Billingsley farm near the place where we broke down, and I was the one that worked out the deal for us to fish in Little Ellum Creek, the best fork of the Trinity River for catfish. It ran right alongside the Billingsley place.

Then, with spring blooming all around us, the fishing getting better by the day, the birds singing more and prettier in the freshly green trees, there was a feeling in the air that something really worth while might turn up any time. You know how it is in the spring of the year. And with nobody expecting me or Claudie anywhere else, I was about ready to get used to the Billingsley place.

Then Claudie had to go and fall for the lady poetess. I remember well the morning it happened. I'd been watching the trotline we had strung out across the bluish-green hole in Billingsley's Bend, there on Little Ellum Creek, and I'd been thinking some very confidential things about Lilly Lee, the oldest Billingsley girl, and the beautiful way her hips swayed when she walked; also, how everything was more so when she ran. And when Claudie spoke up I hardly heard him. "How's that?" I said.

"I said this shore is a pretty woman, Clint—here in the Denton newspaper. Says she's a lady poetess." And as he spoke I couldn't help noticing the mushy look that bridled Claudie's long, horse-type face.

Well, only so as to please Claudie, I went over and took a right close look at the slick, brown-and-white part of the newspaper that had the picture of the pretty woman in it. At that, it took me quite a few minutes to get my mind off of Lilly Lee Billingsley and on to the picture of the lady poetess

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The Reds Broke Through

Marine S/Sgt.
Archie Van Winkle
Medal of Honor

ATTACKING IN DARKNESS, a superior Red force had smashed through B Company's defense line, near Sudong. Staff Sergeant (now Second Lieutenant) Van Winkle's platoon lay pinned under murderous fire. The entire Company faced destruction.

Passing a command to his platoon, the sergeant leaped from cover, led a desperate rush against the enemy. A bullet shattered his left elbow, but he kept going.

The left-flank squad got separated. Sergeant Van Winkle dashed 40 yards through heavy fire to bring it in. An exploding grenade seriously wounded his chest. Still, lying on the ground, he continued to direct the fighting.

Finally he was evacuated, unconscious from loss of blood; but the breakthrough had been plugged, the Company saved.

"I found out firsthand," says Sergeant Van Winkle, "that the Reds respect only one thing—strength. But America has plenty, thanks to our armed forces who serve in the field—and good citizens at home who invest in our country's Defense Bonds! I believe in Bonds—as savings to protect my family and as strength to protect my country. I own them—and I hope you do, too!"

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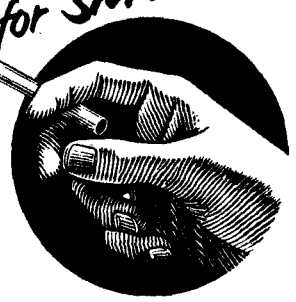

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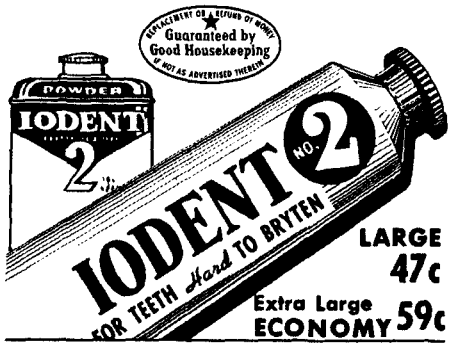

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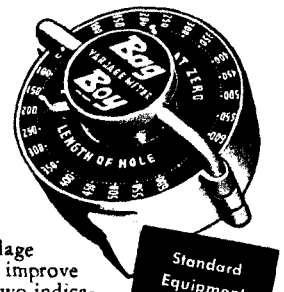

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there in the newspaper. She looked to me like an old-fashioned girl that hadn't been around a great deal, this lady poetess. She had big, sad-looking eyes, and they were cast down toward, say, the feet of the person taking the picture. Her hair was done up in a kind of a fluffy pile on top, and she was wearing a heart-shaped locket. Still, in spite of the sad look in her eyes and all, damned if she wasn't actually smiling a little in the picture—like, maybe, a girl that was of a mind to break down and enjoy life, if she didn't have a tragic past or a bad liver or something like that. Below the picture it had her name in print, EMMA RHODES SYLVESTER, LOCAL POETESS.

THE piece in the paper went on to tell how Emma, when she wasn't writing poetry or giving her poems at recitals, worked in a millinery store in Denton.

"Sure she's your type, Claudie?" I asked him.

"The Good Lord must've made everybody for somebody, and she looks like the one for me," he said.

"Claudie," I said to him, "I'm afraid it's only the time of the year that's got ahold of you, and—"

What changed the subject here was a yank on our trotline, so Claudie bailed out the skiff and paddled over to take a big, flapping, yellow catfish off; but when he came back from stringing him and rebaiting the hook with pork rind, Claudie still hadn't taken his mind off of Emma Rhodes Sylvester. He said the main thing he wanted to do was to go right in to Denton and see her.

"Claudie," I said, "you can farm and you can fish and you can sing bass, but I'm afraid you hardly belong to Emma's social set. She's very well known for her poetry and all, and that's pretty high society around here."

"Well," he said, "maybe you could get us into some high Denton society." I knew then that Claudie was sure enough smitten, to be talking such a way as that.

"The only way you get into any society that is higher than what you are already in is if you are a social climber. Now you wouldn't want us to be any social climbers, would you?" I said "social climbers" in the same way that you say "rotten eggs," and Claudie said, "Oh, no. I shore wouldn't, Clint."

"Well, then," I said, "about the only deal I can think of for you is to write a little poetry your own self."

"And would that make me a social climber?" Claudie wanted to know right off.

"That, Claudie," I told him, "depends on what kind of stuff you turn out. If it's too fancy and hard to understand, you are getting pretty close."

About this time Old Man Billingsley came whistling along to weigh and gather up our day's catch, and Claudie helped him.

I looked at scrawny old Jonathan Billingsley, with his crooked nose and goose-foot skin, and as I watched him weigh the fish, I thought a lot of fine thoughts about the Good Lord and Mother Nature. I thought about how wonderful it was that that scrubby old crock and Mrs. Billingsley, as big around as a bale of cotton and blamed near as heavy, could ever have produced Lilly Lee, their oldest daughter. Lilly Lee had light green eyes, and shiny brown hair, and a swaying sweetness in her walk that a man, once he'd seen it, could never forget. I hadn't seen her that day, but I might as well have, since about everything I looked at—from turtles on the creek bank to bluebirds in the willow trees—reminded me of Lilly Lee.

"Mr. Billingsley," I said, when he'd finished, "I believe we'd like for you to leave that last little channel cat, so Claudie can fry him for our supper tonight. If you've already weighed him, just uncount that part, will you?"

"It's all the same to me," he said. "He weighed two and a half pounds. That knocks off twenty-five cents."

Then Jonathan Billingsley paid us three dollars and eighty cents for the thirty-eight pounds of catfish he had weighed up, and we gave him a nice gar we'd caught, for the old Billingsley tomcat's supper. Jonathan didn't have a child that he was any fonder of than that old, yellow tomcat—Bruce was his name—and when we handed the old man that fat gar for Bruce, he sat right down on a log for a little visit with us. He fired up an old black pipe that smelled like dead stovewood when it burned, and said, "You fellers figuring to stay here much longer?"

"We like it here pretty well," I said, "and right now we don't want to get too far away from Denton. Claudie's about got him a sweetheart there."

"You don't say," Jonathan said. "Well, they's another feller wants to fish this hole too, but I told him you all had first call on it if you wanted to stay on. You have done pretty good so far, and the nickel a pound I make on these fish at Denton keeps my gasoline bill paid up."

"We'll stay," I said, my mind back on Lilly Lee again, "a while longer."

AND about this time Lilly Lee herself, in a little old summery gingham dress, came running down the path. She said, "Hello, fellas," to me and Claudie both, and smiled big; then she sat on the log there by Jonathan, looking pretty as a big dish of strawberry shortcake.

"They's just one more thing, then," the old man went on. "I'd like for you to agree to stay on till the bees swarm. That ought to be sometime in June, and I'll need you then. Women and kids is no good with bees." Lilly Lee giggled at this and showed her pretty white teeth.

"Claudie here is a fair beeman," I stated. "He'll be on hand if you need any help when they swarm."

After Lilly Lee and the old man had carried the fish up the steep, sandy path that led away from our creek bank, Claudie spoke up. "Clint," he said, "why did you have to go and tell him I was a good beeman? I don't know ary thing about bees."

"I only told him you were fair," I said. "There's nothing to being a fair beeman. I'll tell you what to do when the time comes. We're settled here for a while, and Denton ain't but eleven miles away."

I EXPECT I'd have forgotten all about the picture of the lady poetess in the Denton paper if it hadn't been for the way Claudie acted next morning. Right off he shaved, and it wasn't his day to shave at all. The reason why, I soon found out; it was so he could skip over his upper lip. He said he believed he might look different with a mustache, and he hardly wanted the lady poetess to see him the way he'd always been. Also, he parted his hair away over on one side, to change some more the regular way he'd looked before he'd fallen for Emma Rhodes Sylvester. He was getting different all right, and one person that noticed it was Lilly Lee, when she came down to the trailer house that morning with Old Man Billingsley. "Claudie's getting to be a dude," she said and giggled, just before she ran back up the path ahead of the old man. She was always that way it seemed; never would settle down and talk; always wanting to run off.

Have I mentioned how fast Lilly Lee could run? As fast as a jack rabbit anyhow. She never wore enough clothes to slow her down, and when she'd run, round muscles seemed to spring up everywhere and all work together to make her go faster and look prettier.

"What's a ode, Clint?" Claudie asked me, a little while after Lilly Lee had run up the path.

"A what?" I said. "Can't you let a man sit and think?"

"It says here that Emma Rhodes Sylvester won a prize because she wrote up a ode."

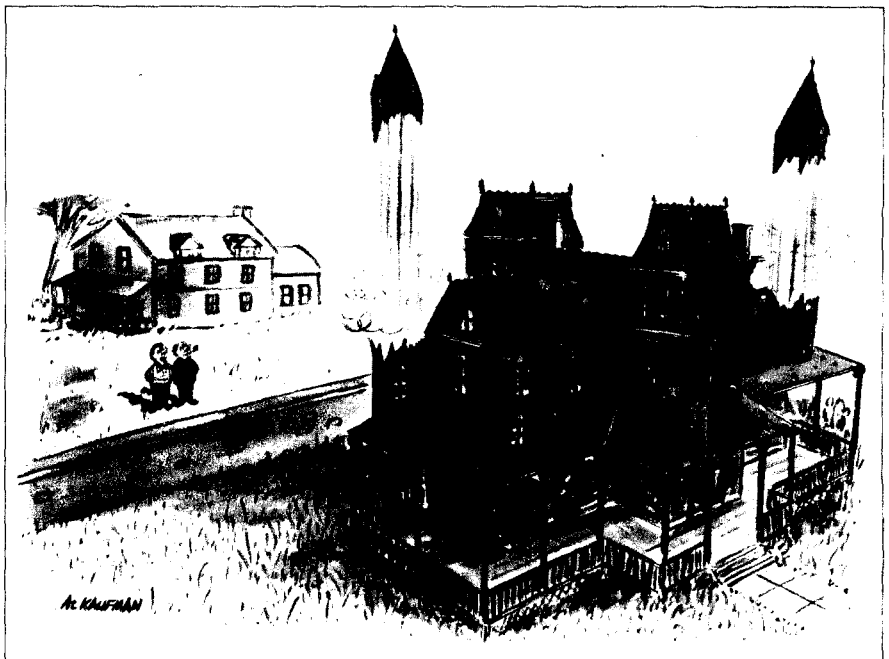
"What kind of an ode?" I asked him. I really wasn't paying him a lot of mind, if you want to know the truth.

"A ode to a urn. Reckon that's the kind of poetry for me?"

"One to a churn would be more your speed, Claudie," I said.

"That wouldn't make me any social climber, would it, Clint?"

"No, come to think of it, I don't be-



COLLIER'S

"The Nelsons are certainly going all out this Fourth!"

AL KAUFMAN

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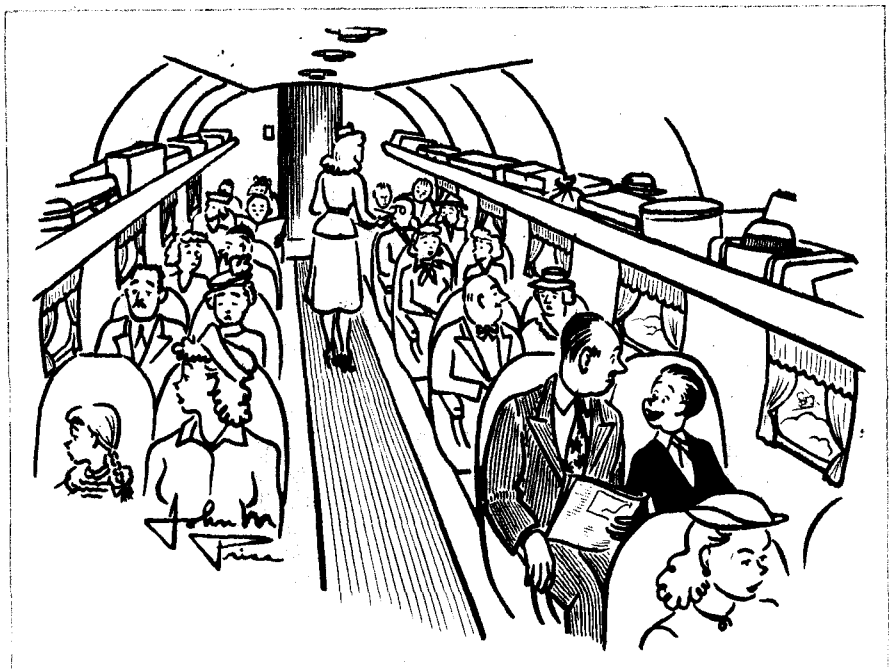


"When we get to Uncle George's, do you think he'll really take me for a ride in his 1926 Stutz?"

COLLIER'S — JOHN M. PRICE

lieve it would. But why don't you do one on Nature? After all, Mother Nature has rigged up a hell of a lot of beauty around here, and some of it must be worth sweating out a rhyme over. Just look around you, Claudie. Then think up some words that rhyme."

"I could do one about Lilly Lee," Claudie blurted out.

"Listen, Claudie," I said, "aren't you getting a little mixed up with who it is you've fallen for? You wouldn't be untrue to the lady poetess, now, would you? I expect you'd better leave Lilly Lee to me."

"I guess you're right, Clint," he said.

THAT afternoon Lilly Lee came to the creek to fish for perch; and I would have had a real chance to settle down and talk some with her, if she hadn't brought along that little wart, Luke, the youngest Billingsley kid. Luke was about seven or eight; he was snaggletoothed, and I never saw him when he didn't have a terrible cold. He wanted to know right off whether fish could hear, and I told him sure they could, and to be quiet or they wouldn't bite. Then he wanted to know why mules didn't have colts, whether a policeman could arrest God, whether I had hair on my chest, why snakes didn't belch, and where Claudie was.

"Claudie," I said, "is in the trailer house. He's writing a poem, Luke, and you'd better be quiet or he'll come out here and eat your ears off. He's awful fractious when he's writing poetry."

Lilly Lee told Luke to shut up; she boxed his jaw a couple of times so he'd know she meant it; then she wanted to know what had come over Claudie that he was writing a poem. I rolled me a cigarette and one for her and told her all about Claudie and Emma Rhodes Sylvester. "He's got her picture from the Denton paper pinned up right there inside the trailer house," I told Lilly Lee and laughed. She did too, but not much; then her eyes got very narrow all of a sudden, and she seemed to be serious. I figured she wasn't believing me much in what I'd told her about Claudie.

Along about then Luke caught him a little perch the size of a bar of soap and said he wanted to take it up to the house so he could gut it and fry it. Lilly Lee said no, he'd better stay; but Luke started to cry, and I said, "Let him go, Lilly Lee. He's going to catch his death of cold if he stays on this damp creek bank any longer." She told him to go ahead; then she seemed a little shy to be there alone with me for the first time; but she stayed.

It was a nice warm afternoon—May by this time—and the crickets were chirping friendly in the grass, two scissortails were making their nest in a tree right up over us, and the wild verbena had our world there on the creek bank fixed up with a solid blue carpet. I watched a pert little green lizard turn brown on a chunk on the bank of the creek; then I threw a rock that scared him so he jumped onto a sycamore leaf and turned back green again—all before I even said another word to Lilly Lee. What I finally said was, "Have you been looking at that little lizard too, Lilly Lee?"

"Uh-huh," she answered, and smiled, but without looking at me.

"You're a mighty pretty girl, Lilly Lee," I told her. She looked me right in the eye for the first time and said, "I don't know what Claudie sees in that lady poetess."

Before I could tell her, I heard Claudie calling me from the trailer house. He yelled, "Clint, can you think of a word that rhymes with woolly worm?"

I BELIEVE this was when Lilly Lee really began to believe the whole story about Claudie and his poetry. We got up from the bank and walked to the trailer house, where Claudie was sitting on the floor beside the lantern with the stub of a broken pencil in his mouth. When he saw Lilly Lee with me he hung his head and grinned.

"Claudie," I said, "there ain't a word in the English language that will rhyme with woolly worm. Why did you have to pick one for your poem? Try something else."

"How about squirm?" he asked.

"Okay, Claudie, okay. Let's see you work up some poetic thoughts that squirm."

"But I've done wrote it down," he said, "and there he is, right there on the lantern." I looked, and sure enough, there he was; and as woolly worms go, he wasn't a bad-looking one, with brown and black fuzz in even rows around him and a little orange streak that ran all the way down his back.

I noticed next that Lilly Lee was not looking at any woolly worm. She was standing with her hands on her hips, staring at Emma's picture pinned up there inside the trailer house. She looked almost mad or hurt, and it seemed for a minute that tears would come in her eyes. Then she turned and ran as hard as she could go up the path toward the house. After she'd passed the bend in the path, I turned back to Claudie and saw that he'd been watching Lilly Lee run, too.

"Remember, Claudie," I told him, "it's Emma Rhodes Sylvester you love."

THE next day the Billingsley storm cellar caved in, and with the whole family digging for the food they'd stored there, the old man let me and Claudie take the fish into Denton before they went bad. We went in Jonathan's old pickup. This gave us our first chance to find out whether he'd been gypping us on the fish we'd been catching; and it made us both feel mighty good to learn that, sure enough, fifteen cents a pound was all that catfish brought in the Denton market.

While Claudie helped them patch up a leaky tube at the garage, I went up to the courthouse square where the stores were. I bought me some medicine for my corns and got a free almanac; then, on the way back to the garage, I really got stunned—beauty stunned, I mean. It happened so quick—she came out of the Elite Millinery store across the street from me and drove right off in her car—that I didn't get things straight at first. But when I added everything up, I knew why I thought I'd seen her before. She was about Lilly Lee's age, but she was some taller than Lilly Lee, and she had a sweet, sad look in her big brown eyes, and she was wearing a heart-shaped locket. I noticed a little smile flicker across her face as she came out of the millinery store. I watched her get into a red sedan there in front of the store, and I hoped the self-starter wouldn't work; I'd give her car a crank. But it did, and she drove off.

"Clint," I said to myself, as the red sedan went down the street, "there goes Emma Rhodes Sylvester, but she's got too much class for Claudie." So I went by the racket store to buy me some stationery before going to the garage.

I told Claudie about the corn medicine, and I showed it and the almanac to him; but I wasn't about to tell him about the stationery I'd bought, or why. Instead, I hid it inside my shirt.

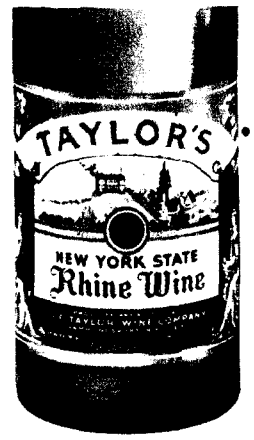
On the way back to Billingsley's Bend I thought about Emma Rhodes Sylvester. It just went to show, I figured, how much difference there was between Claudie and me. When you really fall in love, you've got to see her in person; you don't just cave in over a picture in a newspaper. But the way she stuck in my mind, so beautiful, so elegant, and so frail and all—why, hell, it was about the most romantic thing that ever happened to me; up to then, I mean. Also, I realized, as we drove home, that the time had come to speak to Claudie about Lilly Lee; so I said, "Claudie, Lilly Lee sure is a fine girl, isn't she?"

"Sure is," he said.

"She wouldn't mind whether a man was in high society or not, Claudie," I went on. "He wouldn't have to write any poetry for her."

I could see that Claudie thought about this a lot, and when I asked him when he was going to try his poem again, he said, "The last of the week, or maybe next week, Clint."

"Poetry, Claudie," I told him, "is a thing a man ought to take his time



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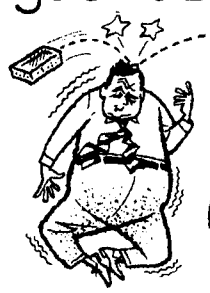
overtaxes his heart?

the **FAT MAN!**

Who...
gets the BAD breaks?



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about." Claudie nodded his head and looked a little pitiful, I thought.

The next morning I discovered I'd been thinking about Emma Rhodes Sylvester some, off and on, all the night. I studied her picture there on the trailer-house wall, and I knew for sure it was a case of true love at first sight; so I got out my stationery and wrote Emma a nice letter. I don't remember it all, but I know I told her I loved poetry about as much as anything in this world; then I stretched a point a little, I suppose, and told her it was mainly her poetry I was interested in, so how would it be if sometime I went into Denton and met her. Oh, yes, I told her I was sort of an inventor, spending a few days fishing at Billingsley's Bend. Then I hid the letter, along with the stationery, before Claudie came in with eight big catfish and a nice gar for Bruce.

"You might take that old gar up to the house right now," I said. "Bruce hasn't had one today." When he'd gone, I hurried up to the Billingsley mailbox and put the letter to Emma in it.

The answer arrived three days later. Lilly Lee came running down the path with it, and Claudie was sitting right there on the willow stump all the time. Of course, he wanted to know what I was doing getting a letter and all, so I had to tell him it was from the government and about something he wouldn't understand. Lilly Lee hung around a while and kept teasing Claudie because he hadn't got any letter, and when she wouldn't quit he chased her back up the path toward the Billingsley house. She gained on him, though, every step of the way.

This gave me my chance to read Emma's letter. It was on purple stationery with ERS at the top in long looping curlicues, and it said, "Dear Mr. Hightower," and about how glad she was to hear from me. She'd always preferred men who loved poetry, and she would wish that I should come and hear her recite sometime; and then afterward wouldn't I care to come to her house for tea? I could just see the picture, too: Emma and me sitting on a plushy davenport in her parlor and both of us drinking tea with our little fingers sticking right out into the air. I would find out something, too, about that sad look in her big brown eyes.

CLAUDIE stayed gone long enough for me to write Emma right back and say it would pleasure me plenty to go to Denton for a round of poetry and tea; such doings, I wrote, were my idea of the finer things in life. I also wrote her that my chauffeur named Claudie would drive me in for the next recital; when was the next one to be? I ended the letter, "Your fond admirer, Clint."

I beat Lilly Lee to the mailbox when Emma's answer came, but I don't mean I outran her; I just went first, that's all. "Dear Clint," Emma's letter said. The next recital, it went on to say, would be a week from Thursday at the high-school auditorium, 3:00 P.M.; and afterward wouldn't I care to have tea at her cottage? "Sincerely, Emma," it ended.

A couple of days later I noticed Claudie had shaved off his mustache and started parting his hair in the regular old way. He hadn't said anything more about trying to get up a poem, and I'd asked Lilly Lee to tear up all the newspapers before Claudie got ahold of them. I told her any dope that would fall for a picture in a paper should be saved from himself, and she'd agreed right off. . . .

But, somehow, on Wednesday, the day before the recital, Claudie got ahold of a paper up at the Billingsley house and brought it to me. "Look, Clint," he said, "Emma Rhodes Sylvester goes on tomorrow," and he had a trace of that same pitiful look on his face that I'd seen the day when he sat there on the willow stump and saw her picture for the first time. "Let's us go in and hear Emma," he said. He was pretty excited, all right.

I was ready for this, as you can see; I'd already written Emma that Claudie was my chauffeur. Still I didn't want to have to explain Claudie to her any more unless I had to. So I asked him, "Claudie, have you done your homework?"

"What's that?" he wanted to know.

"Your poem. You haven't written it yet, have you?"

But all that big, bullheaded lug would say was, "No, but I want to go anyhow."

"But you've shaved off your mustache."

"Uh-huh."

"You want me to go along, too?" I asked.

"Of course, Clint. You'll have to help me to meet Emma. You always do that part."

"What will Lilly Lee think about us going to Denton to see the lady poetess?" I asked. This was my trump, and Claudie was really baffled. I could almost see him hesitating as he stood there by the trailer house with the newspaper still in one hand.

"Clint," he finally said, "you can explain things better than I can. Could you tell Lilly Lee that both of us wants to see Emma? Would you do that for me, Clint?"

"Now, Claudie," I said. "Look at me—in the eye, I mean. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Aren't you now?"

But he wouldn't look at me. He only scratched himself around the back of the neck and finally said, "Sure, I'm ashamed. I shouldn't've ast you to. But I still want to go see Emma." That's Claudie for you; stubborn as a mule.

The next morning, early, I worked it out with Jonathan for us to take the fish to Denton in the Billingsley car; then I and Claudie spent the rest of the morning getting cleaned up and dressed. When Lilly Lee came down to the trailer house about noon, with Luke, she saw how dressed up we were, and I had to tell her why; we were going to Denton.

Big tears came into her eyes, and she seemed ready to run. "You all are going to see the lady poetess," she said, her lips trembling.

I WANTED to deny it, but I saw right off it was no use. There was a way, though, to be noble about it for Claudie's benefit. "I'm the one, Lilly Lee," I told her, "that wants to go to Denton and see the lady poetess. Claudie's only going along to keep me company." But she boxed Luke's jaw and ran up the path anyway.

Claudie's voice actually shook when he said, "She knowed better, Clint. But you tried. You are a real friend."

"Think nothing of it, Claudie," I said. "I'd do it for you any day of the week. But see that you don't forget what I've done for you."

"Oh, I won't," Claudie said; he was really touched. "I won't never forget."

We were in the car with a tub full of fish in the back and about to pull out for Denton, when Old Jonathan Billingsley came running around the corner of the house, yelling at the top of his voice and scaring and scattering the guineas, the chickens and the cats out of their shade.

"Hold it, hold it!" he was calling out. "The bees have swarmed. I've got to have some help."

"Okay, Mr. Billingsley," I said. "Claudie'll be ready in a jiffy."

Nobody that knew Claudie would have failed to admire the way he took

BUTCH

"He's supposed t' call th' Police Department an' report th' burglary, isn't he, Slug?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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COLLIER'S

"Do you mind? I want a *complete* record of my trip"

HERB WILLIAMS

it. He swallowed a couple of times and climbed out of the car. I went with him back to the trailer house, where he took off his clean clothes, folded them and put them all back in his wicker suitcase. Then he did a peculiar thing. He took Emma's picture down from where he'd pinned it on the wall, and he was about to tear it up when I said, "I wouldn't do that, Claudie. Let me keep it for you."

Claudie put on his old blue overalls and jumper—but his hair was still combed nice—and as we walked back up the path he asked, "What do you do to bees, Clint?"

"Just do what Mr. Billingsley says, Claudie," I told him.

"But you said you could tell me."

"Bees vary, Claudie," I explained. "I don't know these particular bees, but listen to Mr. Billingsley. They're his bees; he knows how to handle them."

UP AT the house Lilly Lee fixed Claudie up for the bees. She tied binder twine around his ankles so the bees couldn't get up his britches legs; she had some heavy leather gloves for him, and she tied them over his cuffs with binder twine too. Then she put a big red gingham bonnet on Claudie and stitched some screen wire across the front to keep the bees out of his face. And as I stood there watching Lilly Lee, so busy and careful about Claudie, and making such a to-do over him from head to toe, it was almost enough to make me wish that I was the one that was going after Mr. Billingsley's bees.

I left for Denton in plenty of time to sell the fish and then get to the high-school auditorium by three o'clock. I'd have made it, too, if I hadn't had a flat right on the edge of town; and then, later, I got the wrong directions for the high school from the filling-station man where I borrowed some stuff to fix the tire with. I don't know why people can't give simple directions across a town they live in—one no bigger than Denton, I mean.

Anyway, when I finally got there the program was well under way, and from the folded card some starchy little girls gave me at the door, I noticed that Emma didn't go on until last. This was a break for me, I figured. I walked down toward the front—where, at a poetry reading, like in church, a man can usually find some vacant seats—and waited for Emma to go on.

I saw then what I'd have to sit through first, and that was pretty bad; it was a heap of fancy talk being put out by a badly wrinkled old lady with a quavery voice and dressed within an inch of her life in pink and purple crinoline. She was wearing a big red hat, too, that was all littered up with imitation fruit and flowers.

When I went in she was talking—and enjoying it as much as anybody, I figured—about birds flying all by themselves away up in the sky, flying all night long, some of them. Then she spoke about winding rivers; rocks and rills; vales, trees and little flowers; about blue skies, too, complete with stars and a new moon, and clouds in these skies—and whenever there were clouds they were, according to this old lady, always fleecy; about sunsets and sunrises and Nature's pristine uttermost, all macked out in green mantles—such wonders to behold—and forsooth. Forsooth, she said several times.

Then she got on to love, and she was crazy about love, from all the fine things she said about it. Love, she allowed once, was like a set of eagle's wings to help her fly up over the treetops and plumb away from wherever she'd been; also it was fire burning bright, and couldn't be put out except by the right people, and so on.

Along toward the end she was telling about the ocean blue, and it was plain, before she'd finished, that seeing the ocean once had done something considerable to her; and she was boiling over with pretty words—so much so that if any of the words she used had rhymed with any of the others, I'd have been ready to claim this stuff she was putting out could have been classed as poetry, in a pinch.

By the time the old gal was winded and done, I was about pooped out myself and overly ready to get out of there, except for one thing. All this time I hadn't been listening too close; I'd been saving myself for Emma Rhodes Sylvester and her poetry. But the damnedest thing happened, right after the old lady quit. The meeting started breaking up, and at first I thought it was sort of a seventh-inning deal to give people a chance to take a breather and get their feet back on the ground. But, no, they were through; it was all over.

I SAW a little guy in a linen suit standing limp there in the aisle while his wife rushed up to the platform, and I buttonholed him. "I've come a long ways, mister—eleven or twelve miles over some pretty sandy roads—just to hear Emma Rhodes Sylvester," I said.

"That's too far," he said.

"But, when does she go on?"

"She's been on," he answered. "That was Emma that just finished. Took her a long time, didn't it?"

"That old lady couldn't be Emma," I said. "I saw her picture in the paper."

"That picture," he said, "was taken more than forty years ago. But Emma's vain, and it's the only one she'll let them use in the newspaper."

"I see," I said and walked out with the little guy.

There in front of the auditorium was the red sedan I'd seen in front of the millinery store and in it was the pretty girl I'd thought was Emma. I had to ask him who she was and all.

"She's Emma's niece come for her," he said. "Fine girl; married to the deputy sheriff."

I drove the eleven or twelve miles back to the Billingsley place as slow as the old car would go. When I turned in at the gate about sundown, I saw Mrs. Billingsley there on the front porch sitting on every bit of a rocker and over the edges too. She looked cool as a cucumber. The bees, she told me, were all back and settled, and nobody stung even once. Jonathan, she said, had gone down the road to borrow a wire stretcher. He had to fix the hole in the fence that Claudie made when the bees got after him.

"Where's Claudie now?" I asked her.

"I declare, I don't know," Mrs. Billingsley said. "He was out back a few minutes ago. I heard Lilly Lee teasin' him about the way he got all scratched up in the barbed wire when he ran through the fence. That Lilly Lee; she sure is a caution now, ain't she?"

"She's a caution all right," I told Mrs. Billingsley.

"Claudie threatened to spank her if he could ever catch her," she said.

"But nobody could catch Lilly Lee—not even a jack rabbit," I said.

"You're right there, Clint," she answered, happy the way she always was when anybody bragged on how fast Lilly Lee could run.

I went on down toward the creek bank where the trailer house was parked. I had passed the bend in the path when I saw them in the bluing dusk. Claudie had caught Lilly Lee, but he wasn't exactly spanking her. They were both sitting on Claudie's willow stump, watching the trotline. It was awful quiet, and I could hear Lilly Lee laughing and talking. The first thing I heard her say plain was, "You can't ever tell Pappy what I done."

"What d'ya mean?" Claudie asked.

Lilly Lee giggled a happy giggle and said, "I poured coal oil in the hive to make the bees swarm." ▲▲▲

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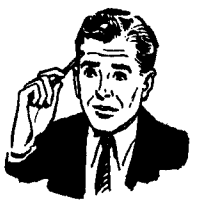

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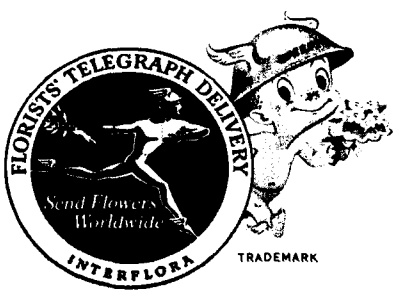

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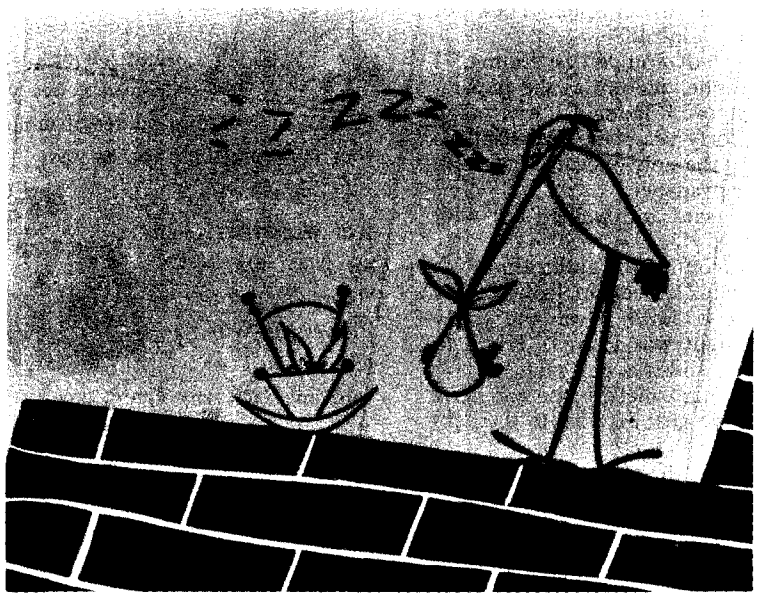
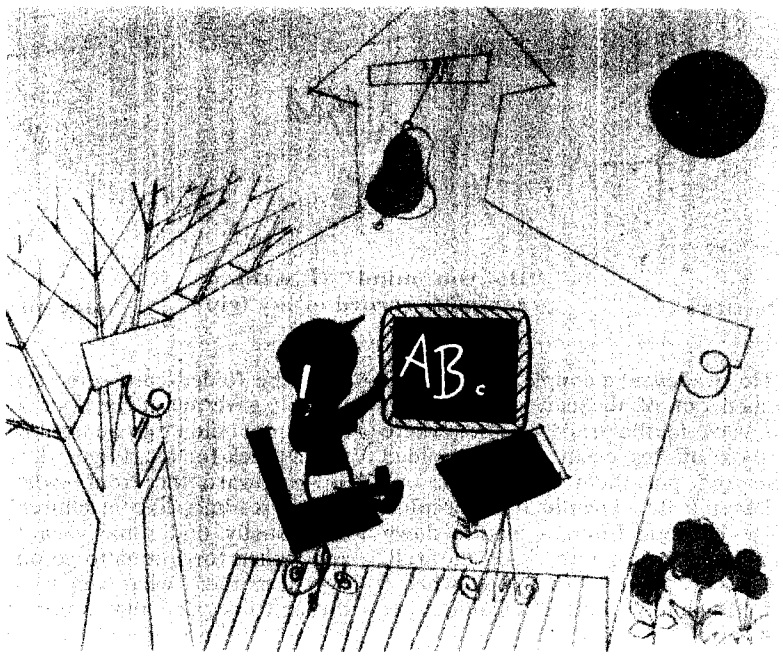
Disney's New One

. . . is a tootling musical interpretation of man's life, full of sweet old songs and odd-lookin





The stork sheds his responsibility . . . . . leaving our hero to his ABC's. Soon he is . .

. . . of life brings its own blessings, followed . . . . . by the first (of the last) gray hairs .

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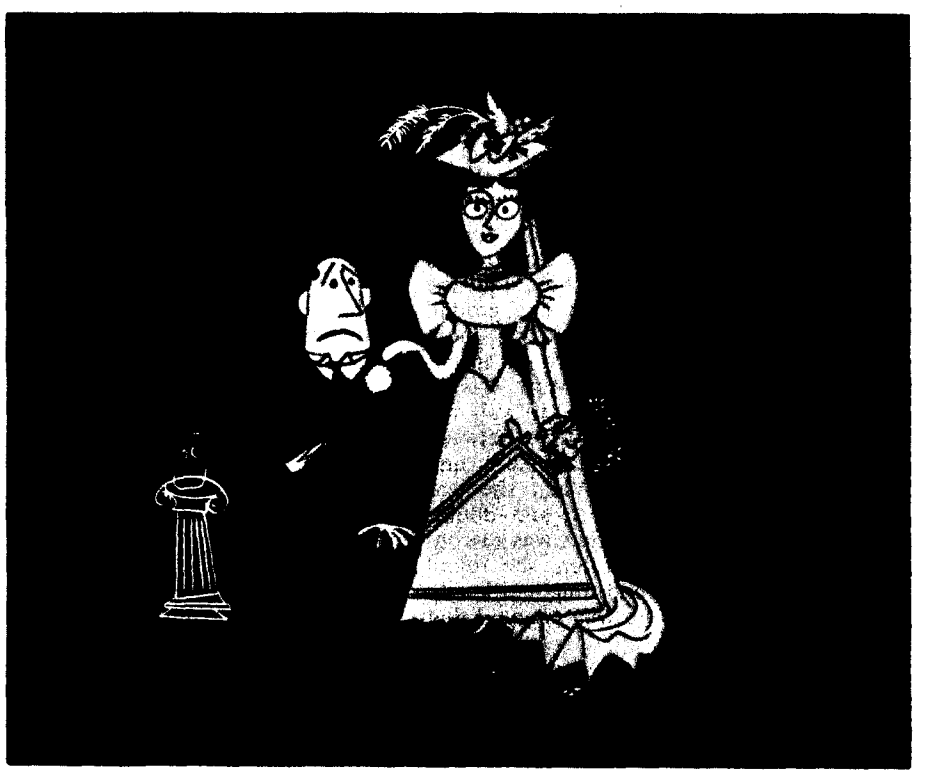
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE said (As You Like It) that man's life is divided into seven stages from infancy to infirm old age. Now, more than 300 years later, Walt Disney has spun the idea into a whoop-dee-doo of comic characters, a spatterdash of Technicolor and a la-dee-dah of nostalgic melodies.

Mickey Mouse's daddy's new movie, Melody, which RKO will distribute to local theaters this summer, is the first of a new series called Adventures in Music. It is different from anything Disney has ever done before. It is the first three-dimensional cartoon film. It is inhabited by creatures who bear little resemblance to the cuddly, clown-faced relatives of Donald Duck. And it uses music to help tell the story. The combination may seem like a jigsaw puzzle wired for sound, but it isn't.

Melody is a wide-eyed, openhearted tale of man's progress from birth through school, family life and old age to death. The animals and people who skitter through it are a novel, comic blend of standard cartoon types, and characters in children's drawings and the abstract figures of modern paintings. The music is a lavender-and-old-lace-trimmed collection of melodies which symbolize the stages of life from Rock-a-Bye Baby, through the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, to Oh, Dem Golden Slippers. To string together the beloved old-timers, Disney's musical staff has created some new songs of their own, including the lilting The Bird and the Cricket and the Willow Tree, and a witty ditty called a Fugue for Three Gabby Dames.

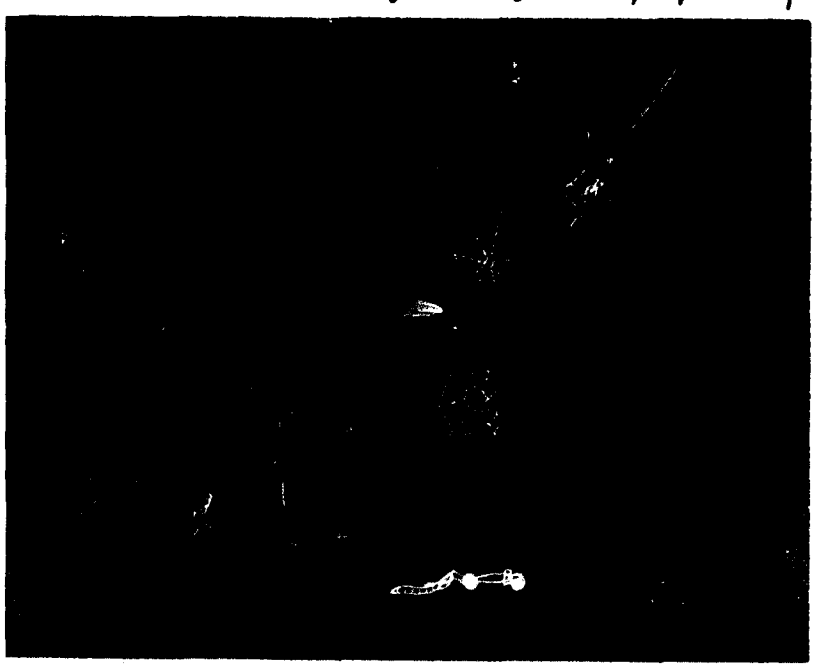
Unlike Disney's 13-year-old Fantasia, Melody is not a high-brow concert in sight and sound. It's like a village band going full toot in an art gallery. It sounds good and it looks fine. ▲▲▲

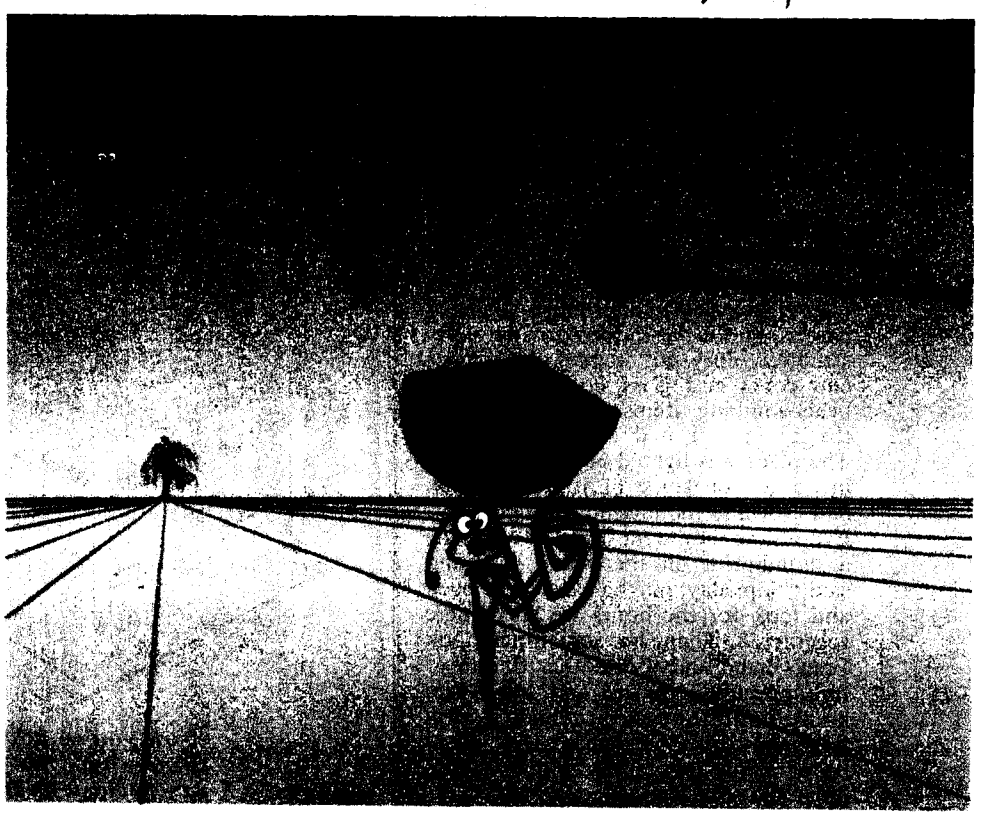
reatures Mickey Mouse would never recognize



. . . . working his way through college . . . . . and gets himself tied up. The prime . . .

. . . and the last of the first gay ways . . . . . until Gabriel blows it all to glory.





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Experiment in Love

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

little limited, maybe, a little stuffy, and careful with his money—but attractive, decent and rich. No wonder I'm worried. I suppose your date's with him?"

"A nice thing about clams is how quiet they are," Fran said, and she went back to her latest batch lying in a continuous bath in one of the sinks.

"The reason I go around with humans is they're so different from clams, though," Mort said, thoughtfully. "Even in looks, they're an improvement. At least, I think so."

Fran had to laugh. "That's a very pretty compliment," she said. "Thanks. But I have work to do."

"Sure," Mort said, and his sneakers made almost no sound on the sandy floor as he went across the hall, back where he belonged; and pretty soon there was a certain amount of laughter and commotion over in that lab.

Mort was working on pathological cell growth for some research foundation which paid him well. But the fact remained he was a poor boy, with the traditions of Fran's own background and memories that offered no more glamor than those lying around in her own head. Fran knew Mort was in love with her, and she tried to walk the narrow, uncomfortable way between going out with him occasionally, and not leading him on. When she was with him, her reluctance and doubts had a way of melting that was disconcerting to her. Too often, she found she was having a good time and laughing her head off; and where would that get her?

She thought of Mort's description of his rival and had to admit there were things about Tucker Ames that puzzled her. She had never known any of the thrifty, New England rich whose motto is Conserve; and she thought Tucker *only a little eccentric because he kept* his money in a leather purse with a stiff fastener, and because one day his worn sneakers were tied with string.

Tucker Ames had a New England reticence that Fran admired, and he certainly had the easy manners of one who has always had the best of everything and knows what to do everywhere. He was single-minded, but not a bore. It was true, his dates with Fran often consisted of his dropping in at the lab for afternoon coffee, or walking around Woods Hole with her in the evening, or even going for a night swim in the phosphorus-gleaming water.

THE places of entertainment around Woods Hole were limited, but whenever Fran had been to The Den—a quaint shed with quaint tables made of barrels, and a bar cleverly made to resemble a dory cut in half, and ropes and corks and glass floats and other beachcombing items suspended from the ceiling—it had been with Mort. The place was lighted partly by candles in bottles, on some of which the wax had grown to mountainous proportions. Every time they went there, Mort made a thumbprint on the warm wax and said, "Someday, maybe we'll come back and look for the hours we spent here together." Then he sometimes took Fran's hand and pressed her thumb or forefinger into the wax and said, "You know, in all the world, nobody's got a fingerprint just like yours. It's one of those things that make human beings more fun than clams."

Fran was a pretty girl, although not conventionally so. She had copper-colored hair, which she wore braided around her head and kept long, partly because of her own pleasure in the heavy, reddish stuff when it was spread out in sunlight or moonlight. She was slender, and her gray eyes were the color of an old wharf, Mort said, and she had heavy dark eyebrows and lashes. She had always been one of those fortunate girls who can emerge from a cramped bedroom, shared with sisters, looking immaculate. She looked well in a white lab coat, or in shorts, and Tucker Ames had singled her out with a kind of absent-minded persistence.

Tucker's family had been written up in a national magazine, so Fran knew all about them. They owned a whole island named Horseshoe, because of the crabs found in profusion on its outer beaches. It lay off Woods Hole, and Tucker went there on week ends; but almost no one Fran knew had been there. A great-grandfather in the India trade had founded the Ames fortune, and he had always been one for owning whatever he had in its entirety—mines, islands and so forth. . . .

"I think you'll make it," Fran's roommate Ruth said. "I think it's in Tucker's eye. I think he's serious. You're adaptable. You want to be an Ames?"

Fran said, "It might be a nice change."

"I don't think the Ameses have much fun with their money, from all I hear," Ruth said. "Don't even bathe in champagne. In fact, on the island, I hear they hardly bathe. The plumbing is antique, but not valuable."

"What difference does that make?" Fran said, grandly. What was important was that there were Ameses in *every field of industry, philanthropy* and science. They could afford to go off at tangents and develop their individualities. No matter what they did, they did not have to worry about money. Theirs was the kind of fortune which had even increased, over the generations, because it could afford to pay cash for bargains in what amounted to fire sales in the world of business and finance.

"Do you like Tucker?" Ruth asked.

Fran could answer the question, worded just that way, honestly. She certainly did like Tucker.

"If you're aiming at an Ames," Ruth said, "does that mean Mort's on the open market?"

"As far as I'm concerned," Fran said, coolly.

"Good," Ruth said, with so much enthusiasm Fran could not help being a little irritated.

TUCKER did ask Fran to spend the week end on Horseshoe, and there was considerable excitement in Fran's rooming house at the news. She was a little alarmed at her own reluctance, now that the moment had come. She was sure Tucker would not have asked her to meet the family if he were not serious: this meant she must be prepared to make her way in totally strange surroundings, and also to cancel her Saturday-night date with Mort. They had planned to drive over to Hyannis, after stopping for dinner at a well-known lobster restaurant, see a play at the summer theater, and then go dancing. Mort was as energetic in pursuing pleasure as he was intent at work.

Fran had been on other dates of the same kind, and had had a wonderful time. Once she murmured, "Extravagant," over her lobster, looking down at the flowers she wore pinned to her white piqué dress.

"Well, *'Dum vivimus, vivamus'*—Junius; while we live, let us live," Mort said. "In addition, I'm courting. Hadn't you noticed?"

"Yes," Fran said. Then she said in a low voice, "But that makes it all the more extravagant, because you're wasting your time."

"That's for me to say," Mort answered, and when she looked at him she was forced to notice he was pale and constrained, and she felt the same way herself. It could have been so good.

But now Tucker was courting. She implied as much to Mort when she told him their tentative date was off.

"It wasn't tentative," he said at once, "but you can break it. I'll give you leave. Personally, I'm counting on a week end at Horseshoe to—"

"Oh?" Fran said coldly. "But Tucker is what's important, not the family island."

"That's what you think," Mort said, and he startled her by adding, "I've been to the damned place. I knew a couple of other Ameses, in the war."

"You never told me!" she said, but then she was damned if she would ask Mort to help or reassure her, so that she could step into the Ameses' wider world. . . .

On Friday Fran took her packed suitcase to the lab, because Tucker was calling for her there at about four. She had packed her most suitable clothes: white linen shorts, a tweed suit in case it turned cold, one summer dance dress, and a pair of jeans for picnicking.

Mort dropped in at noon. The fog, which was blowing in like damp gray sheets, did not become him. He looked pallid and sleepless, and his bearded jaw looked blue with cold. He glanced at her good-sized suitcase and said, "All you need is some oilskins and a pocket hand warmer. Anything that would keep you comfy in the Aleutians."

Fran sighed and said, "Mort, I know you feel sort of sore—maybe even jealous, though you haven't any right to. I warned you. But don't take all the joy out of my week end, please."

"I won't," Mort said, walking toward the door. When his hand was on the doorknob he said, "One thing—how about a date Monday night? It seems to me I ought to be either the first to know or very relieved. *And either way, a* celebration's in order."

Fran said, "That's sweet of you, Mort. Okay."

When he had gone, she wondered what it would be like to tell him the news over candle grease and beer.

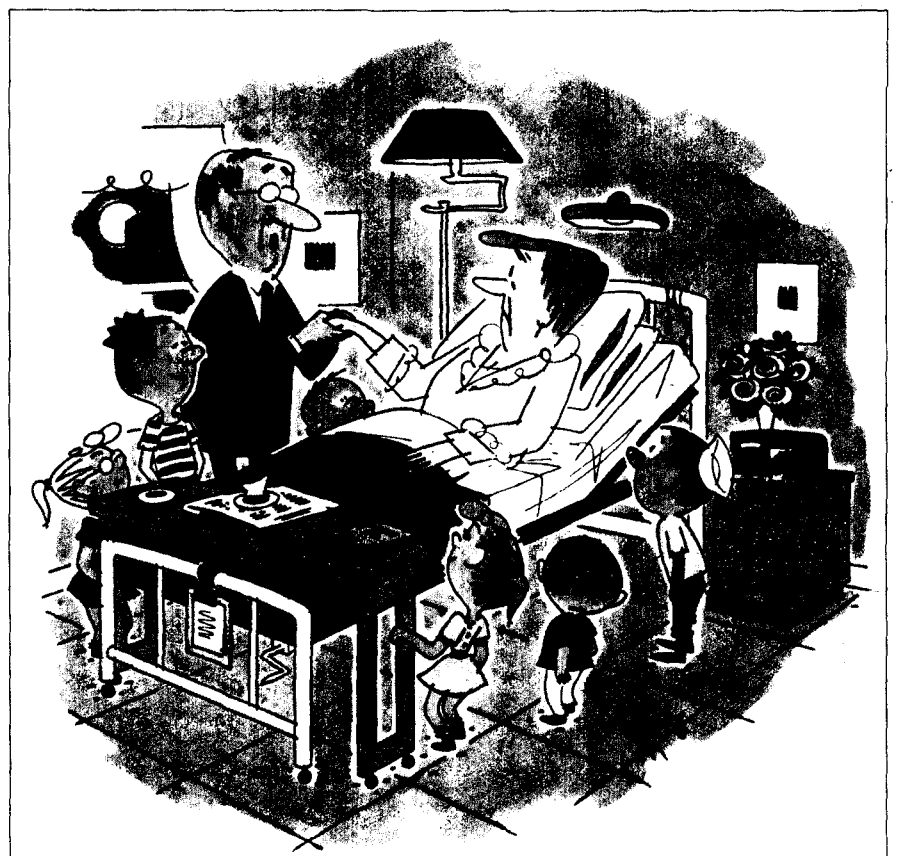
WHEN Tucker came for her, he said, "Too bad it's foggy. It's a beautiful sail, but I'm afraid you won't see much."

"I like the fog," Fran said sturdily. The borrowed oilskins she put on, stuck together with age and smelling quite ripe, were already wet.

Tucker sailed, and the fog blew between them, and they had to shout at each other to talk at all.

I feel like a marlinspike, Fran thought, or maybe a belaying pin. But if we sailed to the South Seas, the weather would be better.

The island was invisible, but Tucker knew the inner harbor like the palm of his hand, and in the eerie twilight, he rowed them from the moorings to a spidery dock, and they climbed up a wooden ladder and were officially on Horseshoe.



COLLIER'S

"Now you've got to remember to take it easy when you get home. You mustn't try to clean up the whole mess in one day"

BILL KING

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"We all share the Big Place," Tucker said, as he walked close to Fran, but in front of her, as was necessary. He carried her suitcase and a flashlight, and Fran sank in wet sand to the ankles and was made unwelcome by wet underbrush and tree branches. "There are some guesthouses, and we thought we'd divide up—each one have a house. But it's simpler, and more economical, really, to share the Big Place. We take turns with the work, the way we do about using the boats."

"That sounds fair," Fran said, but somehow her spirits sank. However splendid the house, there were, she knew, five married Ameses, and also a few single ones, like Tucker; and the married couples had at least four children each.

"It's a simple sort of existence," Tucker said, "but it's what we like. Summer after summer, one or another of us talks of going somewhere else, or building a modern house on the other side of the island; but, in the end, none of us does."

FRAN didn't know exactly what she had expected; but it was not what presented itself when finally, by a steep, wet path, they reached the vast Ames house. A sandy-haired girl in old gray flannels and a fisherman's dark blue sweater said, "Welcome. Come and get warm, and we'll have a drink."

And that, as Fran said later, was what they had: *a* drink. It was hot and sweet and rather large, in a tumbler, and, as she drank it, the enormous living room, with a boat being built in one corner, and a billiard table with a torn cover in another, became familiar. By the light of the fire and of kerosene lamps, she saw Oriental splendor, too, in the form of screens inlaid with mother-of-pearl and a few beautiful camphorwood and teak chests.

It was a complicated evening. The Ameses had many children, a few guests, and many interests—a tubful of small lobsters, for example, and some charts of the neighboring waters. One of the Ames wives was knitting thick wool socks. Another said, "I cook tonight, so we're having hot dogs, right here, by the fire."

It was queer, Fran thought, later, lying awake in her bedroom, it was queer that she had been so completely accepted by the entire Ames family as Tucker's girl, that in this one evening she had begun to feel as though she were already Mrs. Tucker Ames IV, part of a long family line. She knew the Ameses were not vulgar rich, but she had not been prepared for quite so much island aloofness, and such extremely plain living.

I'm starved! she thought, and was ashamed for she had had two lovely hot dogs, and some marshmallows, done to a turn, and then dropped in the ashes, by the children.

The sheets were damp with fog, and Fran was so cold and so lonely she couldn't sleep. The others accepted her as already part of the island group, but Tucker had yet to ask her to marry him. She wondered if he would, and when and how he would, and then homesickness and hunger distracted her so that she couldn't concentrate. She thought how warm and stale the air was in The Den, and she thought about beer and thumbprints and Mort, and she wept. Finally she fell asleep, hoping for fair weather and a lot of lobsters to eat tomorrow. . . .

All day Saturday, the fog cut the island off from all the rest of everywhere, and there were no outside

"Hello, sugar"
COLLIER'S TON SMITS

sounds except a buoy tolling in a channel and a foghorn somewhere toward Nantucket. The Ameses knew what to do in such weather—"We keep a lot of projects under way," one of them explained kindly to Fran, who felt guilty reading a detective story by the fire. All day long they came and went, working on boats or auxiliary motors or making oars or doing island handiwork of various kinds, in various outlying sheds. Indoors there was activity, too—knitting, cooking, refinishing some kitchen chairs and so on. Tucker came and went, now and then giving Fran an absent smile, or asking if she was all right. Once, in desperation, she got back into the wet oilskins and followed him outside, thinking work on a boat would at least be active, and would provide an opportunity for Tucker and herself to be together.

"Thinking of building a small lab out here," Tucker said, once, and he showed Fran the plans. "Then I could work when I'm here." He looked at her meaningly, but she wasn't sure just what the meaning was.

He had a library of scientific books in one of the upstairs rooms of the house, whose vast wooden proportions Fran had hardly guessed at in the dark. It was four stories high, many-corridored with porches and cupolas, and it stood on a bluff and faced the sea, in sight of two other islands. But, in the fog, nothing could be seen of the other islands, or of this one, but shadowy suggestion of the vast house itself.

"A husband-and-wife team could get a lot of work done here, even in the summer when there are distractions," Tucker said.

"The labs I've worked in were always a lot bigger and livelier," Fran said. "You need other people coming in and out, to talk to, with ideas, don't you?"

IT WAS not until about suppertime that Fran wondered if she had, perhaps, failed to recognize a proposal of marriage when she heard one? If Tucker wanted one laboratory for two, was there not romance in the idea of the hard-working, absorbed husband-and-wife team, making great discoveries?

Yes, thought Fran, firmly. There would be.

And as though Tucker realized they had had little time alone, they stayed up late and sat by the fire, after all the rest of the family had gone upstairs. Around them, the roomy past was full of shadows, but they were alone. As Tucker put his arm around her, Fran thought: No matter how many there were, two people could be alone if they wanted to be. And though Tucker did not seem so unique in the presence of the other Ameses and their wives—all queerly alike—still he was certainly like nobody she had ever known before—if she wanted to explore. . . .

On Sunday afternoon, just as it was time for the Sea Urchin to take them back to the mainland, the sun came out brilliantly. The house dried off and took on a faded, Newportish elegance, the beaches appeared in beautiful profusion along the edges of the island, and the wild green scrub pine and bayberry and beach grass looked lush. The Ameses gathered to say good-by, and Tucker and Fran set out, in the sunset.

"Now you know us," Tucker said. A moment later he added, "There's an old sapphire ring—my grandmother's—that goes with the engagement. It's in the safe-deposit box in Boston, and if you want it, I'll go up sometime this week and get it."

"Give me another day to decide," Fran said. Suddenly she said, "Will it make any difference to you, Tucker?"

He went on neatly coiling some ropes, but when he said, "A great deal," Fran was ashamed of her question. She had no right to put it, but it was not done from curiosity or pride, but because she seemed so confused herself.

SHE gave her roommates a sober account of the fog-handicapped week end, and added, "It's better than seeing everything at its best, though," and Ruth said, "Uh-huh. Oatmeal instead of champagne. I can't make out *why*."

"Tradition," Fran said. "Work, for the night is coming; and if you have assets, conserve them. All the Ameses," she said, "work hard."

But she thought the next day: So did she, and so did Mort—who had not dropped in as she had expected he would. They all worked and earned a living, but they took time off, too, and occasionally were wild, thriftless and young. As evening approached, she found herself looking at the door constantly, but Mort still did not open it.

He called for her at her rooming house, formally dressed in a clean white shirt and faded blue denim pants. He looked at her sharply. "Dressed up for this date, I see," he said. "Final rites?"

"Mort, feed me!" Fran said. "I'm so hungry I can't think of anything else, I can't talk to you, even. Give me food, and, while you're at it, drink."

He must have been holding himself in quite tensely, for a sort of visible ease took possession of Mort now, though he still did not have his old ebullience. He took Fran's arm. "Marshmallows don't stay with you," he said. "After a week end, I always recommend a steak."

It was several hours before they got to The Den, and, at their usual table, Fran sighed and said, "Beer, please. I don't know why I feel so much better."

"I tell you, if you have extravagant tastes, what you need is a husband who is used to being poor," Mort said. "You don't have to conserve everything for the next generation, then. Your kids can work for a living, too, like anybody else. If you've made your own way, you take your pleasures where you find them, and you enjoy them, because one of these days you'll be broke again. If you are, you'll work some more. But you don't have to work all the time, like the thrifty rich."

Fran said, "I guess I'm not going to marry Tucker Ames. The Ameses' world is unique, all right, but I get lonesome in it."

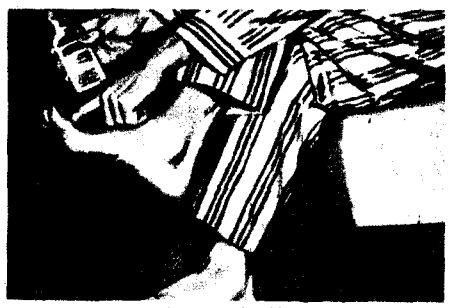
"Clam to clam," Mort said. "You to me." And he picked up a big chunk of warm wax, and pressed on it first his thumbprint, then Fran's. ▲▲▲

ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief

Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.

Raw cracks between your toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches painfully, flakes off.



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Just keep an eye out for the first big issue, which will reach you on or about JULY 24th. It—and all the copies to follow—will contain a FULL TWO WEEKS of entertaining, informative and helpful reading. THE EDITORS

—You Don't Go,

"Ma" Shipley's power to grant, withhold or cancel passports makes her a controversial figure. Is she a tyrant, as some charge? Or a devoted public servant, as her bosses, the Secretaries of State, have said? Here's a close-up of a beloved but feared woman

ADMINISTRATIONS may topple, occupants of the White House come and go and new faces supplant old on Capitol Hill. But there is one apparently indestructible landmark on the Washington scene: gray-haired, bespectacled Ruth Bielaski Shipley, who is now rounding out a quarter of a century as chief of the State Department's Passport Division.

At sixty-eight, Mrs. Shipley has outlasted the Coolidge era (when she was appointed), the Hoover period, and the New and Fair Deals. During Republican and Democratic regimes alike she has held sway as one of the most influential figures in the federal government through her authority to issue, withhold or cancel passports. If you want to go abroad and "Ma" Shipley decides that your trip would be "contrary to the best interests of the United States," you may as well unpack. If you do get abroad but then behave in a way she deems harmful to this country, you are likely to stay home the next time.

Such power, concentrated in one individual, inevitably invites attack. Recently, an attempt was made to clip Mrs. Shipley's wings by setting up a board independent of her office to hear appeals from outraged citizens to whom she had denied passports. Mrs. Shipley, whose mild manner belies an iron will, rode out the storm with aplomb. The board's authority has never yet been invoked.

So self-effacing is Mrs. Shipley that relatively few know about her. Most of the more than 300,000 Americans a year who seek passports get the prized little green books as a matter of course. Rarely do they have direct contact with her unless routine investigation turns up something untoward. Only in the comparatively few cases where passports are refused, or granted and then revoked, is her power openly wielded.

State Department rules bar passports for fugitives from justice, military adventurers, the mentally ill and people suspected of intending to commit crimes. No one quarrels with Mrs. Shipley's enforcement of these standard regulations. The controversy stems from another departmental policy—that which denies passports to those whose travel abroad is deemed detrimental to our country.

Mrs. Shipley's vigorous interpretation of this policy has produced two sharply conflicting schools of thought. One holds her to be a female Horatius at the bridge, defending the sanctity of the passport against its would-be despoilers. The other sees her as a tyrant, denying, as a mere matter of whim, the right of U.S. citizens to move about freely.

As instances of her alleged caprices critics cite stories that she turned down one passport seeker because he drank too much; another because the applicant, a woman who planned to go to Paris to marry, had previously lived there with her intended husband. Mrs. Shipley denies both stories. She insists that "private morals are none of my business."

Lately her foes have tried a different tack, charging her with political bias in judging passport applicants. This prejudice Mrs. Shipley cheerfully admits to in so far as known Communists and suspected subversives are concerned.

The incident which led to creation of a review board over her decisions occurred last summer. Professor Linus Pauling of the California Institute of Technology applied for a passport to make a speech at an international scientific conference in London. As a member of several outfits listed by the Attorney General as Communist-front, he was turned down by Mrs. Shipley.

A Blast by Senator Morse

Some professors at Reed College, Oregon, protested to their senator, Wayne Morse. Morse took to the Senate floor and blasted Mrs. Shipley as "arbitrary," her methods as "star-chamber." He had never met either her or Pauling, he said later, and "my only interest in this was the principle. This was government by a woman rather than by law."

The senator demanded the setup of machinery to review Shipley decisions. The State Department shortly thereafter announced the creation of a Board of Passport Appeals, within the department but outside Mrs. Shipley's bailiwick, and Acting Secretary of State David K. E. Bruce directed her to issue Pauling a passport, although a limited one permitting him to attend only the London conference and another scientific meeting in Paris.

Her enemies crowed that "Ma" might as well quit. "Ma" had other ideas. "I have no intention of resigning," she told me tartly at the time, pointing out that the right to appeal passport decisions was not at all new—she has had an appeal committee all along, albeit staffed by people who almost invariably looked to her as the final authority.

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if She Says NO

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

Prophets of Mrs. Shipley's doom turned out to be dismally inaccurate. The new review board does indeed exist—but more in theory than in practice. Its machinery calls for at least three members chosen anew for each appeal on the basis of the appellant's profession or national background. But in the board's first nine months, it has not been convened even once—for the simple reason that no appeals have been brought before it.

Scored as Victory for "Ma"

Bystanders thus chalk up the affair as a Shipley victory, although Senator Morse won his point in the creation of the board. Preferably, however, he feels that it should have been made independent not just of the Passport Division, but of the State Department as well.

During the heated debate over Mrs. Shipley's powers, solid evidence piled up of the weight she pulls with widely varied sectors of the political world. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson said: "I do not know any person in the service of the government who brings to her work greater devotion, greater sense of public obligation and public duty, greater knowledge of the field, and greater skill than does Mrs. Shipley."

"Ma" has had a way of rating well with her Secretaries of State. Perhaps her favorite is Cordell Hull. During a recent trip to Europe, she told me, "I said more prayers in more cathedrals for him! My sister Alice clipped everything that appeared in the papers about him and air-mailed it to me."

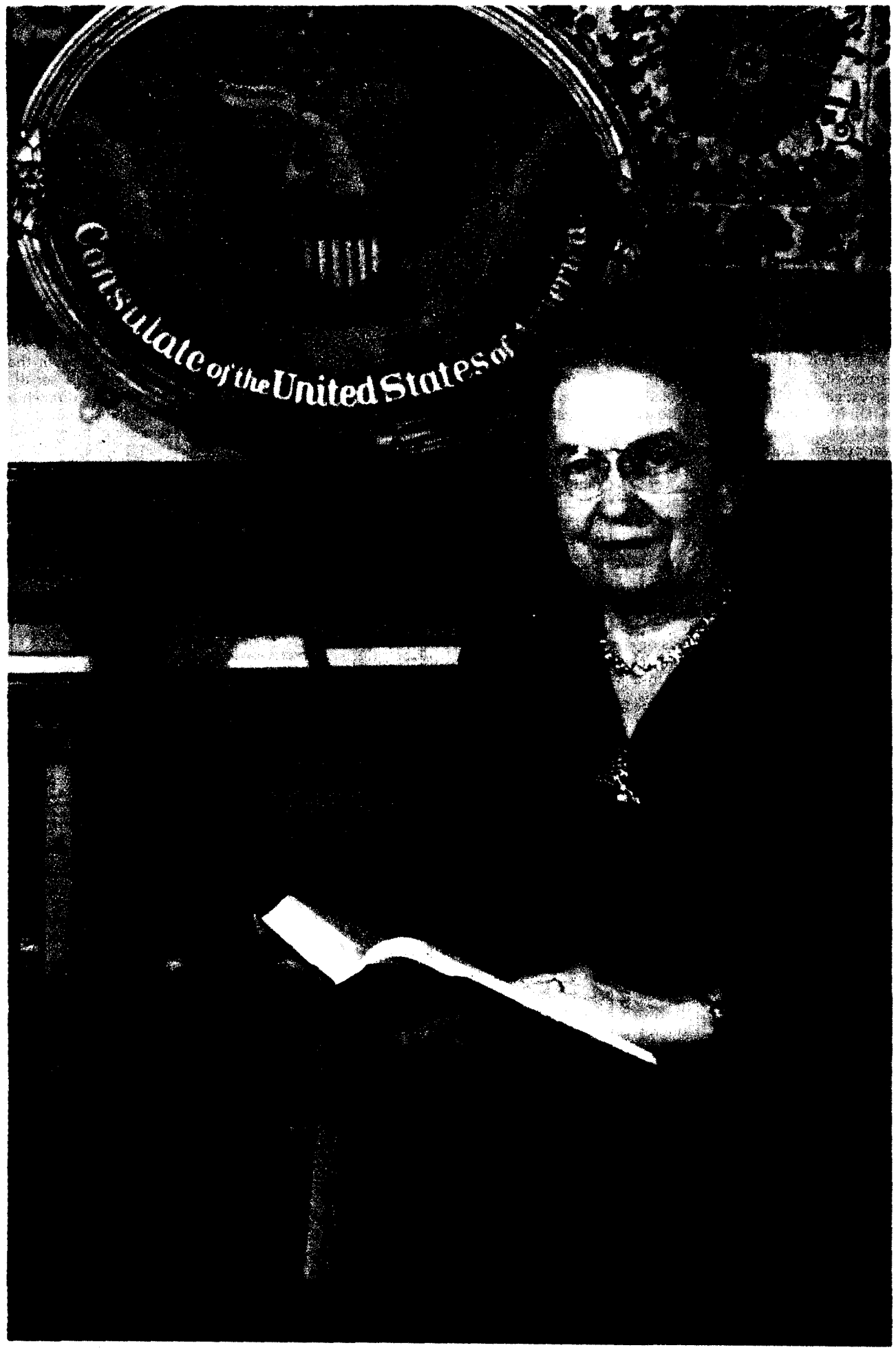
Another stanch Shipley defender—though hardly an Acheson crony—is Senator Pat McCarran, Nevada, Democrat and co-author of the controversial McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. The senator credits Mrs. Shipley with a large assist in framing the legislation—not only the passport provisions which pertain directly to her own province, but "all the protective measures against subversives." Many of those measures, says McCarran, "came from the mind of Mrs. Shipley."

She returns the compliment by saying: "I think the McCarran and un-American committees have done a grand job."

Now more entrenched than ever, Mrs. Shipley says: "I intend to stay and fight for what I believe in. One of the things I believe in is refusing passports to Communists. They've been working against us for a long time."

Her watchful stand against Communism started in the thirties, predating the cold war by many years. In 1939 testimony given by Mrs. Shipley and members of her staff was instrumental in sending Earl Browder, then head of the American Communist party, to prison for passport irregularity.

The Shipley eye is still as vigilant today. Colleagues are not surprised at the credit she gets for McCarran Act features not strictly relating to her own bailiwick. They have long been aware



Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley has outlasted the Coolidge and Hoover eras and the New and Fair Deals. Now sixty-eight, she says she has no plans to retire. A widow, she lives a quiet life with her sister in their late father's home

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BUZZ BROWN

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Mrs. Shipley started fighting Communism many years ago. She helped jail Earl Browd

of her wide-ranging interest in the department's Visa Division—which concerns incoming permits for foreigners and is technically out of her domain—and in immigration problems generally, which come under Justice Department *jurisdiction*.

"Don't kid yourself," a Foreign Service officer told me; "in practically every important decision they make, the Visa Division and the Immigration authorities check with Ma."

Data on Twelve Million People

To Mrs. Shipley, passports, visas and immigration matters are all interrelated parts of the larger problem of guarding the United States against enemies from within and without. She assiduously collects information from embassies and consulates abroad, from newspapers and from other government agencies at home. All told, her division has 1,250 filing cabinets full of data on 12,000,000 individuals.

Among her most helpful unofficial sources are two of her brothers, Frank and Bruce Bielaski. Both are now private investigators. Bruce is chief of the Arson Division of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and Frank heads his own organization, the Research and Security Corporation. During the first World War, Bruce headed the government bureau which was forerunner of the FBI. During the second, Frank directed investigations for the Office of Strategic Services.

An example of the family's co-operation—as well as of Mrs. Shipley's refusal to confine herself merely to passport matters—occurred several years ago. During the war one of Frank's operatives reported that an OSS official was meeting a known Communist in a parked car on Washington's outskirts. Frank checked further and found detrimental information about the official in an old Civil Service Commission file. Some time after that, the man shifted to the State Department. Frank mentioned it to his sister. She reported the official to her department. The man claimed that contact with the Communist was not for subversive reasons. Mrs. Shipley suggested that the Civil Service Commission file be consulted; the information had vanished.

But Frank had a copy of the missing papers. Armed with this evidence, his sister carried the fight all the way to then Secretary of State James F. Byrnes.

The official under fire was thrown out. Later, testimony before a Congressional committee identified him as a dues-paying Communist.

The sort of role Mrs. Shipley played in this case has caused her detractors to dub her Gumshoe Ruth. No label could be more of a misnomer so far as looks, personal life and family background are concerned.

She looks and acts like a sedate schoolmarm—an impression borne out by the number of people who exit from her office looking as if they'd been caught stealing cookies. Trim-figured, conservatively dressed, her neat coiffure permanently waved, Mrs. Shipley runs her existence along similarly well-ordered lines. She lives with her sister Alice, who retired in 1951 after thirty years' service with the Army's G-2 Division and the Central Intelligence Agency. They live in a three-story house in Chevy Chase called The Parsonage because her late father, a Methodist minister, lived there during his last years.

COLLIER'S — **"They gave me my deductions instead of my salary!"** — WILLIAM O'BRIAN

COLLIER'S — **"This week has been just one summer romance after another!"** — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Mrs. Shipley is a good cook and an avid reader. History is a favorite subject; not long ago she gave a talk at the Columbia Historical Society about the restoration of the Winder Building, present home of her division; her grandfather, a Polish *émigré* named Alexander Bielaski, received his captain's commission in the Union Army in the very room which now serves as her office. She has also lectured to citizenship groups. "Give a Methodist minister's son or daughter a text," she smiles, "and they'll talk."

Born in nearby Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1885, she attended high school in Washington and took her first job with the government in 1903, as a clerk in the Patent Office. Six years later she married Frederick William Shipley, an administrative assistant employed by the Panama Canal Commission, and went to the Canal Zone to live. They had one child, Bill, now a colonel in the Air Forces, stationed in Turkey. When Shipley senior became incurably ill—he died in 1919—the family returned to Washington. She became a secretary to former Assistant Secretary of State Alvey A. Adee, and began her upward climb in the department.

Adee, long a legend in diplomatic circles, was a tough taskmaster with no lack of personal crotchets. Mrs. Shipley still recalls the story of the messenger who brought in his lunch, as usual, and set it—sandwich, pie and tea—on his desk. Adee stared at the slice of pie, stuck his fork in it, examined the filling and wordlessly threw the whole works at a handsome portrait of the Bey of Tunis facing his desk. The man had brought him a kind of pie he didn't like.

Later Mrs. Shipley was given the job of co-ordinating and correcting all outgoing letters written by anyone in the State Department from the Secretary down. She and her immediate superior, Margaret Hanna, were known throughout the department as the dragons. If the dragons deleted or rephrased any sentences, they stayed deleted or rephrased.

"Mr. Adee trained me," Mrs. Shipley recalls. "It was a great education. He might ask me a question. I would reply—proud that I knew the answer. But even if it was the right answer he would say, 'Look it up.' Advice like that sticks with you." Her colleagues would certainly agree that it does.

A Career Woman's Busy Day

Her career is all-important. Arriving at 9:30 A.M., she works at an enormous desk laden with letters, passports and a double row of books on international law and citizenship. Promptly at eleven, she breaks out her best china cups and holds an "at home." Among the luminaries who have come by are Bernard Baruch, Margaret Truman and the Duke of Windsor, whom Mrs. Shipley met through some correspondence he initiated with her when he was governor of the Bahamas and trying to interest American tourists in the island. Frequently, when Mrs. Shipley entertains such celebrities, she has someone on her staff on hand to regale them with tales of passport rings or smugglers or aliens.

All the while Mrs. Shipley plays hostess, she also works at passport problems. She reaches for her phone the minute it rings and, company or not, her voice may grow sharp. Many a visitor has heard her say to some frustrated tripper:

"By all means, complain to the President himself, but he'll refer you right back to me and I'll say no." But she still enjoys issuing passports to "sensible" Americans bent on pleasant holidays anywhere.

The $10 fee passport applicants plunk down has swelled the coffers of the division and made it a Congressional pet. Mrs. Shipley herself has made five trips abroad, including one in 1930 to attend a conference on the codification of international law at The Hague, and incidentally to look into her family's beginnings in Poland; and the

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...r passport fraud. Her files bulge with data on 12,000,000 persons

most recent, last fall to visit her son, then stationed in Germany. No special or diplomatic passport for Mrs. Shipley; she carried the everyday variety, and "paid my $10 for it like everybody else."

The trip was planned for her by the American Automobile Association. "It was perfect," she exclaims. "They put little slips of advice in with my ticket about tipping abroad, customs, what a kilometer was and the approximate weight in pounds of a kilo."

One of her greatest memories is of Europe's walled cities. "It strengthened my soul," she says. "The very fact of seeing those places, of realizing the stand they had taken for Christianity in the Crusades was a moving experience."

In her 25 years in office Mrs. Shipley has seen the number of U.S. passports in circulation jump from 150,000 to 1,500,000. With the outbreak of war in Europe in 1939, all ordinary travel abroad was stopped, and the Shipley job made much more complex.

She had to call in all old passports, reissue new ones printed on special paper and direct the finger-printing of all applicants. There were numberless other chores for her in connection with special wartime regulations—chores which, as often happens, did not endear her to the discomfited victims. Right after Pearl Harbor, inquiries began to flood Pacific Coast government offices as to whether Japanese-American fishermen should be permitted to continue fishing offshore. Back came a wire signed, "R. B. Shipley," stating that none were to be let out unless they had passports.

An uproar ensued in the capital; Mrs. Shipley, it turned out, had no authority to issue the instructions. Nevertheless the move stood, and she is proud of it till this day.

On another occasion the Navy invited a group of newspapermen on a trip from Florida over the South Atlantic. Because it was a nonstop round trip, the guests, among them Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, had not bothered with passports.

On their return to the Florida base they were refused re-entry. Howard, as spokesman for the group, telephoned Mrs. Shipley long-distance.

Mrs. Shipley let the group stew for half an hour, then called back. "I'll let you back in," she told Mr. Howard, "but don't do this again. You never should have been allowed out of the country without the officer in command making sure you had passports."

"Then as now," Mrs. Shipley explains, "I was controlling the exit and entrance of Americans from and to this country. Seeking re-entry in time of war without a passport is serious business."

For every story told by her critics of how she had hindered Americans on the go, her fans can match a story of how she has helped.

One is about a young reporter who, during the war, needed a passport for Europe. He had been born of American parents in Switzerland, but the consulate at Bern had no record of the fact. The newsman happened to mention that his parents had once been missionaries in the Orient—one of the few places, before the first World War, for which we required passports. Mrs. Shipley dug into her files, and came up with the parents' application, to which was attached a picture of the mother holding an infant on her lap.

Mrs. Shipley looked at the picture, then at the reporter, and smiled. "I'll certify that this baby and this young man are the same." He got his passport pronto.

Over her desk hangs a painting given her by an old family friend and trans-atlantic traveler, the Princess Eugenia Ruspoli.

The princess, American-born and wealthy, had tried several times to give Mrs. Shipley some lavish gift, but was turned down. The third time she succeeded in presenting her with "a little picture" for the office walls.

A few days later Frank Bielaski stopped by. "That's a nice picture," he remarked. "Might have it insured."

"Don't be silly," his sister replied. It later turned out to be the work of an Italian sixteenth-century artist, Bugiardini, and of considerable value.

Horrified, Mrs. Shipley asked the princess to take back the painting. The princess refused and subsequently willed a lot more of her art collection to the State Department.

Rejections Are Now in Writing

People around Mrs. Shipley believe that the recent flurry of criticism against her has had its effect, but they insist that the stories of her personal power have been greatly exaggerated—probably because most of her passport turndowns were announced orally. Now, instead, she puts each rejection in writing in a letter in which she invites the applicant to come in for a further talk, and if possible to bring added evidence on points in question. She tells him that he may bring along a lawyer, and also advises him to be prepared to take an oath that he is not a member of the Communist party.

If he won't take the oath, he cannot appeal to the new Board of Passport Appeals. If he will, recourse from Mrs. Shipley's decision—if it is again adverse—is open to him. Says Mrs. Shipley: "The 'good ones' among the passport cases generally loosen up after I've talked with them for half an hour and come through with good points that often offset the bad points."

Whether there is a trend toward greater flexibility on the part of the Passport Division chief only time will tell. But on at least one recent occasion she permitted herself a show of sentiment unusual for her.

Ordinarily Mrs. Shipley signs only special and diplomatic passports, not the everyday variety, even though she signs them with a businesslike "R. B. Shipley" (a practice, says her staff, to prevent inferiority complexes in the male).

Some months back, however, her old Latin teacher at Western High School, Mrs. Mable Brooks, showed up for a passport. Mrs. Shipley ushered her into her private office, sat her down and opened the little green book Mrs. Brooks had just acquired. Mrs. Shipley's eyes twinkled, then softened. In the book she wrote across the page words which many a U.S. traveler would give his eyeteeth for: "I have known her personally for over fifty years. R. B. Shipley." ▲▲▲

HOW SAFE IS YOUR FOOD NOW?

BY BEN MERSON

Not safe enough. Death-dealing chemicals, crippling drugs, disease-bearing filth—they're always a danger when corrupt or careless men work their way into our vast food industry. Most companies are painstakingly careful. But chiselers, fly-by-nights and racketeers constantly lurk on the fringes. The government's Food and Drug Administration has the job of slapping them down—and its past record is magnificent. Yet today a strange legal fluke has deprived the FDA of a vital weapon: the right to inspect factories without the owner's approval. What's being done about it? Find out

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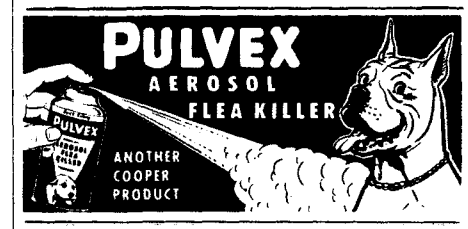

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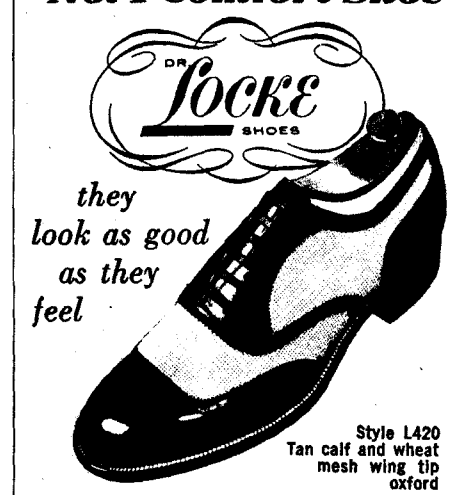

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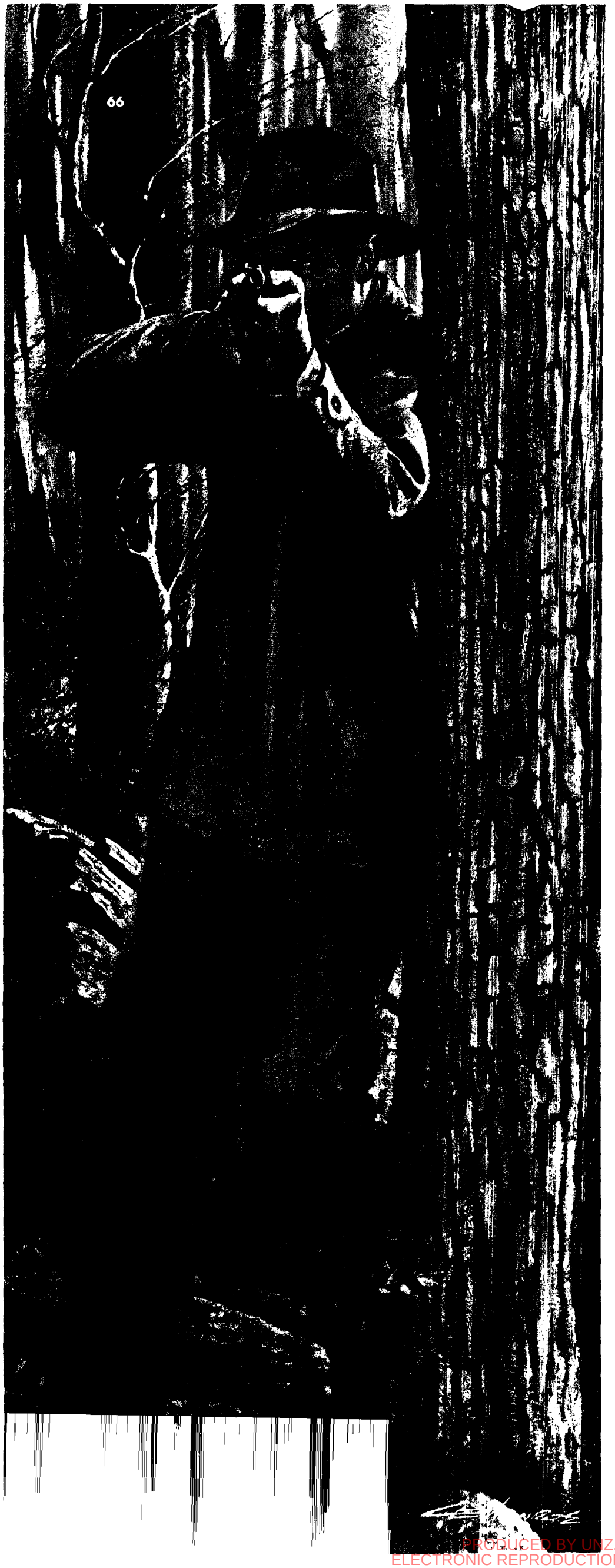

I had Hawk in the sights of my gun. I could kill him and avenge Eb—but something held me back from slaying

My Brother's KILLER

By BORDEN DEAL

AFTER it was all over, people said I was a coward—and I guess they're still saying it. But this is the truth of the matter, and after you hear how it was, you'll see why I can still walk around with myself, even if I didn't kill Hawk Bradshaw, the way people had expected me to.

Hawk Bradshaw had bad blood in him; some said it was outlaw blood. When we were boys, Hawk and my brother Eb and I were friends, in the way you can be friends at only one time in your life. Hawk was a gangling, long-limbed boy with hard, black eyes, and a bladelike nose sticking out of his dark-skinned face. Somehow or other he just didn't seem organized when people were around; he had an uncertainty in him, as if he were bottling something up inside him, and you could tell he was unhappy with people and walls and complications—especially walls. He couldn't stand to sleep in a room if the doors and windows were shut. He would have slept on the porch, and more likely in the woods, the year round, if his folks would have let him.

He knew the ways of being and moving in the woods better than anybody I've ever known, even my brother, who was a close second; between them they used to run my little tail ragged. Back then were the good days for us—but they changed.

The Bradshaws were a black-blooded crew, like I told you, and it seemed the hellishness and deviltry in them always soured just about the time they grew up and had to really face the world. And when that happened to Hawk Bradshaw, he drifted away from me and my brother. . . .

I was plowing a piece of land up beside the road that leads into the hills on the day everything happened. I'd just about got started plowing when I saw my brother's car coming.

He pulled up and got out and started toward me. "How you doing, boy?" he said.

"All right, I reckon," I said. "I didn't know you deputy sheriffs got up before twelve o'clock. What you up to so early in the morning?"

"I found out where Hawk's got his still," he said, and then I could feel the tension in him. For three years and more Hawk had been running a still up somewhere toward the Tennessee line, and for all that length of time my brother had been trying to find it. "You want to go with me?"

"I'm a peaceable man," I said. "Deputy sheriffing is nothing but living off other peoples' troubles." I looked at Eb. "And being a peaceable soul, I don't have to keep on the track of a man I was friends with when I was a boy."

Eb's face tightened up. "We got an understanding," he said. "We've had it a long time. I'll catch him if I can, and he knows I won't let our old friendship stand in the way."

"He wouldn't let it stand in the way of a bullet, either," I said. I kept watching him, trying not to let the worry show on my face. "You'd better take some men with you."

He shook his head and said, "If I took them clubfooted deputies, he'd be across the line before we got a rod into the woods." His eyes

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A Collier's Suggestion

JULY IS Picnic Time! STOCK UP

"HOUSE-BOUND"? Pack a basket of picnic food and head for the shore—the mountains—the lake—or the country. Get your whole family outdoors where you can relax—take a vacation from the problems of daily living.

A day in the open will bring your family a little closer together—will leave all of you with the feeling that "things aren't so bad after all". And remember—everything tastes better outdoors.

You can make short work of your picnic eating preparations by a visit to any of the Super Markets listed below. They are cooperating with Collier's in bringing you a complete variety of picnic items at prices you can't afford to pass up. Visit them soon—have the "necessaries" on hand when that picnic day strikes.

Watch for Collier's JULY

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GEORGIA
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Kroger Stores (Carbondale)
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Marsh Foodliners
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Clifton Super Markets
Diamond Bros.
Me Too Food Stores
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Dibble Super Markets
Foodtown Super Markets

LOUISIANA
Bell Super Markets
Big Chain Stores
7-Eleven Food Stores

MAINE
Columbia Markets

MARYLAND
Acme Markets—American Stores
Eddie's Super Markets

MASSACHUSETTS
J. B. Blood Stores
Brockelman Bros.
Buehler Markets
Commonwealth Grocery
Gloria Chain Stores
Nationwide Stores
Mohican Stores

MICHIGAN
J. A. Byerly Stores
Eberhard Foods
Giant Super Markets
Hamady Bros. Super Markets
Kroger Stores (Grand Rapids)
Lipson Super Markets
Polly's Food Service
Wrigley's Stores

MINNESOTA
Applebaum's Food Markets
Hove Super Markets

MISSOURI
Buehler Markets
Ellis Stores
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were on my face. "But I could sure use you."

I shook my head stubbornly. "I'm a farming man," I said.

He stood quietly for a moment. "Well, I reckon I better git on."

"Take care of yourself," I said.

He grinned at me, getting into his car. "Don't worry yo' head none," he said. "You know me."

But I was uneasy all morning after he'd left. I almost wished I'd taken him upon his offer, but a man can't change his mind just like that—and I'd decided a long time ago to live in my own way, quiet and peaceful and not mixing in anybody's troubles, for that's the only way a man can have any contentment.

IT WAS high noon before I saw anybody else, and then it was Tom-Allen coming up the road from town in his old sedan. He stopped beside the field, and I could feel a dread in my heart while I watched him get out and walk toward me.

He came up to where I stood waiting for him, fumbling with his hat in his hand, and said, "Odell, I come to tell you that your brother has been shot dead."

It's hard to put into words how a man feels at a time like that. I remember one of the mules looked around at me as if he was wondering why we'd stopped plowing in the middle of the row. I remember looking down at my hands, seeing my flesh, and thinking: There's only me now. There's only me.

I looked up at Tom-Allen, and my voice sounded flat and dead in my ears. "Hawk Bradshaw did it," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, that was the way of it."

I could feel the cut of the rope line across my sweaty shoulders. I looked at the hills that stood high around the valley. "I'd better go to town," I said, as if I had to say the obvious to make it plain and clear to myself what my duty was, the things I had to do and endure now. Then the anger took hold of me and shook me, and I could feel the trembling of it in my body. "But they'd better keep Hawk out of my sight," I said. "They'd better not let me see him."

"They ain't caught him yet," Tom-Allen said, his face getting a scared look on it as he watched me. "He's still up there somewheres."

We both looked up at the hills. "All right," I said. "All right. I guess I'll have to do that, too." My hands were still shaking. But I knew the job of getting Hawk was mine now, and I couldn't hope to be peaceable and apart—not till this was over, anyhow.

"Mr. Wilks thought you'd want to go with them," Tom-Allen said. "They're gathering at the place where they found your brother."

"I didn't see them pass," I said. "Eb went by this morning, but I didn't see anybody else."

"They went up the short road," Tom-Allen said. "They knowed he was going after Hawk, and they followed him up the short road to help him out. But they found him dead."

I moved out from behind the plow handles. "Let's go," I said and started taking out the mules.

Things began to move too fast for sorrow then. I didn't have time to think about my brother being dead while we were putting the mules up, getting my rifle and a pistol out of the house, and driving in Tom-Allen's old car to the place where the men were gathering. Sorrow would have to wait until this was over and done with, when I could sit down and say: All right, it's finished now; one way or the other it's all wound up, and now I can think about my brother.

Riding in the jouncing car over the ruts of the little winding clay road, all I could think about was Hawk Bradshaw, remembering the way we'd been together when we were boys, and now it had come to this; he had shot my brother like he was a stranger. But from Hawk's standpoint he had to shoot Eb, for he knew that Eb was the one man who could put him in jail, because Eb knew the woods nearly as well as Hawk did.

I know the woods third best, I thought; they were both always better than I, but no one else was. Now it was the first and the third.

It was a good five miles back into the hills where it had happened. When we got there we saw the cars drawn up alongside the road. Eb's car was still parked where he had left it. It looked like a part of him still there, said to me. I couldn't let that happen. "You know Hawk," I said. "You'll lose a dozen men before you kill him—if you ever do."

"All right," Pat said, his voice flat and final. "There ain't no other way."

"Make me a deputy," I said, "and let me go by myself. That's a better way."

Pat stared at me, a surprised look on his face. "I know how you feel about Eb," he said. "But you never did want to do deputy work. We don't expect you to do that."

"There comes a time," I said slowly, "when every man in the world has got to do some deputy work. I didn't know that before. And when the time comes, a man has to do it the best way in the world, according to his lights."

"All right," Pat said, watching me. "I know what you want, and I don't blame you—"

I listened to him, thinking; if he really knew what I want, if he really knew the reason . . .

"Take one of the bloodhounds," Pat was saying, "to track him with."

"Whisky, of course! Can't see much sense in *boats!*"

COLLIER'S CORKA

watching us, seeing that we'd do right by him.

The men were clustered in the shade of the trees out of the noonday sun. One of them held Pat Wilks's three bloodhounds, and Pat was there, too, standing patiently waiting, heavy and stolid, with the bright star glistening on his white shirt. I got out of the car and went toward him, making myself go on and do what had to be done.

"Howdy, Odell," Pat Wilks said quietly. "I sure hate to have to bring you out for something like this. But I knew you'd want to know."

"Yes," I said. "How did it happen?"

"Nobody don't rightly know," he said. "Eb was all by hisself. All we can tell was that he'd got out of his car and was just about to jump the ditch here." He moved his hand to point. "He shot him from the bushes."

The men stood still, looking at me, and I watched them without really seeing them, remembering Eb standing beside my cotton patch. "He asked me to come with him," I said painfully. I looked at the woods. "Hawk's still out there. How you aim to take him?"

"We're going in after him with the dogs," Pat said. He moved uneasily. "That's the only way."

That's the only way not to, my mind

"He can lay track faster than a hound could unravel it," I said. "I know him." Now it's me and Hawk, I thought, and I could feel the palms of my hands cold against the rifle wood. I looked at Eb's car standing lonely and deserted in the sun, and it strengthened me, knowing that Hawk had shot him from the bushes without giving him a chance. He'd had to be afraid, to do a thing like that.

"Swear me in, and let me go," I said. "We're losing time standing here."

He watched at me a minute longer. "I see you aim to kill or be killed," he said. "Raise your right hand."

He swore me in, the men watching, relaxing now, knowing they didn't have to go in there after Hawk. "Good luck," Pat said, after he had finished. "I don't look to see him alive when I see him."

I WALKED toward the woods, hearing Pat's words but not answering them, for I knew what I had to do; it was all clear in my mind, as clear and simple as the woods were to Hawk. I looked at them ahead of me, and for the first time in my life they were strange woods, full of death and danger, and they didn't look like they ever had before. I took a hard, shaking breath as the trees swallowed me like deep water.

I found the place where Hawk had been standing; it was on the top of a knoll about fifty yards from the road. The leaves there were scuffed in a circle around the spot, but the sheriff's men had been very careful and I could still see where he had knelt in the earth. I could look down through the bushes and see the place where Eb had been standing; and I could imagine Hawk kneeling there, watching him get out of the car and start toward the woods, and how Hawk had raised his rifle, centering him in the sights.

Thinking about it, I could feel the anger rising in me again, and I said aloud, "All right, let's get on with it."

Hawk's trail quartered down the side of the hill, so plain that I could see it without looking for it, and I knew that Hawk must have been moving carelessly and in a hurry. Soon he would begin thinking about hiding his trail, expecting bloodhounds to be following him. But he wouldn't be thinking about me, and that was my chance to beat him.

Hawk's nerves might have been shaken by having to shoot Eb, but it hadn't taken him long to steady down, for I lost the trail as soon as I hit the creek at the bottom of the hill. But that was all right; if I'd meant simply to track him I'd have brought a bloodhound. Now it starts, I thought. Now I've got to start thinking about what he'd do."

LOOKING at the hills sloping up and away from me, I thought: That's where he'd go, as deep as he could—he'd be hunting the deep woods. But I had to figure out just where he'd go up there, for he had a tremendous territory to hide in. I kept on moving slowly up the creek, thinking over one by one all the places in that country where we'd been when we were boys.

It took me a good half-hour before I hit on it. Then I remembered an old wildcat mine that hadn't been worked since any of us could remember. It was just a hole in the ground, but up behind it was an old log cabin. I remembered that we'd slept out there two or three times because there was a good spring beside the cabin.

He won't go straight to it, I thought, because he thinks dogs are behind him. He'll do his best to hide his trail somewhere up the line, and then he'll double back to hole up. Maybe that's even where he's got his still.

Having made up my mind, I struck out cross-country, trusting that by moving in a straight line I'd get to the cabin first. I went fast and quiet, watching and listening to the woods, so that I wouldn't stumble onto Hawk Bradshaw unexpectedly.

The sun was beginning to set by the time I edged carefully up over the last ridge and looked down into the little dry-run bottom. Nothing was moving. I had come out above the mine pit, and I could barely see the little cabin through the late spring leaves. I settled down where I could watch both ways and waited patiently for him to come.

I didn't even have time to wonder whether I'd guessed wrong before he came. There was an open glade a little farther down the bottom, and all of a sudden Hawk walked out into it, sauntering along as if he owned the woods and all in it. He was wearing overalls and a felt hat, and his rifle was slung over his arm. He walked quietly, his head moving in nervous, watching

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jerks, but that was just natural for Hawk; and I knew that he thought he was far ahead of the hunters.

He was across the glade and into the bushes again before I'd got over the shock of seeing him. A feeling of elation went through me like a shot of good whisky. I outfigured you that time, I thought, feeling the triumph rising up in me. I could see his movement in the bushes, and I waited for him to come out again.

AFTER a few seconds, he came into view again, and I raised my rifle, thinking: You'll know I'm here now. I steadied my shoulder against the bole of a tree and sighted down the rifle. I centered on his head, wanting to squeeze the trigger, wanting to kill him like he'd killed my brother, suddenly and without warning. I could feel the steel pressing against my finger. But before I shot, I made myself shift the sights just a bit, for I had a plan to follow.

You can tell the minute you shoot whether you've missed or not, and I knew I hadn't; I knew I'd put that shot right where I wanted it. Hawk hit the ground, buckling under the bullet that had caught him in the leg, but his reaction was faster and better than even I had expected. He rolled out of sight into the underbrush before I could get my sights on him again.

I could hear him getting his bearings down there in the laurel bushes as I ran, half crouched, down the slope toward the cabin. He's still mean and dangerous, I told myself warily, making myself remember it. You've got to be careful, and you've got to beat him to that cabin. He'll have to hole up, and he's only got two places—the mine pit and the cabin. There weren't any other shelters, and that was the way I wanted it. He wouldn't ever have thought of me coming after him alone, but now he'd know it was me, and he'd have a lot of confidence in being able to outfight and outfigure me even if he was wounded. He was hurt and slowed down, and I had to keep him from holing up in the cabin if I could, for that would ruin everything.

It was mighty close. When I got to the edge of the clearing he was already snaking his way across it toward the door. I shot twice, spurting the dirt around him and turning him back toward the nearest woods. I let him scramble into the bushes again, and there he began answering my fire. But his shots didn't come near me; I'd already moved. Even though wounded, he still wasn't rattled, for he put his bullets right where I'd been lying.

I hustled on around the clearing, running crouched, and kept shooting, to move him back from the cabin. Finally I knew I had him blocked, and now he could only go into the mine pit. I moved slower then, because I knew he'd have to be driven into that black hole. Even when we were kids he'd always refused to explore caves and abandoned mines like the rest of us. But his leg must have been hurting him pretty bad by now, stiffening up on him maybe, and making him do what I'd planned was easier than I'd expected. He hesitated at the last minute, looking at the black mouth of the pit, but a well-placed bullet made him crawl into it in a hurry.

I smiled to myself before I moved down closer, but it wasn't an amused kind of smile. It wasn't any kind of smile that had ever been on my face before. Now, at last, I had him; now I could beat him. I got close enough so that he could hear me. "All right, Hawk," I said. "You might as well come on out of there now."

"I thought it was you," he said. His voice sounded strained, coming out of that black hole that wasn't much bigger than his body. "But you can't shoot as good as you used to."

"No, I guess not," I said. "But good enough, Hawk. You want to come on out now?"

"I reckon I'll wait," he said, and I could hear the mockery in his voice. I knew he still figured he could beat me.

I settled down to wait a little while, to give my plan a chance to work. The anger about my brother kept coming back to me; I wanted to start trying to ricochet my shots into the dark hole. But sitting there in the clean sunlight, thinking about Hawk and my brother, the anger went away, and my thoughts began to come as clear as the spring air.

My brother had been a hard man—he'd had to be in his job—but the hardness was exactly why I had never wanted any part of his kind of work. I had always hoped to live out my life without having to make decisions like the one I'd had to make today, but now I knew that no man can ever do that. Hawk and men like Hawk had always been as much my job as anybody's, and no man can unload that kind of job onto his brother. But that was what I'd done, and now this was doubly my duty to do—or try to do—in the way that I saw fit and best. None of the other men, not even old Pat Wilks, would have known the right road to follow, and that was why I had had to come alone.

It was good that I had time to sit down and think it out in my mind, because I had to be firm and easy in my purpose. Knowing what I knew now, it was as if Hawk and I both had always had to come to this place on this day.

I tensed when I heard Hawk's voice again. He said, "Odell?"

"I'm still here," I said. "And I'll stay here."

"What's on your mind?" he said. "You wouldn't be coming in here after me, would you?"

"No," I said. "But it'll be dark soon, mighty dark. And then I'll have to block up the pit to be sure you don't sneak out on me." He didn't say anything, and after a while I said, "Remember how we waited out that possum one time? We didn't have any way to get him out of that tree, and so we just sat there a whole day and a night till he just had to come down." I stopped for a minute. "I wonder how that possum felt up there all that time."

I didn't hear a sound out of that hole for a long time, and then he said, his voice as ragged as a file, "You wouldn't do that. You wouldn't block a man up in here like that."

"I didn't think you'd shoot Eb either," I said. Thinking about Eb, I wondered why I wasn't enjoying this. You'd think a man would enjoy doing this to somebody who'd shot and killed his brother. But I knew too well how Hawk was feeling, and I couldn't enjoy it. I might have to do it, but I didn't have to like it.

I was afraid he'd come running out of there shooting, but he didn't. "All right," he said at last, and I knew that in that five minutes of silence he'd been thinking how it would be closed up in there, he who had always lived free and naturally in the woods. "All right," he said, and I could hear the surrender in his voice, "I'll come out."

I let out the deep breath I'd been holding. "Throw out your rifle first," I said.

He threw it out into the open and then crawled out, turning his face up toward the last rays of the sun. I stood up and walked down toward him, watching him. He cringed away from me, putting his hands up before his face. "Don't shoot me," he said. "I—don't shoot me."

I looked at him, hating him so hard it shook my whole body. "I could have shot you before," I said. "But I didn't want to do that."

HAWK BRADSHAW swung his face toward me. "What you aiming to do?" he said, looking fearfully back at the black hole. "You ain't going to put me back . . ."

"No," I said slowly, "I thought of just blocking you up in there. But that would be too much for one man to take on his shoulders—hunter and judge and executioner. I couldn't do that. No, I'm going to take you in and see that you stand trial."

I could see the defeat in his face, and he seemed suddenly much older, the way a clipped-wing hawk chained to a stake will age and sicken overnight. "You're gonna put me behind bars," he said, "like an animal in a cage. Killing ain't good enough for you. Like an animal . . ." He swung his head wildly, his eyes staring at the woods, but not seeing them any longer, already seeing the bars.

"That will be your worst punishment," I said slowly. "But it isn't for me to say. The most I can do is put you in the right hands." I kept on watching him. "Maybe they'll hang you—maybe they won't lock you up for life."

"Shoot me," he said. "Kill me now."

"No," I said. "I won't let anybody kill you but the law. Nobody else has the right to do that, not even me." I prodded him with my gun. "Come on, move. It's getting dark, and we've got a long way to go." ▲▲▲

"Oh, nothing much. Helen and I are just sitting here listening to her"

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The Public Wins Again

THANKS TO THE VIRTUES of our free economy, normal quiet has been restored to the vehicles of the Capital Transit Company in Washington. After five years, Washington's streetcars and busses have ceased to regale their passengers, willy-nilly, with radio music, commercials and newscasts.

It wasn't the law that stopped the music, although some members of the captive audience, who were somewhat less than captivated by the programs, carried the issue all the way to the United States Supreme Court. The transit company simply didn't have enough sponsors for its ambulent entertainment to make the operation profitable. And it is reasonable to assume that the scarcity of sponsors reflected a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the riders.

After a few experiences with Washington's streetcar serenades, we found ourself on the side of the objectors. We rejoice with them vicariously, now that it's all over. But at the same time we have always been a little disappointed that the high court didn't see fit to sustain the verdict of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals which held that "freedom of attention, which forced listening destroys, is part of liberty essential to individuals and to society."

Freedom of attention is not one of the inalienable rights specified in the Declaration of Independence, nor is it one of the four freedoms enunciated by President Roosevelt. There's nothing about it in the Constitution. But we still think it is valid and necessary.

The present generation of Americans has considerably more leisure than its forebears did, but it also has considerably less quiet. There are certain noises that must be endured, such as traffic and the complaints of a colicky infant. But certainly a person should not be subjected to sales talks when he prefers silence, or pinned down by a barrage of Rudolf Friml when he might be in the mood for Johannes Brahms or Louis Armstrong. The right to change the dial or turn the switch is entirely reasonable, and we think it deserves legal and judicial backing.

What's Your Idea About It?

SINCE GEORGIA GRANTED the vote to eighteen-year-olds in 1943, there has been a growing movement to change the minimum voting age in the other 47 states. The idea has President Eisenhower's "enthusiastic endorsement," according to National Republican Chairman Leonard W. Hall, who recalls that General Eisenhower said in a speech last summer that those who were old enough to fight were old enough to vote.

That reason, by the way, is the only one we have heard put forth to justify the proposed change. Maybe it's a good reason, but it seems to us to have a couple of flaws. It doesn't justify giving young ladies of eighteen the right of franchise. And it brings to mind a remark by one of our colleagues: "If a man is old enough to vote when he's old enough to fight, then logically the man who is too old to fight ought to lose the right to vote."

There may be more valid arguments for lowering the voting age, and we would like to hear them. We've certainly nothing against teenagers, but we aren't sure that eligibility for military service should be the sole basis for giving them the privilege and responsibility of voting. So we hope that there will be a careful study of other pertinent aspects of the matter before Congress acts on pending legislation which is designed to bring about this change by constitutional amendment.

Workers' Paradise Isn't

ONE INTERESTING BY-PRODUCT of the publicized "cleanup" campaign in Russia, which followed closely on Stalin's death, is the glimpse that it gives the outside world of some of the inconsistencies and phonyism of Soviet Communism in action. A prize example is found in an article from the trade-union newspaper Trud, which urges the unions to protect and defend more vigorously the right of the workingman.

It seems that the workers in the workers' paradise are being exploited by management. The proletarian bosses have been careless about proper working hours, extra pay for overquota production, paid vacations and other privileges. They have been indifferent to workers' complaints. It is up to union officials, says Trud, to see that these abuses are stopped.

Well, that's quite a large assignment for the Soviet trade-unionists. For their "unions," of course, are quite unlike the labor organizations in this or any country where private industry prevails. The Soviet worker is employed by the world's toughest boss—his government. He cannot bargain, or strike, or choose or change jobs voluntarily. The government governs his working life as strictly as it does his private life.

In such an atmosphere of frustration, it is small wonder that there is the widespread inefficiency, chiseling, graft and corruption that the Malenkov government has now disclosed. Where personal initiative pays off meagerly, if at all, and where the incentive of private profit is absent, crookedness or ruthlessness is about all that a Soviet citizen can use to advance himself. Neither Marx nor Lenin nor Stalin could "educate" the normal ambition to succeed out of human beings. They just succeeded in channeling it in the wrong direction.

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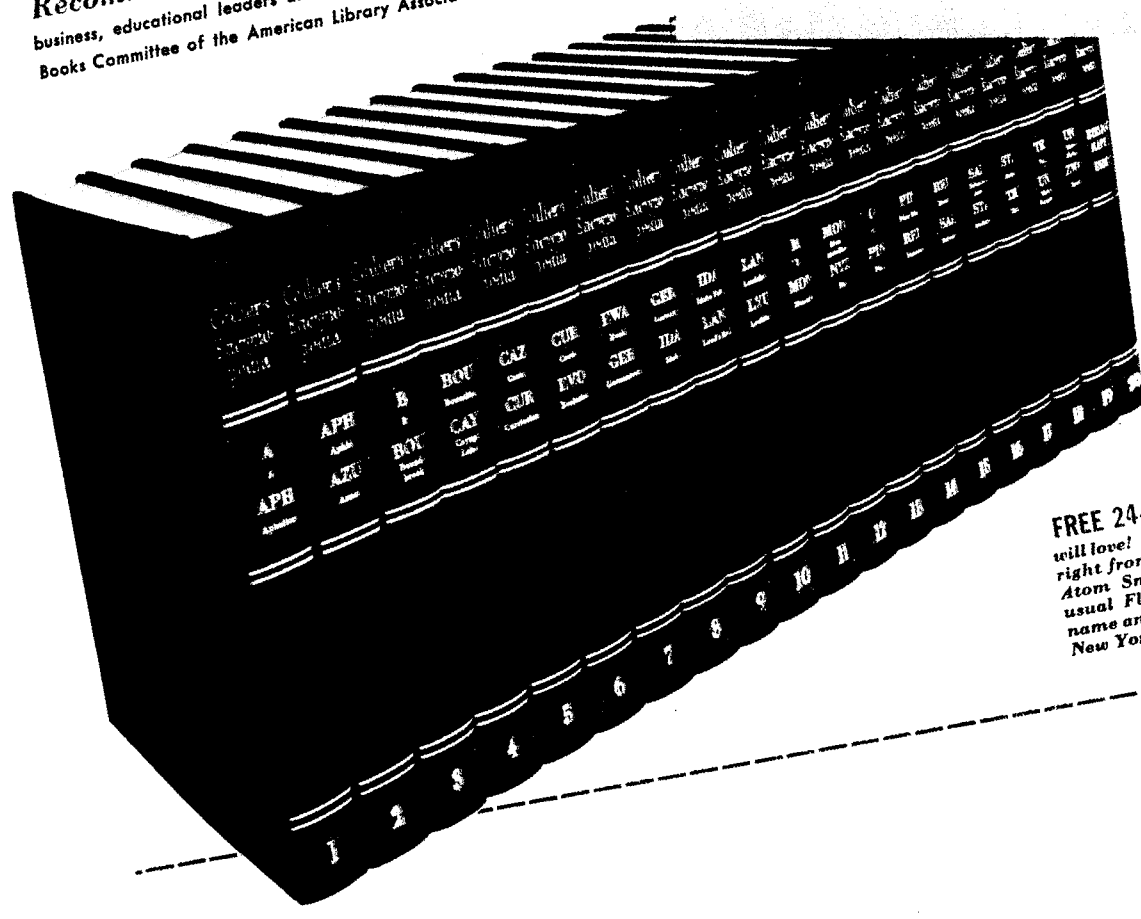

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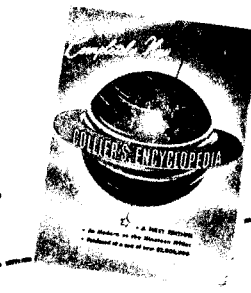

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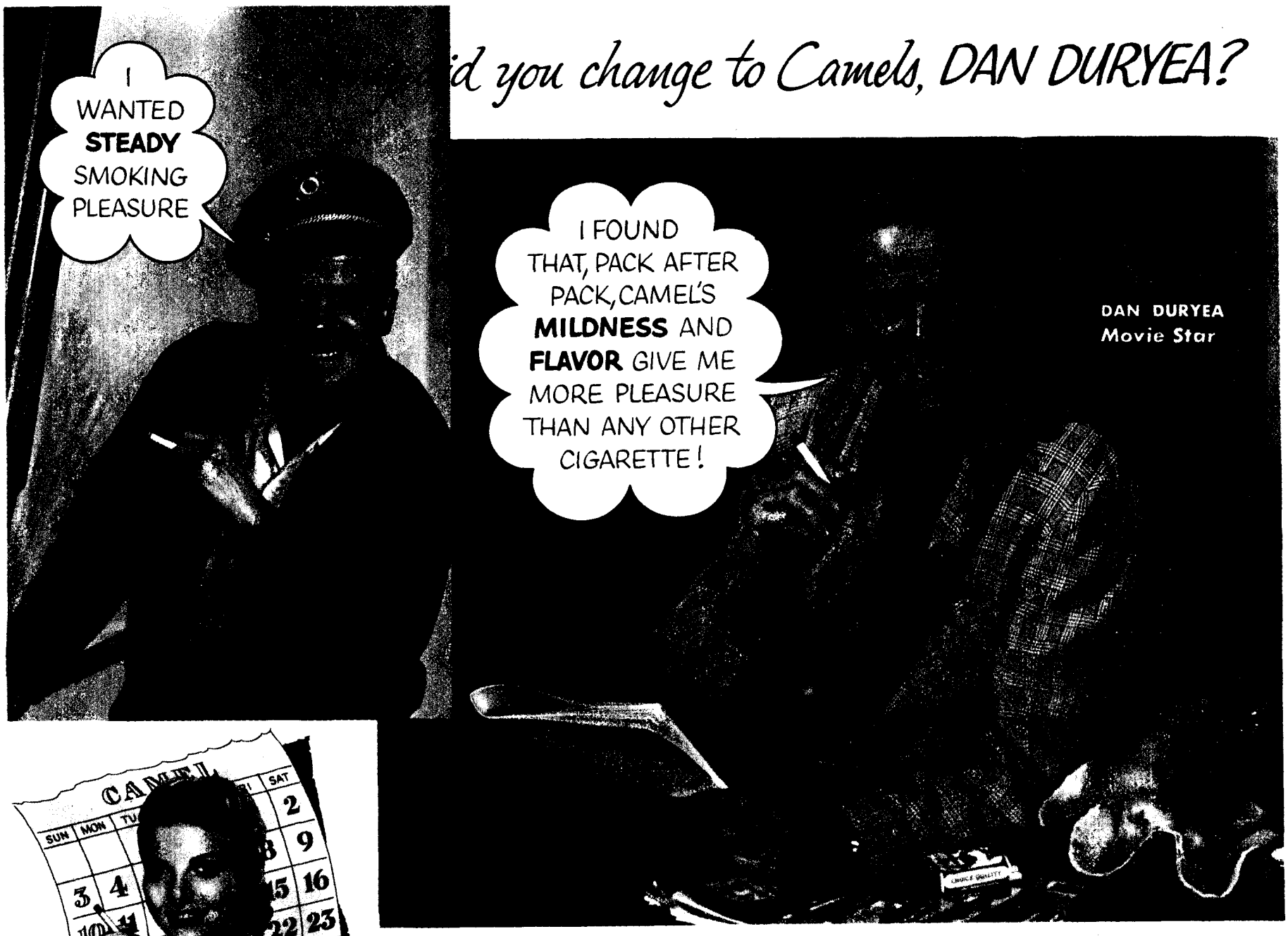
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